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SENATOR AND SECRETARY OF STATE.

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS LETTERS.

1846-1861.

BY

FREDERICK W. SEWARD.

* *

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1891.

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PREFACE.

In his "Autobiography" and Letters, already published, are narrated the incidents of my father's early life. Those of the later period, devoted to active participation in national affairs, are now related here.

If it shall seem to the reader, as I confess it often does to me, that this book is imperfect, in not dwelling more fully upon the acts and achievements of other public men, cotemporary with Seward, — the answer is simple. This book is the story of a life, not the history of a time. If it undertook to recount their experiences as well as his own, it would fill not one, but many volumes. But though not recounted here, they were never ignored by him. He was always more ready to give praise to others than to claim it for himself. His oft expressed belief was that, in those eventful days, it required all the wisdom of the wisest, and all the bravery of the bravest, and all the unrecorded sacrifices of thousands unknown to fame, to save the Nation's life from destruction, — and even then, it was "saved only as through fire."

F. W. S.

November, 1890.

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Department Work. The Treasury and the Banks. Organization of the State Department. Gossip and Slander. Mr. Seaton. Life of Man and of the Nation. The Port Royal Expedition. Military Successes at the West. The Stade Dues. Spanish Occupation of San Domingo. France, Spain and Great Britain Combining against Mexico. Instructions to Ministers. The "Sumter" in Brazil. 632

REES... OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

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CHAPTER I.

1846.

After the Freeman Trial. Reaction of Public Feeling. The Judge and the Prisoner. The Army on the Rio Grande. Oregon Treaty. The Constitutional Convention. An Elective Judiciary. The Anti-Renters. The Constitution Adopted.

A HOT August sun was pouring its afternoon rays down on the village of Auburn. Seward, seated in his old writing chair, by the window of his study, was penning a letter to Weed:

For the first time in two months, I lay aside the papers in my murder trials, and look out upon the world, behind, around, and before me. I rise from these fruitless labors, exhausted in mind, and in body, covered with public reproach, stunned with protests. It remains to be seen, whether I shall be able to retrieve any of all these losses. If I know the line of personal, or that of professional duty, I have adhered to it faithfully and unflinchingly.

But time already was calming the popular excitement. Gradually the community was coming to believe that possibly "the negro might be crazy after all." The press throughout the country began to notice Seward's argument. In that argument, which had been listened to so impatiently, passages were found to have "eloquence and pathos." It did not at all stir public anger, when it was known that Freeman's counsel had applied to the Governor, and to the courts, for stay of execution. When in October, Seward appeared at Rochester, to appeal to the Supreme Court, that tribunal reversed the judgment, and granted a new trial.

One morning Seward invited Judge Whiting to walk with him to Freeman's cell, in order to obtain the prisoner's recognizance. Such a document would be one of the legal forms preliminary to trial. After vain attempts to make the poor idiot comprehend what they wanted, or who they were, or even to fix his wandering attention, the

Judge exclaimed, "It's of no use, you might as well try to get a recognizance from a horse!"

Since the period of violent mania of six months before, he had sunk into imbecility. At no time during the trial, had he ever comprehended that Seward was his friend; much less, that he was standing between him and the gallows. On the contrary, he had manifested dread and antipathy. His disordered brain, dwelling upon the title "Governor," had somehow formed a confused idea, that the man speaking to him was the magistrate who kept him locked up. On one occasion he made a piteous, incoherent appeal to be "let out," asking if he "hadn't been punished long enough?"

Judge Whiting, satisfied now of the prisoner's mental condition, refused to try him again, and Freeman remained in his cell.

This summer, the newspapers were full of stirring events abroad. The English were abolishing their "Corn Laws." The Irish, threatened with famine, were flocking to the seaports, to emigrate to America. The College of Cardinals, in solemn conclave, had elected a new Pope; and as sometimes happens in political conclaves, had set aside all the well-known candidates, and elected the comparatively young and obscure Mastai Ferretti, thenceforth to be known to the world as Pius the Ninth.

On the Rio Grande, the little "Army of Occupation" was not only holding its ground, but preparing to advance. Volunteers were mustering to the sound of the drum; and regiment after regiment taking its departure for the seat of war. At Washington, there was a crowd of eager applicants for epaulettes.

President Polk had vetoed the Harbor bill, and approved the abrogation of the tariff of 1842. He had asked Congress for two millions, to buy peace and territory from Mexico, and Congress was debating whether to grant it with or without the "Wilmot Proviso." But while the debate was going on, the fall of the Speaker's gavel announced twelve o'clock, and the end of the congressional session.

The Oregon dispute had come to a conclusion that averted conflict with Great Britain. Secretary Buchanan had negotiated a treaty with Mr. Pakenham, the British Minister, giving up 54° 40', and fixing the 49th parallel as the boundary line. Hardy emigrants were already preparing their canvas-covered wagons for the long journey across the plains and mountains, to settle on the banks of the Columbia.

At Albany, high debates were going on in the old Capitol. The Constitutional Convention was in session. The "Hunkers" and "Barn-Burners" were in warm argument over canals and finance. The Whigs, being only a minority, were sometimes co-operating with

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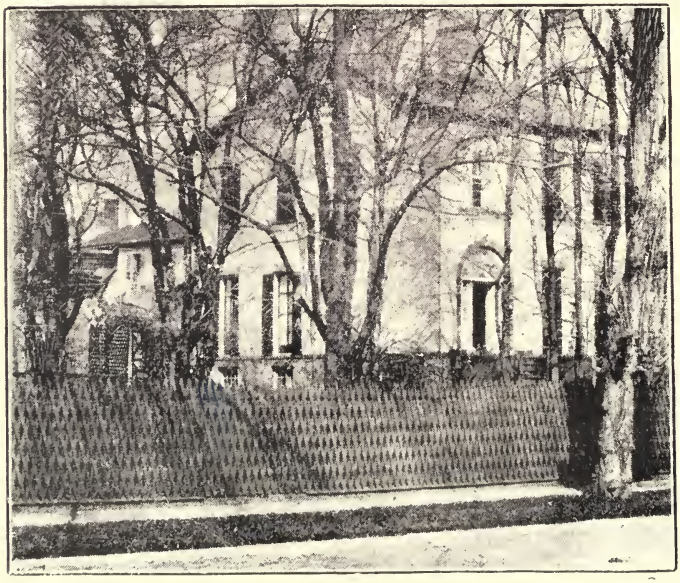
OLD CAPITOL AT ALBANY.



THE HOME AT AUBURN.

one, and sometimes with the other of the Democratic factions. During August, the Convention was reorganizing the Judiciary, making judges elective, establishing "Courts of Conciliation" to prevent lawsuits, substituting a new "Court of Appeals" for the old senatorial "Court of Errors," and dividing the Supreme Court judges, so that some should sit in each district. In September, it settled the vexed questions of canal and State debt, adopting the policy of the "Stop and Tax Law" of 1842. Its closing days were spent in considering the questions about manorial tenures, presented by the "Anti-Renters." It finally adjourned, on the 9th of October, in time to allow the new Constitution to be printed, read and considered by the voters before deciding upon it at the ballot-box. As to the provision allowing colored men to vote, the Convention avoided responsibility, by submitting it to the people, as a distinct proposition, on which they could vote by separate ballot "Yes" or "No." Neither of the three parties had gained complete success in the formation of this Constitution; though so many of the leading ideas of each had been engrafted upon it as to render its adoption tolerably certain.

Seward, out of public place, and busy in law office and court-rooms, would have been free, had he chosen, to avoid committals in regard to these questions. But his interest in the various reforms had induced him, at an early period, to take ground in favor of a convention. He believed such a body could hardly fail to bring about those judicial changes he had long urged; and it might, and probably would, offer an opportunity to secure universal suffrage. He wrote to Weed:

> The propositions in the Convention, for reorganizing the Judiciary, all indicate the progress of our principles. It seems to me that we shall have a far better Constitution. Things are at loose ends with us politically; but I think that our principles and policy will become less offensive with the lapse of a few years. You see I am cheerful. It is a philosophy which extracts hope out of despair; but still it is wise, I think.

Early in the autumn, came the several State conventions. There had been some difference of opinion among the Whigs about candidates for Governor — Millard Fillmore, Ira Harris, and John Young each having supporters. Mr. Young had occupied a prominent place in the Legislature, and had been the Whig candidate for the Speaker's chair. Perhaps what turned the scale in his favor, was that he would receive the support of the "Anti-Renters," now grown to be a political organization, controlling votes enough to "hold the balance of power" in several counties. Hamilton Fish, of New York, was deservedly popular among the Whigs of that city. His nomination for Lieutenant-Governor was agreed to, as forming that balance between east and

west, between town and country, and between radicalism and conservatism, in which party managers delight.

The Democrats, waiving their differences for the sake of success, when they met in convention, agreed to renominate Governor Wright and Lieutenant-Governor Gardiner. The "Anti-Renters" followed, and nominated a ticket made up from the other two, taking Young as their candidate for Governor, and Gardiner for Lieutenant-Governor.

In November, when election day came, Governor Wright was defeated. The Whig candidate for Governor was chosen, but the Democratic Lieutenant-Governor was re-elected. The "Anti-Renters" had carried both their candidates. The Abolitionists had cast about thirteen thousand votes — a less number than in 1844. But the Whigs had regained a part of their lost power at Albany. They had elected a majority of the new members of the Legislature, and had carried twenty-three out of the thirty-four congressional districts. The new Constitution had been adopted. But the colored man was still required to be the owner of a house and lot before he could vote.

CHAPTER II.

1846.

Law Practice. Whigs in Power at Albany. The New Executive. New Year in New York. The Governor's Message. The "Wilmot Proviso." The Hour for the Discussion of Emancipation. Moralizing at St. Peter's.

UNDER the familiar roof of the old Eagle Tavern, at Albany, Seward was a frequent guest. His law cases called him often to the capital. Rather unexpectedly to himself, his practice was increasing. The Freeman case, which, while going on, seemed to be leading him to ruin, was now bringing him appreciative friends and clients. Applications for copies of his speech were coming in from all quarters. For some weeks, he was occupied in attending courts, and arguing causes at Rochester, Lyons, Geneva, and Albany, and in the journeys between those places. He wrote home:

EAGLE TAVERN, *Oct.* 18, 1846.

Every day since my retreat from public life, the profession, which I once so ungratefully despised, has been increasing its rewards, until we are no longer pressed by fear of disaster or sickness; although I have been diverted so often, and so long from lucrative engagements. Our boys are pleasantly obtaining an education, which is a better patrimony than riches. If our comforts do not

decrease, and our children have no reason to complain of neglect, we shall have passed through life happier and I hope die better than we should if my earliest schemes of wealth had been accomplished.

At Albany, power was now reverting to the Whigs. To the surprise of all parties, the one which had been in a minority in framing the Constitution, was the first whom the people selected to carry out its provisions. Already there were conferences at the Eagle, and Congress Hall, as to the course to be pursued by the new Administration, and the new Legislature. Appointments were to be made, and State papers to be prepared. Occasionally, Seward's advice or aid was invoked.

Called to Albany again, at the opening of the New Year, he wrote home:

My time thus far has been spent amid the fatigue and annoyance of travel. I passed a night here, and proceeded thence to New York. The first day there was New Year. The people abandoned every thing else for the festivities of the season. I made an effort to visit friends, but gave it up after calling at Doane's, Draper's, Grinnell's, P. Hone's, and Webb's.

I did not forget my personal responsibilities, the sense thereof being quickened by the evidences around me, of the general sense of importance of such duties as the season seems to enjoin. I went first to toy stores, supplied little boys and girls with magic lanterns, portable kitchens, a standing army, and a troop of dancers.

Saturday I did little else than attend to the trial for which I had gone to the city. I went with Mr. Hone and his family to Trinity on Sunday; where every thing was in harmony with an elaborate ceremonial of public worship.

I returned from New York yesterday by way of New Haven and Springfield. a long, fatiguing ride, which brought me to the Eagle at nine, last evening. Here I found A. B. Dickinson, and Hunt, and Whittlesey.

To-day the Governor has given us a message; which has disarmed his enemies and assured his friends, by its concise brevity. You will be sure to see it; and I need not, therefore, express my opinion concerning its other merits. I called on his Excellency this morning in the Executive Chamber, and found him surrounded by troops of friends. He has much practical good sense, and much caution.

Monday Morning.

If you study the papers at all, you will see that the "Barn-Burners" of this State have carried the war into Africa, that is to say, into Washington; and the extraordinary spectacle is exhibited, of Democrats making up an issue of slavery at Washington. The consequences of this movement cannot be fully apprehended. It brings on the great question sooner and more directly than we have even hoped. All questions of revenue, currency, and economy sink before it. But there is an immediate consequence. The North will not want to vote supplies to conquer Mexico, if the territory to be gained shall not be

declared *free*. The South will not want to prosecute a war for the extension of freedom. So it may be hoped that the war will be brought speedily to a close.

ALBANY, *Thursday, Jan.* 14, 1847.

I have just finished my argument in the Ohio Slave case. It is scarcely as long as that in Freeman's defense, but has required much labor and study. It must be submitted to the Court at Washington, in printed form, and is now in the press. I am detained to read the proof-sheets. Living here in the busy political world, an object of some interest to some portions of it, I am yet, not of it. I have not gone out of the house, except one visit, in three days.

The debates in Washington have changed the aspect of political affairs. The division of the Democratic party, which has led the Whig party into power in this State, has reached Washington; and, for the first time, the Democratic representatives of the North have taken bold ground against the pretensions of slavery. This state of things encourages us to hope that the hour for the discussion of emancipation is nearer at hand, by many years, than has been supposed.

Jan. 16, 1847.

My argument in the Ohio case is half through the press, and still retains its favor in my eyes; a test which few of my productions bear so long.

Jan'y 17, 1847.

To-day I have been at St. Peter's and heard one of those excellent discourses of Dr. Potter. There was such a jumble of the wrecks of parties in the church, that I forgot the sermon, and fell to moralizing on the vanity of political life. You know my seat. Well, half way down the west aisle sat Silas Wright, wrapped in a coat tightly buttoned to the chin, looking philosophy, which it is hard to affect and harder to attain. On the east side sat Daniel D. Barnard, upon whom "Anti-Rent" has piled Ossa, while Pelion only has been rolled upon Wright. In the middle of the church was Croswell, who seemed to say to Wright, "You are welcome to the gallows you erected for me." On the opposite side sat John Young, the *saved* among the lost politicians. He seemed complacent and satisfied.

Returned to Auburn, he wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *Tuesday Morning.*

I wish you could breathe the free air of the country, if for only a day. Nobody knows or cares for all the questions which engage you and everybody in Albany.

Here there is not a breeze on the waters, nor does a ripple from Albany reach us. I am left to conjecture all I learn, and I had conjectured that I was utterly forgotten there. It amuses me to hear that I am abused, with you, about appointments.

CHAPTER III.

1847.

At Washington. The Mexican War. Taylor's Victories. Capture of California. Scott's Plan of Campaign. Visit to John Quincy Adams. The "Three Million Bill." The "Proviso" Voted Down. Story of John Van Zandt. A Character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Seward and Chase.

Over the frontier of Mexico the Stars and Stripes were pushing forward. General Taylor's "Army of Occupation" had not only occupied the debatable ground, between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, but had driven the Mexicans out of it; had defeated them at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; had crossed the river, captured Matamoras and all the Mexican posts in the neighborhood; had besieged, stormed and carried Monterey. Though the war had as yet lasted hardly a year, its history had been one of almost uninterrupted success. The country rang with the exploits of "Old Zack" and his Generals Worth, Wool and Quitman. Popular prints illustrated the gallant charge of Captain May, the battery of Captain Bragg, the deeds of Captain Walker, and the death of Major Ringgold. Fresh volunteers were eagerly hastening to join the advancing columns. From the far West came news of victories costing less bloodshed, but securing a vast stretch of territory. Kearney had hoisted the flag over New Mexico; Fremont, Sloat and Stockton were in possession of California. The navy had blockaded Vera Cruz, bombarded Tabasco, captured Alvarado, and taken possession of the California coast. The Mexicans had apparently lost confidence in their leaders. Arista had been removed; Ampudia court-martialed; President Paredes had been deposed. Santa Anna, recalled from exile, had been made Military Dictator, and intrusted with control of forces, gathering in the interior, to resist the Northern invaders. His grandiloquent manifestoes to the "Liberating Army" were contrasted with the simple and straightforward statements of General Taylor, who promising nothing, achieved every thing.

General Scott was to take the field this winter, in person, to lead another invading army into the heart of Mexico. It was believed in Washington that another campaign would finish the war, and that the United States would be in a position to dictate the terms of adjustment. Not only Texas, but the whole region from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, seemed likely to fall into American hands. These probable conquests awakened fresh cupidity among the slaveholders, and fresh anxiety among anti-slavery men. "Would slavery

be extended into these newly-acquired territories?" was the question, even before they were obtained.

General Taylor found himself suddenly before the country, in a blaze of glory, as a military hero. Demonstrations were made in his honor, complimentary resolutions of meetings and thanks of public bodies were tendered to him. It was proposed to vote him a sword, to vote him a medal, to add a new star to his epaulettes, to run him for President. Already anecdotes of camp life, illustrating his stern integrity and simple habits, were going the rounds of the newspapers. The popular nickname for him had already been found, and he was described in mottoes, in print, and in conversation as "Old Rough and Ready." There was a little uneasiness, in the public mind, at the thought that military glory has always to be paid for. Already the expenditures for troops, ships and munitions began to look frightfully large, to a people accustomed to habits of peace and unaccustomed to national debt. Still, there was little hesitation in agreeing to sanction whatever might be necessary. The people were ready to submit to a duty on tea and coffee, to an issue of government bonds, or to the increase of taxes. It was believed that the war could not be long. It was hoped that the vague and conflicting stories of revolutions in Mexico betokened division among that people, which would make them incapable of resistance. And it was confidently asserted, by quidnuncs at Washington, that Santa Anna, so long the master spirit in Mexican councils, would negotiate a peace advantageous to the United States.

The closing days of February found Seward on his way to Washington. Arriving there, he wrote:

WASHINGTON, *Friday, Feby* 27, 1847.

Yesterday brought me to this city, at the end of a fatiguing journey, at midnight.

Washington was in harmony with itself. The windows of one of the great ball-rooms were hotly illuminated. Music broke forth upon the night air. Lovers of pleasure were abroad on their wanderings, and the hackmen and horses were winning the rewards of their toilsome attendance. The city is full of candidates for military commissions, and their partisans. I was shown into a room where a cot awaited me, which stood between two beds, each of which had an unknown occupant.

This morning they began to discourse of their party and their personal prospects, and I soon discovered they were from New York. At breakfast I found the same, or nearly the same, coterie that I met last winter at Coleman's. I went to the Supreme Court this morning, and completed the submission of the Van Zandt cause. It will be decided next week. I cannot but hope a favorable result.

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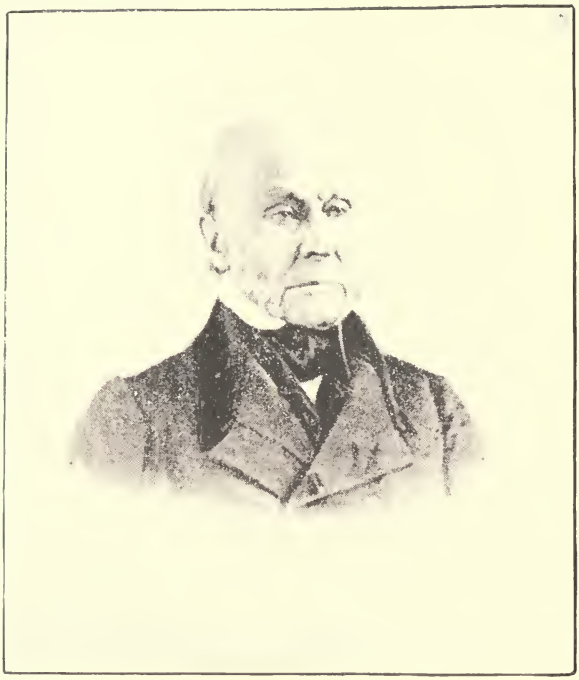

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

My first duty was to pay my respects to John Quincy Adams, whom I found in his place looking unharmed. But he speaks constantly with forebodings of his speedy departure. I have promised to visit him to-night, and shall enjoy much greater pleasure in that interview than I should at Mrs. Bodisco's grand ball.

I spent the morning in listening to Mr. Hannegan, who uttered a very spirited piece of declamation, in the shape of a speech on the "Three Million Bill."

February 29, 1847.

It is Sunday, a weary Sunday, out of church and away from home. Politics here are all the occupation of everybody; and I am weary of them. Mr. Polk was tempted by the glory of a war, which, being waged against a distracted and poor State, he expected would be of short duration. Every military movement has been successful, and some have been brilliant; and yet the war is odious, and the Government sinking under the divisions and discontents it has produced.

I was in the Capitol yesterday, and in several instances saw the Administration, with its large majorities, voted down in both Houses. I sincerely hope that the experience of the President may instruct his successors, for many years to come, that wars for slavery are behind the spirit of the age. It is understood here that General Scott will make his attack on Vera Cruz this week. He expects to capture the city, and then to besiege the castle of San Juan D'Ulloa, and reduce it within a few days. This done, he proposes to proceed to Jalapa and Mexico, where it is supposed the Mexicans will finally give battle.

I spent Friday evening with Mr. Adams. He was very much feebler than when I saw him last winter; although I could not discern that the paralysis affected his movements in any degree. He was exceedingly kind to me. I was quite alone with him for several hours, and I shall remember the instructions received, with gratitude and affection, as long as I live. Judge McLean gave me a very hearty greeting. The political discussion runs high over him and his Whig competitors for the Presidency. Mr. Crittenden and I are to meet this afternoon to talk over the McLeod affair, which alienated Mr. Webster's feelings as well as Crittenden's.

To Weed he wrote:

It is very clear that this Administration has lost strength and power here. What I have seen has given me much instruction. There is no union among the leaders of the Administration party, which is bad for them and good for us. There is as little of concert, but more of harmony, among our friends.

I saw Judge McLean yesterday morning, at an hour he had appointed for a private interview. His wife, a young, handsome and spirited Abolitionist, came in for a few minutes. But the mayor of Philadelphia, and other friends of the Judge, came in and put an end to the interview, before we had reached the subject most interesting to him. He is quite happy. Last winter he was *alone*. Now he is manifestly the head of a party, and is visited, consulted and flattered as such. Corwin is openly regarded as a candidate. The Ohio mem-

bers are warmly engaged for him. We are to have the interview to-morrow morning which I promised him. It is quite necessary for me to be away, and I mean to go on Tuesday or Wednesday at farthest, since I have ascertained the position assigned to me, which is that of umpire between rival candidates.

John Quincy Adams said to me: "You made General Harrison President; you can make the next President. Will you give us a man who is not for slavery? Tell me that. Assure me of that, and I shall be prepared to make my testament." Reverdy Johnson sought to know whether New York would be content to let Mangum, a slaveholder, be Vice-President. Johnson seems now to be in favor of McLean. Curtis is here, and Ogden Hoffman, and Mr. Webster is their patron. I hear nothing of his prospects. Mr. Mangum is very civil. But every one whom I meet seems to have wrapped himself up in this belief, that we Whigs of New York hold the control of the question, while we are so radical, so democratic, so revolutionary, that we are not entitled to be regarded, farther than to be allowed to contribute to the triumph of the party. If I understand it rightly, this was our position in 1840. Administration men announce oracularly that before Saturday night Vera Cruz will be in possession of General Scott. The Castle of St. John D'Ulloa is to fall in six days. By the middle of March, Scott will be at Jalapa, where the new Lieutenant-General will relieve him, and wage battle with the yellow fever.

In both wings of the Capitol, the "Three Million Bill" was engrossing attention. It contemplated the appropriation of $3,000,000 to negotiate a peace, on the basis of a cession to the United States of California, New Mexico, and the disputed territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. The debate was protracted. The opponents of slavery-extension had insisted upon attaching to the bill the "Wilmot Proviso," prohibiting slavery, in language quoted from the Ordinance of 1787. Among those who took active part were Preston King, then in the House of Representatives, from New York, and John A. Dix, then Senator from the same State. The latter made a strong speech in favor of the "Proviso," which the Legislature of New York, with great unanimity, had instructed their Senators to support. Other Northern Senators had taken similar ground. Webster had presented the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature; Upham and Hamlin had moved the "Proviso" in the Senate. Dayton had supported it. Douglas and Graham had endeavored to amend it, by proposing the Missouri Compromise line. Berrien, of Georgia, followed by some of the Southern Whigs, had gone so far as to protest against the acquisition of any Mexican territory whatever. The supporters of the "Proviso," backed by public opinion at home, had, at the outset, felt confident of its passage. But, as time wore on, the Administration and the South exerted their influence over the timid and the ambitious. The closing weeks of the session found many of

the Northern men demoralized. On the 1st of March, the question came to a vote in the Senate; and the "Proviso" was voted down by ten majority. Renewed as an amendment on the 3d, in the House, by Wilmot himself, it was voted down by 102 to 97.

Meanwhile, Seward, in the vaulted basement chamber, where the Supreme Court held its solemn state, submitted his argument in the Ohio Slave case. The story of that case was briefly this: John Van Zandt, who lived not far from Cincinnati, was an old farmer, poor and uneducated, but honest, worthy and benevolent. He had passed the earlier part of his life in Kentucky; and from what he had seen and heard there, became a hearty hater of slavery. The Ohio river was well understood, by slaves, to be the dividing line between bondage and freedom; and many were led to cross that barrier, by opportunity, courage, or despair. When any ragged, trembling fugitive knocked at John Van Zandt's door, it was not in John Van Zandt's heart to refuse him food, shelter, and help, on his way to Canada.

One night in April, 1842, nine poor wretches risked their lives, in an attempt at liberty. Among them were a husband and wife with three small children. They got across the river and as far as Walnut Hill, two miles beyond. Here they were met by John Van Zandt. He had been to the Cincinnati market, with a wagon-load of farm produce, and was returning home. He heard their story, pitied them, told them to get into his now empty wagon, and decided to try to carry them toward Lebanon. At three o'clock in the morning the horses' heads were turned northward. One of the fugitives, who could drive, was intrusted with the reins; and the other eight huddled together in the wagon. But there was money to be made on the highways in those days, in Ohio, and plenty of enterprising knaves ready to turn slave-catchers. Early in the morning a gang of this class met the wagon, about fourteen miles north of Cincinnati. They knew nothing; suspected every thing. They were armed, and they at once seized and stopped the horses. Andrew, the driver, had just time to jump and run. The others were obliged to surrender at discretion. Before long they were traveling back to slavery.

A futile attempt was made to punish the slave-catchers, by indicting them for kidnapping, but public sentiment was on their side, and they walked out of court with the proud consciousness that they had "upheld the Constitution and laws," and made $450 by it.

Eight had been recovered, but one had escaped. That "pound of flesh" was now to be exacted, through the courts of the United States. Andrew's owner, Wharton Jones by name, brought suit against John Van Zandt. Salmon P. Chase became Van Zandt's counsel. The case

was tried before Judge McLean, at Cincinnati, in July, 1842. The jury brought in a verdict against Van Zandt for $1,200 damages. A like verdict was rendered against him for $500 more, the penalty for violating the Fugitive Slave Law of 1793.

Motion was made for a new trial and arrest of judgment. The judges of the Circuit Court were divided in opinion, upon questions stated in the argument, and the cause was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. Van Zandt was poor, and could not meet the cost of the trial. But the case had begun to attract some attention, and a small amount was contributed by friends, though it proved not enough to cover the actual expenses of the case. Seward was solicited to take part in conducting it and cheerfully assented. Both he and Chase gave their services without compensation. Seward's argument began with an elaborate analysis of the declaration and evidence, to show them to be insufficient. But in the latter portion he took a bolder and broader ground: 1st, that the law of 1793 was in conflict with the Ordinance of 1787, under which Ohio was organized; and 2d, that the law of 1793, so far as it affected the questions before the court, was unconstitutional and void. As to the Fugitive Slave Laws in general, he remarked:

> There is luxury in affording succor, help, and comfort to the needy and oppressed; and we are commanded to do so by divine laws, paramount to all human authority.

And in conclusion, he added:

> I supplicate that slavery, with its odious form, and revolting features, and its dreadful pretensions, for the present and for the future, may not receive, at this great tribunal, now, sanction and countenance denied to it by a Convention of American States more than half a century ago.

Mr. Chase's argument, an admirable one, was submitted at the same time. With their usual grave deliberation, the judges took the case into consideration. But when the decision was finally promulgated, it was against Van Zandt. Judgment for the penalty was entered against him in the court below. Impoverished and embarrassed by the long litigation, he never recovered from its effects. He died a few years later, probably without ever dreaming that the whole system of law, under which he suffered, was so soon to be swept from the Statute Book. When Mrs. Stowe, five years after these events, wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she portrayed in it John Van Zandt, under the name of "Honest old John Van Trompe," and her book, as Mr. Chase well said, is "Van Zandt's best monument."

Seward and Chase had had some previous correspondence in reference to public affairs. But this Van Zandt case brought them to more

intimate acquaintance with each other, and was the beginning of labors in common in years to come. In a letter to Lewis Tappan, Chase said:

I am glad to see that Governor Seward's argument has been given to the public in the New York *Tribune*, in a condensed form; and it is one of the gratifications, and one of the greatest too, that I have derived from my connection with the case, that it has brought me into intercourse with that gentleman. I regard him as one of the very first public men of our country. Who but himself would have done what he did for the poor wretch Freeman? His course in the Van Zandt case has been generous and noble; but his action in the Freeman case, considering his own personal position and circumstances, was magnanimous in the highest degree.

CHAPTER IV.

1847.

Railway Life. Planing Machines and Car Wheels. "The Great Question of Questions." Taylor's Victories. Buena Vista. Scott's Capture of Vera Cruz. Dante and Tasso. Washington in the Recess. Governor Marcy. John Quincy Adams. A Solemn Parting. Forebodings for the Country. A Prediction of Rival Armies. Returning to the Old Law Office. A Week at Lyons. Town and Country. War and Peace. Birthday Reflections.

Traveling by stage-coach and railway, to attend courts in different places, now occupied much of Seward's time. Most frequent of all, was the trip down the Mohawk Valley to Albany. Usually his journeys there were made in the baggage and mail car, where he could have a quiet place to read or smoke, and where his cigars and conversation made him a welcome traveling companion to the baggage-men and mail agents. The postmaster's chair offered a convenient place for reading, and a pile of mail bags made a not uncomfortable lounge for a siesta, as the train went whirling through villages and fields.

Once, while Erastus Corning was President of the Central railroad, as Seward stepped into the baggage car for his customary seat, the baggage-man said, "Very sorry, Governor, I'm always glad to have you in here; but they've been making a new law that forbids it."

"And what is the new law?" said he, as he lighted his own cigar, and handed another to the baggage-man.

"Well, it is that nobody shall ride in the baggage car."

"Oh, no!" said Seward, "I think not; I think you have mistaken the law. The law is, that nobody shall ride in the baggage car but me."

"Is that it?" said the baggage-man, doubtingly.

"Yes," said Seward, "and if you don't think I'm right, you can ask Mr Corning the next time you see him."

When the train ran into the Albany depot, Mr. Corning happened to be standing there with some friends, and the baggage-man, stepping up to him, diffidently reported the incident, saying that the Governor had told him "he hadn't got the law right."

"Well, what does *he* say the law is?" asked Mr. Corning.

"He says it is, that there shan't nobody ride in the baggage car but him."

Mr. Corning smiled. "Well," said he, "I rather guess that *is* the law."

So his title to a seat in the baggage car thenceforth remained unquestioned, down to the era when smoking and palace cars were invented.

To Mrs. Seward he wrote:

EAGLE TAVERN, *March* 31, 1847.

I spent Tuesday in preparing my case, and in inspecting planing machines. Wednesday, I was engaged from 9 A. M. until 8 at night in examining witnesses, and then adjourned to 10 this morning. All the patentees are around me. When they release me, I pass into the care of the members of the Legislature and politicians.

Weed goes to New York, on an errand of love and tenderness to Greeley, who is sinking under the weight of his domestic griefs, and his health impaired by his exposure in his nightly walks from his office. Weed goes to bring Greeley's child home, to take care of for a few weeks.

General Taylor fights well, and writes better than he fights. His battles and his correspondence are rapidly bringing him before the country as a candidate for President, and his nomination and election scarcely admit of doubt. I am not prepared to speculate upon the consequences of events so great and unlooked for as these. What will be their effect upon the "Great Question of Questions," which underlies all present political movements?

More war news had come from Mexico. There had been a passing feeling of popular discontent with General Scott, occasioned by the publication of correspondence in regard to his taking away so many of Taylor's veterans, for service in his own "Army of Invasion," as it was called, to distinguish it from the "Army of Occupation." But these feelings all rapidly melted away, as bulletin after bulletin was published of the triumphant successes of both armies; of Scott's landing at Sacrificios; of his bombardment of Vera Cruz; of the capture of the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa; of Taylor's alternate advance and retreat near Saltillo; of his three days' hard fighting with a force quadruple his own, ending with the brilliant victory at Buena Vista.

THE RAIL ROAD IN 1847.

VIEW AT LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

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Little doubt was now entertained that the war was to end successfully. Already the march of the armies was described as being undertaken to "conquer a peace." High expectations were expressed that General Scott and his army would soon "revel in the halls of the Montezumas."

Seward wrote from New York:

ASTOR HOUSE, *April* 4, 1847.

The news from Mexico has produced a general impression here, that peace has been conquered by General Taylor. The intelligence, brought by the last mails, of the destitution of Santa Anna's army, their desertions, and the dissolution of the Mexican Government, with insurrections in several of the States, almost obliges me to believe that peace may be extorted. I am so anxious to have this miserable war ended, that this conclusion is more cheerfully admitted. General Taylor's last brilliant battles have produced a conviction among Whigs, and I think among Democrats, that he will be nominated and elected President.

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 6, 1847.

I have stopped here to-day to prepare for an argument I am to make next Monday in the United States Court here. Nothing offers to my observation but the call of a meeting to-night to nominate "Rough and Ready" for the Presidency. The feeling has taken deep root.

Occasion offered while at New York to purchase some translations of books which I have long desired, and which are wanting in our library. I have bought Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Chaucer, and Lane's "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The "Divine Comedy" is my book for reading on my journey, although all I get from its perusal is a paraphrase of the thoughts, without the harmony and music of the verse. It is about as near an approach to the beauties of the original as a translation of the Italian opera without the accessories of voice and instruments. I promise myself that you will enjoy much the study, even in this poor way, of Italian poetry.

With much love to the boys, and to her who is yet too young to know the import of the message.

WASHINGTON, *April* 7, 1847.

To-day is one of the most bland and beautiful April days, even in this temperate clime. I write with my window open. The beauty and fashion of the city are abroad, the pedestrians sweep the pavements which the wheels cover with dust. Washington is abandoned by the national councillors. Mr. Webster, Mr. Berrien, and here and there a senator, are seen passing about like shadows of the great Legislature. The blood of the political system sets in upon Washington during the winter, and flows back throughout the country in the recess. The great heart seems now quite lifeless. Nothing could seem more indolent and wearisome than the life of this city population. Their occupation ends with the adjournment of Congress, and even their amusements. The capital of an empire of twenty millions sinks into a quiet country village. The quidnuncs lounge on the piazzas, studying the pedestrians, and

the pedestrians, in their turn, become the loungers. When the mail comes every one inquires eagerly for the news, expecting and needing daily nothing less than intelligence of another pitched battle in Mexico, or of the successful sacking of Vera Cruz. I have seen very few of the very few I know here. I called at Governor Marcy's on business, and found him quietly directing this great storm of war. I inferred, from his remarks, that he had much hopes of peace.

I still continue the reading of Dante, but have gone only two-thirds through "Hell and Purgatory;" "Heaven," I fear, will be unattainable. I wonder that such extravagant and puerile conceptions should enable Dante to stand as a rival of Milton. But the book is instructive, as showing the taste and intelligence of Italy in the thirteenth century, then on the lead of Christian states. I doubt whether the Saracens did not excel the Europeans, at the period, in intellectual development and in the exhibition of virtue. The book at least shows the "darkness visible" of the Church at that early day.

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 10, 1847.

During my stay in Washington, I enjoyed pleasure and instruction in a whole day spent with Mr. Adams, *en famille*. I could not repeat here any of the thousand lessons I learned from him. But the parting was affecting: "I trust, Mr. Seward, you will allow me to say that I hope you will do a great deal for our country; you must, and you will. I am going. I shall be here but a little while. I look to you to do a great deal."

The temper of a people is even more variable than that of an individual. Mr. Adams says that the character of this people will change, and with it the Constitution; that there will be martial administration until *rival chieftains and rival armies wield the political power of the country*. I hope this is too gloomy a view of the future, but it moves my deepest apprehensions. He says that war is a natural and eternal element of the Anglo-Saxon race, as of the Romans.

April 11, 1847.

The sun has lighted up a bright and beautiful day. I have engaged to go to church with Bishop Potter's family. Yesterday I spent chiefly in business and dined with the Bishop. The youthful Potters are legion; promising, bright boys they are too.

My physician is here — Dr. McClellan — who has entertained me with a history of the great Webster dinner.

To Mr. Weed he wrote on the same day:

A short time ago I saw Governor Marcy, nervous lest the Vera Cruz expedition might fail, at the very moment that the last hopes of retaining his own official powers were giving way, beneath the universal acclamations of the people, in favor, not of him, nor of the President, but of their proscribed General, the hero of Buena Vista. The almost bloodless capture of Vera Cruz will only increase the homage the people pay to the military leaders. Polk and Marcy have called into action a spirit that thrusts down VanBuren, Wright, Calhoun, Benton, and Cass and Clay, Webster, Clayton and McLean; but themselves go down with their rivals.

Mr. Adams was, as I learned from others, depressed in spirits. He feels that his strength fails, his occupations cease. Greener than any other mind of eighty years, he begins to experience the loneliness of surviving so many generations. He deems a return from this military career, of the government and the people, to the quiet and the progress of a pacific state, distant and hopeless. His language was so solemn, so oracular, and my veneration for him so great, that I dare not trust myself yet to doubt, while I shrink from, his conclusions. He was affectionate to me beyond my former pleasant experience.

There is nothing thought of or heard of here but sieges, battles and conquests and their heroes. The parties and factions here, as elsewhere, hasten to take advantage of the popularity of General Taylor. The Whigs had a meeting last night, to second the nomination of the chieftain for the Presidency. This was hurried, and took bold and decisive form, to anticipate the Democratic demonstration to-morrow night; which, although not avowedly to nominate, still will virtually amount to the same thing, and may even take that precise form.

Returning to Auburn, he wrote to Weed:

April 24, 1847.

I find here your letter, which crossed me on my descent toward Albany, a month ago; but it contains nothing to be "spoken to" now, except your advice to the orphan girl in the Normal School. I wish such discreet counsel could be always obtained by young women as you gave her, and such benevolent resistance by all ambitious politicians as you made to M.'s request for notoriety in the *Journal*. I go to Wayne county on Monday for two or three days. Have removed from my office on stilts, in the main street, to the little, low, modest "stand" where my fortunes were begun. Morgan and Blatchford, and all our boys, have taste. and confidence enough in our destiny to be glad of the change.

Our politicians here have given General Taylor their hearts. The one who received that beautiful letter from Clay has stretched a Taylor flag across the street.

Letters to Mrs. Seward described the incidents of his journeyings:

Lyons, *April* 26, 1847.

My watch marked seven o'clock when I passed the post-office, and only eleven and ten minutes when I drove into Lyons. As the sun gradually rose, the clouds dispersed and there was bright sunshine around me, as there was cheerfulness within. The black-birds, some with glossy necks and others with red-tipped wings, made the meadows of the Seneca-valley vocal; while larks and robins continued the concert over the fields and through the woods. I had only one regret — your inability to enjoy the excursion with me. But I should not have the boldness to ask you to share a country lawyer's lodgings. Here I am, dining at an ordinary with sixty persons, all of whom gulp down their pudding before I have fairly attacked the turkey; and then, as to lodging, think of a room eight by ten, in a phalanx of such, and be thankful. The

gardeners are very busy everywhere, digging, grafting and planting The daffodils have burst their buds to-day.

The court has adjourned for evening, and my studies are to begin. I like them not much. It would be far more pleasant to study Dante and Tasso with you. The memories of such reading, however, must suffice me, while I try to acquire the knowledge and spirit fit for the forum. How strangely are we humans contrasted and bound together! I fear, abhor, detest, despise and loathe litigation. The irascible, the headstrong, and the obstinate pity my peaceful disposition; yet they solicit my aid to extricate them, and I am forced into contests for others which nothing could engage me to in my own behalf.

A Democrat here says the people give me high praise for defending Freeman, whether innocent or guilty. This is consoling. How unsafe is popular passion to rely upon! Less than a year has passed since no execrations were too severe for the people who now judge favorably of my conduct, without any regard to the question whether my client deserved death or not!

The sun has just withdrawn behind the hill that overlooks my little chamber, and the night is gathering in upon me. I hold fast to my pen, as if it were a talisman and had the power to summon and hold you before me.

Another birth-day was approaching, and some allusions to the youth now past, and the years of middle life swiftly following, prompted these thoughts:

Your good sense suggested to you on Sunday many reflections for the past, and hopes for the future, that I had not attempted. The past is irrevocable, and ought not to be deeply lamented. As to the future. We must do our duty and leave the consequences to God; by no means assuming that such consequences as we forebode will certainly happen. His Providence, which has made us so that we cannot fail to err, is at the same time tender to us; and either averts the apparently irretrievable evils we fear, or modifies them, or prepares us to bear them. May I venture on another reflection? Your duties and mine, your happiness and mine, so far as the domestic relations are concerned, are chiefly toward each other. Our relations to our children are a consequence, an incident, and the duties of those relations will be all the more wisely and well performed, according as we preserve, deep and full, the fountain of love for each other. I prove this to be so when I think of my brave oldest boy, my cheerful, spiritual Fred, my kind and faithful Willie, and the laughter-loving eyes of my mother blazing anew in the soft, sweet face of her whom you are teaching to love me so devotedly. But a truce to moralizing. God grant us grace to continue for the remainder of our pilgrimage, and bring us to a reunion, free from the grossness that unavoidably enters into the most hallowed earthly relations.

CHAPTER V.

1847.

Summer at Auburn. Habits of Reading. Taylor and the Politicians. First Election of Judges. Washington in Summer. President Polk. Trip to Lancaster. Thaddeus Stevens. Amos Ellmaker. Death of O'Connell. Post-mortem of Freeman. Oration on O'Connell. Scott in Mexico.

THE old house at Auburn was this summer in the hands of carpenters and masons. A wing and a tower were to be added on its north side. Taste in domestic architecture, in the United States, was, as yet, in its infancy. Villas and rural dwellings were usually square in form, and presented a monotonous array of white paint and green blinds. But signs of change were beginning to appear near New York and Boston. Downing, if he did not commence the revolution, was its chief promoter. His books and magazines found ready place on Seward's library table, and were always consulted when any improvement of house or grounds was talked of. The tower, albeit a very modest one, attracted many curious gazers and no small amount of criticism. Not many years elapsed, however, before towers and balconies began to multiply in the land, and this early effort was eclipsed by more pretentious structures all around it. Its lower story was henceforth to be Seward's study. Hither his books and writing-chair were now removed.

In his library, novels occupied but a meager space, history and philosophy taking many more shelves; and nearly all the romances were old ones. The English poets he often read; Scott, Spencer, Southey, Coleridge, Chaucer, and Burns, were his favorites. In his reading he dipped into various sciences. He was not specially attracted by the details of any. On the contrary, he studied each with reference to its bearing upon the general welfare of the human race. Political science was the study he especially liked, and he studied the others so far as he found them auxiliary to that line of inquiry. Bacon, Burke, Bolingbroke, Hallam, Jefferson, and Franklin he read with care. His favorite studies at college had been the classics, while mathematics were distasteful and difficult to him. He used to say that he was never sure that he had added up a column of figures correctly until somebody else had gone over his work and verified it. Yet he was accurate in accounts, and his success in the study and demonstration of the mechanical problems forced upon him in his patent cases, was a gratifying surprise to himself. He never lost his taste for the classic authors; but would occasionally, of an evening, take up Horace, Lucian,

or Martial to read a few pages; and would spare a moment even from business to aid his boys in construing Cicero or Virgil.

A judicial election was to be held this year. It was the first one under the new Constitution. The experiment of an elective judiciary was regarded with apprehension by many who feared that the bench would become partisan, and perhaps the instrument of mob tyranny. In deference to this feeling, it was virtually though not formally agreed by the party leaders to keep the election distinct from either the local contests of the spring or the general one of the fall. The 8th of June was settled upon as the election day. The nominations were based upon professional or judicial experience, rather than party opinions or services. In some districts, the two parties could agree upon the same name, thus insuring the election. The list of nominees contained some of the most respected jurists of the State. Among them were Judges Bronson, Jewett, Ruggles, and Lieutenant-Governor Gardiner, for the Court of Appeals; and Judges Edmonds, Strong, Barculo, Wright, Parker, Harris, Cady, Paige, Watson, Willard, Gridley, Allen, Shankland, Mason, Johnson, Maynard, Welles, and Selden, for the Supreme Court.

In a letter to Weed, Seward said:

AUBURN, *May* 23, 1847.

Our district convention went off well. It depends upon our adversaries whether we shall begin a new constitutional cycle, with a judiciary capable of comprehending the dignity of the State, and of feeling the sympathies of freedom and humanity. It would be pleasing to others to be assured, as I am, that we can in no event have a worse, while we hope for a better, judiciary than heretofore. It is particularly gratifying that we have been able to show our appreciation of Whittlesey and Maynard, and Reynolds and Jordan.

Friday.

I wish H. had written his own address. The *National Intelligencer* gives it as a model of all political addresses, present and future. I prosper quite well when I write *incog.*

There is much need of sound advice as to whether I should practice law under the new Constitution at Auburn or at Albany. The new system is just adapted to my habits and ways. I can get along well under it in either place; better of course in Albany. But to leave home — and such a home — and fling myself into a heated city! I shall think long of it.

The election in June resulted in the choice of an able and creditable bench. The whole array of judges chosen by the people was thought to favorably contrast with that of the judges, good and bad, who had at previous periods been appointed by Governors or Councils of Appointment.

The war news continued auspicious. Taylor remained awaiting reinforcements, but neither disturbed nor menaced. California and New Mexico were peaceably held by the handful of Americans who had made conquest of them. Scott was climbing from the lowlands of the sea-coast to the higher and more salubrious regions of the interior of Mexico. He had occupied Jalapa, captured Perote, and achieved a brilliant victory at Cerro Gordo. The officers of both commands were winning golden opinions. Seward's two old friends at Albany, Colonel Worth and General Wool, had come to distinction and rank, second only to the chief commanders of the two armies. Colonel Jefferson Davis, a son-in-law of General Taylor, commanding a Mississippi regiment, had gained great credit, and when disabled by a wound at Buena Vista, for further service in the field, had been chosen by his State to represent her in the United States Senate. The names of May, Bragg, Fremont, Stockton and Doniphan were growing familiar to every reader of the newspapers. Political circles were watching carefully. But the politicians, though keen enough to perceive Taylor's strength as a candidate, were divided in opinion as to the expediency of taking him. Neither party, as yet, felt quite assured as to his political predilections. His life had been devoted to the military service, and like most army officers he had kept aloof from politics. Yet two things about him were known. He was a Whig, and he was a slave-holder. One of these characteristics made it difficult for the Democrats to nominate him, and the other was believed by Whigs to have been fatal to their last nominee, Mr. Clay.

Among the incidents at Auburn this summer, was one illustrating the unconscious rapidity of national changes. The great gate-way of the prison opened one day to let out an old convict, who had served his allotted term of twenty years. A few minutes later he was found standing on the railroad track, gazing at it in a sort of bewildered amazement; and asking, "what those long bars were for?" He accepted the explanation of bystanders, that it was a new form of road by which one could go to Albany in a day. But he was incredulous and indignant, when told that a message could be sent to the same place and an answer returned in five minutes, by the wires and poles above his head.

Again called away by his law cases, Seward wrote:

EAGLE TAVERN, *Monday Eve., May* 31, 1847.

Although quite discontented under the necessity of leaving the home that has become so attractive, I would not waste a day. So I drew my Godwin from the capacious great-coat pocket, took a chair by the open window of the post-office car, and alternately read the small treatise in my hand, and the ex-

pansive and ever-varying volume that opened its leaves before me through the long steam ride. It was almost six when I reached the Eagle. The venerable inn rejoices in a new administration conducted by Houghton & Acker. They are always well-disposed friends, and the servants who came around me wore old, familiar faces.

ALBANY, *June* 2, 1847.

Business presses me more here than at home. My clients are Gibson, Corning and Many, and one of them is here whenever I am. Harris is pressing me to come to Albany, and take his office. He makes it seem very attractive. I have not yet advised or even thought seriously about it.

WASHINGTON, *June* 11, 1847.

I have made commas and semicolons in my journey until now, when I affix a period. We came into the Federal capital in a cloud of dust, at eleven in the morning. The depot is on Pennsylvania avenue, halfway from the Capitol to Coleman's — which was Gadsby's, when you visited Washington. Our walk from the car-house to the hotel in the morning, and sundry successive promenades on the same route, under a fierce sun, revealed to me that this great avenue was on the line of the Ecliptic. It is never in the shade for an hour. Washington has not the levity of Paris because the city wants the wealth to indulge in the frivolity that relieves idleness. The departments of the government, dispersed about the city, keep their inmates very industriously engaged. The petty shops are without customers. There is no trade, comparatively no travel, and no pastime. In the winter the legislators are omnipotent and omnipresent. Senators, Representatives, Speakers, Sergeants, Pages and Messengers swarm in the streets and in the hotels. They meet you at table, on the avenue, crowd the lobbies, and fill the drawing-rooms. Now the Executive Department is alone seen and felt. Here and there are officers of the army or of the navy, coming for instructions. Contractors are applying to the auditors of the treasury, and the inventors examining the archives of the Patent Office. All these have a look of independence or rather nonchalance. They are men whose fortunes are made, as they think. They are safe. They indulge voracious appetites, and have the luxuries of the market, which of course is very fine. They wear great whiskers, and talk loud at table about their visits to the Secretaries, and, forsooth, the dust on their coats, and the deep, dark shadow of their countenances support their pretensions.

Of course the executive powers here are strangers to me ; scarcely an old, familiar, friendly face presents itself. I strolled yesterday through the Capitol grounds. They are neat and pretty, but diminutive and artificial. Among others here I met an ex-Governor, who, at the age of nearly seventy, shows how the free spirit of a man of genius, and an American, can be broken into the humble routine of a courtier. Assiduous he is to all, because here no one can know from what quarter the capricious breeze of popular favor may blow next.

June 12, 1847.

After writing to you yesterday, I studied the business that called me, and then rode with some naval officers to call on the Secretary of the Navy, Mr.

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Mason, whom I had known when he was Attorney-General. He is a fat, pleasant, agreeable man, of how much talent I do not certainly know. He has just returned from a jaunt with the President to the University of North Carolina, which was honored by being the President's *alma mater*. I left him and dropped into the War Department, where I found Governor Marcy as calm as a summer morning, awaiting the course of a war, which had already been so successful as to save its authors from the disgrace of failure; and, at the same time, to render it sure that they must give place to the military agents who had won such amazing victories. No one can see how the war can be continued longer, and yet nobody has discovered any indications of peace.

From Mr. Secretary Marcy's I fell into the society of a Democratic Senator and a Democratic Cherokee Commissioner, who entertained me all the morning, attended me to my lodgings, and dined with me. I am amazed at nothing so much as the feebleness of this Executive. With patronage and power exceeding that of almost any monarch, he has not affection nor even support; nor does he seem to have inspired fear among his own beneficiaries. He is absolutely without a party, without friends, without supporters. All around him, even in his Cabinet, are intrigues for the succession. The worthy gentlemen who honored me with their company are of the opinion that Taylor must be the next President, and they are becoming ready for that event.

LANCASTER, PENN., *June* 13.

"Marriage," some philosopher has said, "is a union founded upon contrasts." There you are at home all your life-long. It is too cold to travel in winter and home is too pleasant in summer to be forsaken. The children cannot go abroad and must not be left at home. Here I am, on the contrary, roving for instruction when at leisure, and driven abroad continually by my occupation. How strange a thing it is that we can never enjoy each others' cares and pleasures, except at intervals.

Lancaster is a city and contains about ten thousand people. The streets are regular, clean, and well paved; the buildings eminently substantial and comfortable, although not particularly tasteful. Few American towns present an aspect of so much wealth. We arrived at four. Negotiations were completed at six, and at nine I had all the papers signed, sealed and delivered. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, the great Pennsylvania Whig leader of our school, called, and revived old recollections of our association in the anti-masonic convention at Baltimore. I sank to rest, weary and lonely, at eleven o'clock; and through the livelong night heard the annunciation of the progress of the hours; first, by the shrill German house clock that regulates affairs at the Swan Inn; then repeated by the iron tongue of the town clock; and then reiterated in a chant by the watchman under my window, "*one o'clock and all is well.*"

I met Amos Ellmaker, a lawyer living here in 1831. In 1832 we nominated him for Vice-President with Mr. Wirt. I called at his house this morning and found he was sinking under premature old age and infirmities. Sixteen years, what changes do they make in the human family, in the domestic circle, as well as in national combinations!

Ireland was now in mourning. O'Connell was dead. The national grief over the loss of the "Liberator" was deep and sincere. It was echoed across the Atlantic. To every mind the questions presented themselves: "Will he have any successor? Can any other man so sway the Irish people? Or if any does, will he move them to good or evil?"

In New York there was an earnest desire that Seward should become his eulogist, and the 22d of September was designated. He wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *August* 27, 1847.

It seems a pity that we cannot elect General Taylor without drawing into our ranks all that is venal and base in the other party. Was it so when Jackson was elected? If so, we must have had a good riddance of all our allies who joined the conquering army. That last letter of Taylor's will do no harm to him, although it would be enough to ruin any other person.

How does Greeley bear your indirect disclaimers and reproofs? Ill enough, I should think. He is certainly the most abused man in the world. He provokes everybody to quarrel with him, and then gives them his own columns to belabor him in. Could anything be more absurd than his kindling a religious fanaticism against himself by his review of that miserable humbug "Davis' Revelations?"

While attending court in Ithaca, he received intelligence from Auburn that Freeman had died in his cell. The case had attracted so much attention among medical men, that there was a general desire for a post-mortem examination. Some of the resident physicians telegraphed Doctors Brigham and McCall, who came from Utica. With Doctors Briggs, Fosgate, Van Epps, Hyde, Luce, a number of lawyers and others assembled to witness the examination. The brain was carefully dissected. "It presented the appearance of chronic disease. The skull itself appeared diseased; temporal bone carious; internal structures of the ear destroyed." It did not need even medical knowledge to perceive that such a brain was incompatible with sanity. The testimony of his keeper, that the muscles of his face had been paralyzed and his mouth drawn to one side for weeks before his death, was amply explained. For once doctors did not differ. All agreed to the statement drawn up by Dr. Brigham and signed by himself and six others.

Hardly a month intervened before the time appointed for the O'Connell oration. Its preparation was to be accomplished at such intervals as could be snatched from the duties of the law office. A letter to Weed said:

AUBURN, *September* 15, 1847.

Making orations in a country lawyer's office is as hard a task as writing philosophy at a daily newspaper desk. I have done it, however, and if my

friends are disappointed in it they must be careful not to push me into new enterprises. It has seemed best to me to write about O'Connell as I felt and thought, without tempering my speech to meet the prejudices of the age and country.

On the evening before the gathering at Castle Garden, Seward wrote:

NEW YORK, *September* 21, 1847.

My oration, for better, for worse, is already, at eight o'clock Tuesday evening, in the type of the *Tribune*. The weather is fine, and there is expectation of a great assemblage.

I break off to read the proof of my speech, which I suppose will reach your eyes as soon as this disjointed letter.

On the morning of the 22d, thousands of O'Connell's countrymen were in the streets, and long before the appointed time Castle Garden was filled to overflowing. On Seward's appearance he was greeted with enthusiastic welcome, which died away into complete silence as he stepped forward upon the platform and commenced:

There is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no further, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying with pious resignation, as he enters its silent chambers: "Well, it is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed. But I am ready to die. It is all right." The superb though fading "Queen of the Mediterranean" holds anxious watch, through ten long days, over the majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now death is there; the "Liberator" of Ireland has sunk to rest in the Cradle of Columbus.

The oration continued in historic *resumé* of the experiences of Ireland during a thousand years, its conquest by Great Britain and its condition since that period. Then sketching the life of O'Connell, born in the same year that the first blow for American Independence was struck at Lexington, it analyzed his character and the questions of the century with which he had to deal, the agitation which he commenced and carried to successful accomplishment against the laws imposing disabilities. Then giving a brief summary of the "monster meetings" for repeal, of the arrest, trial and imprisonment, reversal of judgment, exile and death, he said:

Stop now and write an epitaph for Daniel O'Connell! He gave liberty of conscience to Europe, and renewed the revolutions of the kingdoms toward universal freedom, which had been arrested by the anarchy of France.

In the closing part of the address, Seward reverted to the problem which had engrossed so much of his thought during the preceding year. He told his audience that the agitation in Ireland was:

Only one of the incidents of an all-pervading phenomenon; the dissolution of monarchical and aristocratical governments, and the establishment of democracies in their place. I know this change must come, for even the menaced governments feel and confess it. I know that it will be resisted, for it is not in the nature of power to relax. It is a fearful inquiry, how shall that change be passed? Is every step of human progress to be marked by blood? Must the nations, after groaning for ages under vicious institutions, wade through deeper seas to reach that condition of more perfect liberty? Or shall they be able to change their forms of government, by slow and measured degrees, so as to adapt them peacefully to the progress of the age?

On his way home to Auburn, he found flags waving, newspapers exultant, and the people jubilant over new victories in Mexico. Scott had pushed on rapidly over the table-lands, entered the historic valley of the capital, encountering and defeating the Mexican army at Contreras, San Antonio and Churubusco. General Worth had pursued the flying enemy almost to the gates of the capital. Santa Anna had asked, through a flag of truce, an armistice, and Trist, the American Plenipotentiary, had improved the occasion to open negotiations for peace. After ten days of fruitless delay, hostilities had recommenced. The bloody battle of Molino del Rey and the storming of Chepultepec had followed. Worth and Quitman had reached the city by the San Cosme aqueduct and the Belen gate. After a desultory but sanguinary struggle in the streets, with the enemy in the windows and on the housetops, the Stars and Stripes had been planted in the Grand Plaza, and the American troops were garrisoning the "Halls of the Montezumas."

CHAPTER VI.

1847.

Caucuses, Conventions and Candidates. The Vice-Presidency. Clay's Lexington Speech. "The Diversions of Purley." Winthrop. Walker. War Taxes. Generals and Statesmen. Reform in Europe. Pius IX. "The Proviso."

September brought its usual caucuses, conventions, and public meetings. When the Whig State Convention met it nominated Millard Fillmore for Comptroller, Christopher Morgan for Secretary of State, Alvah Hunt for Treasurer, Ambrose L. Jordan for Attorney-General, and Charles Cook for Canal Commissioner. Lieutenant-Governor Gardiner having been elected a Judge of the new Court of Appeals in June, the Legislature passed a law in September, authorizing the

election of a Lieutenant-Governor to fill the vacancy. The Whigs had, accordingly, again nominated Hamilton Fish, their candidate of the previous year.

When the Democratic State Convention met at Syracuse, there was found to be a large number of contestants for seats. A temporary organization only led to fresh disputes. Preston King, James S. Wadsworth, and other leaders of the "Barn-Burner" faction refused to act as officers; and the "Hunkers" took control of the Convention. The break in the party was inevitable. The issue was at hand in the "Wilmot Proviso." This was embodied in a resolution by James R. Doolittle and offered by David Dudley Field. Of course, the "Hunker" majority voted it down; and amid a burst of excitement the "Barn-Burners" withdrew. The "Hunkers," left in possession of the hall, nominated a state ticket, pledged their fidelity to the national administration, and to the "Compromises of the Constitution." The Radical faction retired to Herkimer, organized a fresh Convention, of which Churchill C. Cambreling was President; John Van Buren was appointed to draft the address to the people. Uncompromising hostility to the extension of slavery was proclaimed; but it was deemed wise not to nominate a ticket.

The "Barn-Burners" had struck the key-note of popular sentiment, in avowing themselves for "Free Soil." But would they adhere to it? This was the universal query; and one that few were prepared to answer.

From Albany, Seward wrote home:

EAGLE TAVERN, *Saturday Morning.*

Weed came last evening and gave me a full account of the Convention at Syracuse, which seems to have proceeded exactly as he wished, in all material respects. The "Barn-Burners" are bent on defeating the Democratic ticket; and John Van Buren had a meeting at the Capitol last night, in which the position of the "Barn-Burners" was eloquently set forth. The Whigs may expect to carry their ticket by some 30,000 majority.

This morning I met two Democratic Irishmen, long leaders of the party here, now divided, and criminating each other on the subject of John Van Buren. It was quite entertaining to hear a description of his principles, when the principles were identical with those for which the party, less than a year ago, denounced me.

ALBANY, *October* 14, 1847.

I spent last evening at Weed's, with him and Benedict. Weed's star is again in the ascendant, and he is as busy in political affairs now as he was in the days of his "Dictatorship." The sum of his speculations at the present moment is, that the Whig party are to succeed in the State this fall; that matters shape decidedly toward Mr. Clay's nomination next year, with that of a friend of yours for V. P., but that success would be doubtful.

October 15.

To-day I have ventured to the Capitol for the first time. Every year the magnitude of things here grows less and less in my view. I looked in on Senate and Assembly to-day, and wondered that I should ever have bated my breath in awe of them. Their debates, full of importance in their own estimation, seemed to me "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The old apple-woman in the rotunda would fain have made me believe that the times have deteriorated. She complained that she sat there without selling the worth of twenty-five cents a day, which was a pitiful contrast to her magnificent profits under the old regimé. I found myself merely an historical personage. My bust that graces the Library was regarded with something of the deference people pay to mere antiquity.

ALBANY, *Saturday Night.*

There is a bright moon in the sky, and it shames the light upon my table. It seems to reproach me for not having gone to spend to-morrow with you, since the journey would have cost only two days. I am quite ignorant of what you are doing and what you are thinking. I fear you are thinking too steadily of your boy far away in Mexico. You have not learned to remember that he is a man. The passions and pursuits of manhood vary much from what a mother would hope for her child.

Labor here is something like this — from breakfast to dinner I spend, with little interruption, in study either in my room or at the State Library. As soon as I reach my room after dinner visitors come in; some on business, some on politics, some to make friendly calls; and my work and I make acquaintance again at nine, at ten, at eleven, just as the mercy of my friends has been manifested. I am weary, weary to death of this eternal pressure of occupation which leaves me no leisure for the society of my family and for enjoyment of books. I look upon my life, busy as it is, as a waste. All that I know of my family is learned in occasional visits. All the knowledge I acquire is stolen from tiresome occupation. I know not that there is ever to be a change; yet I feel that I deserve one. I have not even time nor opportunity to do good. I live in a world that needs my sympathies, but the pressure obliges me to labor continually for the lucre that is due to others.

Monday, October 19.

The political horoscope is dark. Things now indicate a design to nominate C., with the person we spoke of under him. That person has made up his mind that he will not consent to this.

I am glad you have saved so many grapes, and saved so many more by giving them away.

The Whig party in New York had, for years, contained many opponents of slavery; although the party, as a whole, had only, by successive steps, come to consider it a proper subject for political action. In 1846, the "Wilmot Proviso" had their hearty approval. A portion took what they considered more conservative ground, and opposed

whatever would tend to alienate the Southern Whigs. But this portion as yet were passive, rather than active, in shaping the policy of the party. Their opposition to "Weed and Seward" was stated to be largely based on their apprehensions that, if those leaders were allowed to have their way, they would make the Whig an "Abolition Party" and imperil the Union. The Whig State Convention this year had unequivocally indorsed the "Proviso," and declared for "no more slave territory."

The 2d of November was election day. The Whigs went to the polls with enthusiasm; the Democrats, "Hunkers" and "Barn-Burners," with stronger hostility to each other than to their Whig enemy. As soon as the polls had closed, and returns began to come in, it was evident that the demoralized and divided party was defeated. The Whigs had elected the Executive officers and had carried the Legislature. Three days later the *Evening Journal* contained the "big eagle," bearing in its beak and claws mottoes exulting in a victory against "Slavery extension," and declaring that in the new territories "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude" should be permitted to exist.

Mr. Morgan, having been elected Secretary of State, was preparing to go to Albany to reside. The loss of a partner would render it necessary for Seward to remain more constantly at Auburn, and the project of a law-office at Albany, almost abandoned before, was now definitely ended.

As the official canvass was completed, it revealed that the "Liberty Party" vote was greatly reduced. Even its most obstinate adherents were beginning to perceive that, with two great and powerful parties in the field, opposed to slavery extension, there would be no longer need of a little and powerless one. The mission of the "Liberty Party" was ended, though some of its leaders did not realize the fact. It had done its part in aiding to make the slavery question an issue between the great political organizations, by whom it was henceforth to be fought out to the end.

Once more attending court at Albany, he resumed his correspondence with home. The engrossing topic among politicians at the capital was Mr. Clay's great speech at Lexington, and the probabilities of his nomination in 1848:

ALBANY, *Thursday Evening.*

You have read Mr. Clay's speech before this time. It is surpassingly beautiful and will affect many minds. But it is too late. This is just such a speech as Mr. Clay ought to have made four years ago. Then it would have prevented the annexation of Texas, or at least the war.

The movement for Mr. Clay serves the purpose of confirming his *friends* and his *adversaries* equally in their friendship and opposition, without changing the attitude of a man.

Friday Morning.

Weed sees the movement at Lexington just as it seemed to me at home. I suppose in due time we shall have his views in the *Journal*.

Mr. Clay's notices of slavery and of the extension of slavery will not satisfy the North. But on this subject I do not speak here. His friends are quite willing to think better of me now than formerly, having generally come to the conclusion, it is said, that they will practice the magnanimity of placing me in the same bark with Cæsar. I cannot, therefore, speak with freedom. If I speak what I think it seems ungracious, and some would think discontented. Yet it mortifies me to see that I am so little understood, as to be regarded as willing to sacrifice principle for the hope of even a prosperous voyage under a chief who rejects so much that I think is in his power to carry in the vessel.

ALBANY, *November* 28.

I dropped into Little's last evening and brought away Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley." Rising this morning, weary and sick, I found the book full of instruction and amusement.

I find myself too unwell to sit longer, so will resume my place on the sofa, and continue the interesting research into the history of conjunctions, prepositions and adverbs. It is a very curious study, that which is the theme of Horne Tooke's book. I hope you may find time to look at it. I shall take the book home with me. Fred must read it earlier in life than I, as he must correct my errors in education.

From Washington now came news of the meeting of the Thirtieth Congress, and the election of Robert C. Winthrop as Speaker. Caleb B. Smith, an Indiana Whig, was assigned to the chair of the Committee on Territories. Early in the session, Harvey Putnam, the representative from the Erie district of New York, introduced a resolution "prohibiting slavery in the territories acquired from Mexico." This issue, it was evident, would not be permitted to sleep. Another question requiring immediate attention was that of paying the "price of glory." The expenses of the war were to be met, new regiments to be raised, and Scott's army to be reinforced. Robert J. Walker, the Secretary of the Treasury, in an elaborate report, pointed out the various methods of meeting the national liabilities. A tea and coffee tax was proposed, and became at once a subject of discussion. Seward wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *December* 14, 1847.

The organization of the Whig House has been effected very well, I think. In an emergency so critical as the present I admire the firmness and fidelity which so great a number have exhibited. Have you read Mr. Walker's report on the treasury and revenue system? Although somewhat florid in parts, it is

a very able paper, and notwithstanding its theories, will be well received. Shall not our friends wisely second the President's demand for taxing tea and coffee? I judge, perhaps erroneously, that the country is to be held for a while to look upon demonstrations of the respective strength of the great Warrior and the great Pacificator in the South. Can it be doubtful which will win in the South? The Warrior bids fair to carry both or all parties there. The Pacificator, a part only of one.

Battles and victories were past, and now came the period of criticism. The reports of commanders were scrutinized. As usual, there was no general without friends to claim that he had been neglected or ill-treated by superior authority; none without detractors to claim that his exploits had been unduly magnified. However, the public, as between military men and civilians, was inclined to side with the former. Secretary Marcy's sagacious management of armies and commanders received occasional and passing commendation, but no such eulogies as were bestowed upon the heroes of the field. Scott was claimed to have outdone Cortez in his conquest of Mexico. Taylor was declared to be not inferior to the "Old Hero of New Orleans." Doniphan was said to differ from Xenophon only by a syllable, and not at all in the merits of his successful march. In the various courts-martial now going on, instituted by the government against commanders, and by commanders against each other, Fremont, Worth and Scott were deemed victims of persecution, while Shields, Quitman and Pillow each had their partisans.

European journals this winter brought news of a money panic in England with disastrous effects. Ireland was sending off emigrants by thousands. Denmark was abolishing slavery in her West India Islands. Civil war had broken out in the Swiss Republic, which was claimed as fresh proof that republics were impossible in Europe. Yet Republican theorists and revolutionists were active and confident there. Reforms in Italy, entered upon by the new Pope, Pius IX, had startled Europe, and were greeted by enthusiastic public demonstrations in the United States. It began to look as if, while Republican America was extending slavery, monarchical Europe had suddenly become an admirer of freedom.

At Albany attending court, Seward found the busy scene which always accompanies the opening of the session. The Legislature had organized; the Governor's message had been sent in; the Comptroller's report submitted; the new Court of Appeals had opened, and active discussions were going on in both Houses, and their lobbies, over "Free Soil" resolutions, and proposed votes of thanks to Generals Scott and Taylor.

Before departing from Albany, Seward had urged such members of the Legislature as sought his counsel, to pass resolutions instructing the New York Senators and Representatives in Congress, to vote for the prohibition of slavery in the territories to be acquired from Mexico. He was soon to see at the national capital how far any such instructions from the North would prevail.

CHAPTER VII.

1848.

War News at Washington. Polk, Scott, and Fremont. Presidential Aspirants. Clay, McLean, and Corwin. Balls and Dinners. The White House. The Treaty of Peace. Death of John Quincy Adams. "The Corner-Stone." Revolutionary Movements in Europe. Oration on Adams Before the Legislature.

WASHINGTON, *January* 19, 1848.

HERE I am, after a long and lonesome journey. I was at the Capitol from twelve until three, dined at four, received visits till seven or eight, and closed the evening by a visit to Mr. Adams.

Every thing in regard to the Mexican war is involved in confusion, more difficult to read here than at the distance you are removed. It begins to be thought that the Administration contemplates the conquest and consolidation of all Mexico. Its organs deny this. The Whigs are becoming generally very apprehensive of such gigantic schemes, which they regard as certain to produce a subversion of the Government and Constitution of the United States. Under these circumstances the opposition to supplies of men and money for the war is assuming formidable character. Many think that the supplies will be withheld, but I do not concur in that opinion.

The Southern States are falling off from Mr. Clay and are arraying themselves on the side of General Taylor. It seems to be true that even Kentucky has, in her Legislature, avowed preference for General Taylor. All this produces no effect on the great Western statesman. He is surrounded here by admirers who consist of two classes — impracticable politicians and unreasoning personal devotees, who adhere to him from habit and affection. I was invited by Mr. Dixon of Connecticut to meet Mr. Clay at dinner, but was prevented by my previous engagement. While sitting in the Senate yesterday, Mr. Clay came in and took a seat beside me. He was looking vigorous and fresh as ever. He immediately asked me if it was true, as reported, that I was the author of Governor Young's "message on the war." I was happily able to excuse myself from any such responsibility. Mr. Clay reasoned with me to show that the Whig party ought to take the ground he had assumed at Lexington, although he did not allude to his speech and resolutions directly.

January 21.

I feel as if I were wasting time here in worse than useless indolence. Fortunately I can console myself with the reflection that of all the hundreds of loungers about this Democratic court my occupation is the least disreputable. The debates in the Senate were spirited yesterday. I dined with Mr. Adams *en famille*. The circle was made up by the venerable patriarch, Mrs. Adams, the daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Adams, a niece, Miss Adams, Miss Johnson, of Utica, and three nephews. The result of my falling among so many young people was, an engagement to attend Mrs. John Adams to the assembly.

Mr. Clay, with much difficulty, shut out all visitors at half-past seven, and engaged me in a discussion of his position, duties, and prospects. His manner was conciliatory, kind, and modest. I reviewed with him the events of many years, and explained what had appeared to be perverseness. He thinks that he does not personally desire to be a candidate, and thinks that he is ready and willing to withdraw from the canvass, but he does not fully understand the workings of his own mind.

January 22.

On Thursday evening I attended Mrs. John Adams and other ladies to the assembly. It was a gay and brilliant scene, in which one could see whatever there is of wealth and rank in Washington. The party was called select. A lady from New York was voted the belle of the evening. Mrs. Gaines, who has just received an estate estimated at ten millions of dollars, was, of course, a very attractive person, and I was gratified in seeing that her modesty was increased by this striking reverse of fortune. Balls are wearisome to me at all times. I left at half-past twelve. The company remained until four or five.

Yesterday, I dined with Commander De Kay, and in the evening I presented myself to the President and Mrs. Polk at the White House. It was a comfortless crowd, and, I have no doubt, as irksome to them as it was to me. Both Mr. and Mrs. Polk looked worn and haggard. She had faded much since I had last seen her. The White House is a cheerless, unfurnished palace that wears no air of domestic peace or quiet.

Coming home last evening I found two young Mexicans, sons of the late Emperor Iturbide, who had been educated in this country, after the execution of their father for his fatal ambition. The older has traveled much in Europe; the other, a gay and joyous young man, had returned to Mexico, taken a commission in the army, had been captured, and is now a prisoner of war on parole. My heart went forth to him for his goodness, because he said to me that he hoped my son would come home safely from his perilous adventures.

Yesterday I had a long interview with Thomas Corwin, who is a candidate for President; and to-day I missed a similar one by the absence of Judge McLean from his lodgings. I dined to-day with the Speaker, Mr. Winthrop; to-morrow at home with some friends; on Monday with Judge Wayne of the Supreme Court, and on Tuesday morning I trust to turn my back upon the capital.

WASHINGTON, *January* 23.

Here is another of a long succession of sunny days, the like of which I have never seen in winter. Mr. Iturbide tells me that this is quite like the winters in Mexico, that is, in the Valley of Mexico. It is warm in the sunshine, and cool in the shade.

Nothing worth recording, perhaps, has happened to or near me since yesterday. I tell a tale only of eating and drinking, with persons who are strangers to you, and whom you are, perhaps wisely, determined shall always remain so. It has become irksome to me. After writing you yesterday, I had another long conversation with Mr. Corwin, whom they call "Tom Corwin" or the "Wagon Boy." He is a truly kind, benevolent, and gifted man. He seems to forego all hope of the Presidency, just now at least. I dined with the Speaker. The chief members of the party were Judge McLean, Mr. Rives, Colonel Taylor, brother of "Rough and Ready," and Harding, the artist. It was amusing to mark the respect shown to Colonel Taylor. It was ominous to Judge McLean. The Judge broke away from the party when I did, and attended me to my lodgings.

Monday Night.

It is amazing how busy an idler can be. The most regular plans are broken in upon by the most unexpected diversions. I fell yesterday into the military circle, and learned that Colonel Belknap is to take command of the Fifth Regiment of Infantry, to which Augustus is attached, and that the Colonel would leave town to-morrow morning. I, therefore, called on him this evening, and gave him a letter to our boy. The Colonel is a bluff, frank, kindhearted, truthful man.

To-day I have attended for an hour or two the court martial ordered for the trial of Colonel Fremont, and have listened with delight to his beautiful defense, which he read with great precision and good taste.

WASHINGTON, *January* 29, 1848.

You will have seen that the President has recalled General Scott, and has instituted a court of inquiry. This is, very naturally, made a subject of complaint by the Whigs in Congress, though some hint that both proceedings are in compliance with requests made by the General himself. It will be, at all events, a great calamity to the Administration. The brilliant exploits of the war have made it endurable thus far, but all its interest and attraction will have ceased when Scott as well as Taylor shall have left the field, and the war shall have come to be a mere provincial charge, like the war with the Seminoles in Florida.

The presidential canvass loses none of its heat. It seems now to be confined to Clay and Taylor. The former the strongest, but supposed to be growing weaker; and the latter expected to be very formidable, but somehow finding it difficult to obtain position. Mr. Greeley has gone home, confident of defeating Taylor at all events, but shaken in regard to the success of Mr. Clay. That gentleman is bland and persuasive as ever, and one set of admirers only give place to another. Matrons save the gloves he has pressed for relics, and young ladies insist on kissing him in public assemblies. Did ever

the fashionable or elect of American society obtain such a triumph as they would have in his election?

I dined yesterday with Butler King of Georgia. In the evening I visited Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Marcy. To-day, as yesterday, I have kept my house, being engaged in study. I may go to the levee at the White House.

Astor House, New York, *January* 30, 1848.

Judge Nelson gave me his decision on Thursday night, at ten o'clock, and on Friday night at the same hour I was here fully intent on going through to Auburn. But here was Julius J. Wood of Ohio, formerly of Syracuse, with a question about a patent case. He had waited here for me four days. He had need of me. I found it impossible to do an ungrateful act to one who had served me so faithfully so long. Therefore I remained to assist him yesterday.

I have met Greeley here, who is waging a Quixotic war against heroes. I fell in with Colonel Garland on my way here. He has served in Mexico, and been indeed in every engagement; was wounded in the capture of the city, and is on leave of absence. He gives me a very minute account of Mexico. He passed General Patterson's train on its way. Colonel Garland describes Tacubaya as a pleasant suburb, two or three miles from Mexico, filled chiefly with country seats and villas. He says the Fifth Regiment is ordered there to recruit after its severe disasters. He described Colonel Belknap as an excellent man, worthy of all confidence; entertains no doubt that we shall have a speedy peace, an opinion in which I concur for more reasons than I have now time to state.

In February, the papers were filled with conflicting reports. First, that Trist had made a treaty; then, that he was to be tried for not having made one; that Taylor was to be President because Scott had persecuted him; that Scott was to be President because Polk had persecuted him; that neither were to be President because both were for Clay; that the "Hunkers'" and "Barn-Burners'" quarrel was to be composed by the nomination of Cass; and then a few days later, that it was raging more bitterly than ever, and would end in a "split" and two conventions.

The call for the Whig National Convention appeared in the papers this month. Almost simultaneously came the official announcement from Washington that a treaty of peace had at last been negotiated, had reached Washington, and had been submitted to the Senate for ratification. But with the rejoicings inspired by this event, came sad intelligence of a national loss, of which the past year had given warning. John Quincy Adams, faithful to public duty until the last, had been struck with paralysis in the Hall of Representatives. The House had adjourned in alarm and confusion. Carried to the Speaker's room, surrounded by physicians and family, he had lingered through two days, almost entirely unconscious; Congress assembling in re-

spectful silence, and immediately adjourning from day to day. The bustling Capitol was suddenly pervaded with the quiet of a sick room.

On the evening of the 23d he had died. The whole country seemed to share in the feeling at the capital. Throughout all the Northern cities, as news came of the death of the venerable ex-President, public bodies suspended their labors, to attest their respect and sorrow. When the news reached Albany, Seward was engaged in the Court of Chancery. He moved to adjourn, prefacing the motion with a brief but feeling eulogy.

The treaty was discussed in the Senate and in the newspapers. It was popularly understood that the American Commissioner had exceeded his instructions, if not contravened them. Yet it was a welcome relief from the apprehensions that there would be a long, costly and inglorious occupancy of the Mexican capital without tangible results. The Administration and the country were but too glad to avail themselves of the treaty. There was a little cavil about "paying $15,000,000 for land that we had already conquered," but no serious opposition on that score, as it was felt to be after all but a small price for so rich a possession. Santa Anna was in retirement. The court of inquiry was still in progress. The debate on the treaty closed on the 10th of March, and its ratification was formally announced. Maps of the new boundary line and the extended territory were published and eagerly scanned.

At Albany, the most interesting debates were those upon national questions. The *Atlas*, an organ of the "Barn-Burners," had set up its motto (in allusion to the rejection of the "Proviso" by the Democratic Convention), "The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner." This gained for the "Barn-Burners" the new nickname of "Corner-stone men." But the appellation most acceptable to them, and rapidly growing in public favor, was that of "Free Soilers."

Among the obituary honors paid to the memory of Mr. Adams by the Legislature, was a resolution for an oration upon his life and character, to be delivered before the two Houses. It was decided that this duty would be most suitably performed by Seward. He received the invitation early in March. While at Lyons, awaiting the call of his causes and during the intervals of their trial, he commenced his study of the subject and his draft of the oration.

Meanwhile the daily journals were bringing news of outbreaks in Europe. The Republicans had apparently shaken off their lethargy, and from Germany, Italy, France, and Austria, came signs of impending revolutions. The first blow was struck, of course, in Paris.

There had been a revolt, mob, barricades, fusillades. The "Citizen King" had fled. A Republican Provisional Government, in peaceable possession of the Tuilleries, was receiving congratulations and encouragement from men of kindred sentiment in Brussels, Rome, Vienna, London, Berlin, Dresden, and Madrid.

On the 3d of April the Legislature and the State officers assembled in the North Dutch Church in Albany, with as large a gathering as the church, its aisles and vestibules would hold. There was perfect silence in the auditory, when Seward rose at the desk, commenced his address by referring to the stirring events of the times, and then added:

An old man, whose tongue once indeed was eloquent, but now, through age, had well-nigh lost its cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He had not been an actor in the drama of conquest — nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument —

> "A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent,
> Was on the visioned future bent."

And now, he has dreamed out at last the troubled dream of life. Sighs of unavailing grief ascend to Heaven. Panegyric, fluent in long-stifled praise, performs its office. The army and the navy pay conventional honors with the pomp of national woe, and then the hearse moves onward. It rests appropriately on its way in the hall where Independence was proclaimed, and again under the dome where Freedom was born. At length the tomb of John Adams opens to receive a son, who, also, born the subject of a king, had stood as a representative of his emancipated country, before the principalities and powers, and had won by merit and worn without reproach the honors of the Republic.

Then sketching Mr. Adams' career, he dwelt especially on his efforts to counteract the growing influence of slavery in the national councils, summing up his character in these words:

He served his country, not alone, or chiefly, because that country was his own, but because he knew her duties and her destiny; and knew her cause was the cause of human nature. Such men are of no country, they belong to mankind.

He described the scene at his death-bed:

Nature rallied the wasting powers on the verge of the grave for a brief period. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed the re-collected mind was clear. His weeping family and sorrowing compeers were there. He surveyed the scene and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death that had gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But he knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, in-

spired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "This," said the dying man, "this is the last of earth." He paused for a moment, and then added, "I am content."

The oration closed with a parallel between Adams and Napoleon. After recounting, in rapid narration, the Emperor's brilliant career, it described the scene at his death-bed :

He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a Lieutenant, a General, a Consul, an Emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again reinvested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The Marshals of the Empire awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in so many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft, and cried "*Tête d'Armée!*" The feverish vision broke — the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the last of earth. The Corsican was not content.

Statesmen and citizens, the contrast suggests its own impressive moral.

The Legislature passed a vote of thanks, and the press spread the eulogy before their readers. It was, as a whole, cordially received and approved. But critics were not lacking to find fault; especially with the passages in regard to Slavery and Freedom. "It was in bad taste," those fault-finders said, and "worse politics," to thrust "abolition talk" into a funeral speech. For this the orator was condemned and the oration pronounced to be one, which, though not without literary merit, was marred by its "abolitionism." However, the same commentators sagely remarked, "it was an ephemeral production, that would soon be forgotten, with the short-lived fanaticism of which it was one of the products."

CHAPTER VIII.

1848.

New York in April. President-Making. Dogs and Flowers, Gods and Goddesses. Dr. Chapin. End of the Mexican War. National Conventions. Cass and Butler. Taylor and Fillmore. Henry Wilson. "The Year of Revolutions." Louis Philippe in Exile. Case of the "Pearl." The Mob at Washington. Horace Mann. Laurel Hill. Ex-President Tyler.

At the Astor House in April, he wrote:

April 11.

It is a rainy day in New York; and New York is, therefore, more unattractive than usual. I have navigated across the street to the *Tribune* office and back again to the Astor, and this is the extent of my wanderings. Greeley despairs not only of procuring the nomination of Clay, but even of defeating that of Taylor. He is, of course, unhappy. I know not what may happen at the Whig Convention in Philadelphia.

Mr. Clay's friends were eager for his nomination. The friends of General Scott urged his claim for the candidacy as the "Conqueror of Mexico." Taylor's strength as a candidate was conceded, but his position on the Slavery question was a subject of doubt. Many of Seward's friends were urgent that he should be named for the Vice-Presidency. It was tolerably certain that the Presidential candidate would be a Southern man, and consequently the candidate for the Vice-Presidency would be a Northern one. He, himself, preferred the independent position he already had; where he could advise alike Government and people, with reasonable hope that both would give some heed to his counsels. The *Evening Journal*, which was wont to speak for him on such occasions, stated that he was not a candidate. He used laughingly to say, that often he never knew that he had been proposed for an office, until he read in the *Evening Journal* a paragraph formally notifying both him and the public that he had declined. In fact the *Journal's* editor had so clear an understanding of his position, that conference was unnecessary.

Astor House, *May* 14.

I think I can put your protegé, the washerwoman, wife of the Mexican soldier, in the way of communication with her husband, when I shall have reached home.

Twelve select verbenas in pots will be on their way to Auburn by the express on Tuesday, attended, I suppose, by the dog that goes to gladden the hearts of Willie and Fanny. Mr. Thorburn tempted me with some dahlias. I had set my heart on getting some ornaments for the gate-posts; but I find dead dogs cost more than live ones; and iron or bronze lions are more costly than human ones; while sphynxes and griffins cost more than Solomon paid for

Cherubim and Seraphim. I have been at church to-day with the Doanes, and heard Mr. Chapin, a Universalist, a man of prodigious power. I was contemplating the boldness of his sentiments, and the originality of his manner, when Greeley came along, and in reply to my speculations, said that Chapin was not radical enough, but preached as well as any man could, who was paid $3,000 a year.

Toward the close of May, Democratic delegates from the various States were wending their way to Baltimore. Their National Convention met on the 22d. There were two contesting delegations from New York, each claiming to be "Regular." It was evident that, so far as concerned slavery, the "Free Soilers" would have no chance, as the Convention was strongly permeated with the Southern doctrines about Texas and the "Proviso." On the other hand, it was manifestly unwise to reject the support of so strong an element in New York as the "Free Soilers," whose vote might save the State for the Democratic nominee, and would most certainly lose it if cast against him. The Convention, after an excited debate, sought to take a middle course, admitting both sets of delegates to the floor. This satisfied neither. The "Free Soilers" withdrew to form a new organization, and the "Hunkers" declined to take part in the proceedings unless they could be definitely recognized as the regular representatives of the party. No small merriment was excited by the acceptance of General Commander of South Carolina, as a representative of that State, with power to cast her whole nine votes. He was facetiously styled "the Palmetto cat o' nine tails." Under the "two-thirds rule," General Cass was nominated for President, and William O. Butler of Kentucky for Vice-President. The platform of the Convention contained a "plank" rendering it impossible for the "Free Soilers" to support it. This resolution declared that "all efforts of the Abolitionists or others to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences."

As the Democratic delegates were returning from Baltimore to their homes, the Whigs were beginning to gather at Philadelphia for their Convention on the 7th of June. Seward wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *May* 27, 1848.

The electric wires vibrate with frequent and confused reports. And the hurried debates along the streets and by the roadside complete the presages of the periodical return of the election of the "First Consul" for "the Great Republic." In spite of rheumatics and of extravasated arteries, you are in motion; and no one knows that you can be found in any one place until after the order of battle is settled, and the chiefs are all called to their posts.

Yet I have a few words I would say now, although I know that in the uncertainty of all movements of the Whig party they may be of no value.

I see that delegates are personal partisans, committed if not pledged to candidates, irrespective of the success of the party. In this State, the delegates who might otherwise be able to bring the Convention to a practicable and safe ground are divided into factions. And now for ourselves, and for myself. I see no danger to come from leaving me where I am. Either success or defeat of the party will find me in that case in safe position for future duty, upon the only platform upon which I could stand.

On the 7th of June, the Convention met at the Chinese Museum in Philadelphia. Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, and General Scott each had enthusiastic advocates, but none could command a majority. As Weed had predicted, General Taylor was the candidate upon whom the Whigs could best unite, and the only one, perhaps, whom they could elect if nominated. He had, therefore, given his aid in behalf of the General's nomination. Informal discussions between delegates showed Taylor's strength to be increasing. To the objections that Taylor was a "no party man," it was answered that he would be so much the stronger at the polls. To the apprehensions that, as a Southern man and a slave-holder, he could not be trusted on the slavery question, the reply was that the General was known to be honest and patriotic, and though, like most army officers, he had kept out of politics, he was nevertheless a Whig, and no believer in the slavery-extension theories of Mr. Calhoun, to which the Democratic party had committed itself. The nomination was made by a majority of sixty, and acquiesced in by the Convention, though not without chagrin on the part of many of the friends of Clay and Webster, and strong dissent on the part of many anti-slavery Whigs. The nomination of a Northern Whig for the Vice-Presidency would so manifestly lend strength to the ticket, that the names of Millard Fillmore and Abbott Lawrence were readily accepted as the leading candidates. Mr. Fillmore received a plurality of six votes over Mr. Lawrence, and was nominated.

The nomination of Taylor, and the refusal of the Convention to declare in favor of the "Wilmot Proviso," led some of the anti-slavery delegates to believe that the Whig party would prove faithless on the great question. Without formally seceding from the Convention, they held an evening meeting for consultation. Among the fifteen who participated in it were Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, John C. Hamilton of New York, Lewis D. Campbell and Samuel Galloway of Ohio. On Wilson's motion, it was agreed to propose a National Convention of all persons opposed to the extension of slavery, to meet at Buffalo early in August.

General Taylor had written a letter in April to Captain J. L. Alli-

son, declaring that he was a Whig, but not an ultra-Whig, and that if elected he should endeavor to act independently of party domination. This letter, and the fact that he had accepted nominations for the Presidency without hesitation when tendered by independent organizations, and even by Democratic ones, added to the distrust felt by many Whigs. The nominations were at first received coldly and without enthusiasm. Seward wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *June* 10.

I know, of course, that this result was inevitable, or if not, it was the best left within our power to attain. If the "Barn-Burners" continue their conflict, as I suppose they must, they will be able to save this State for us. But if the temper around us is at all like that of New England, Ohio, and Indiana, what is to save us in those regions?

Every ticket is at first obnoxious, because it offends the masses of friends and admirers of disappointed candidates. But the nominees usually have elements of popularity which secure a speedy reaction in their favor, and an ultimate combination of party strength. A Whig said to me to-day: "Well, I shall vote the ticket, I suppose, but I suppose so only because I expect to make myself a cheat. But Weed must stop now publishing "Wilmot Proviso" articles and letters about negro-driving, and Greeley must stop too!"

Being yet without any particular information about the Vice-Presidency, I am left to infer, from all I see, that our Whig brethren throughout the Union, like some of them in this State, are quite willing to gather the harvest we so diligently sowed, but would rather hazard even that than suffer us to participate in the productions of our labor. If this ticket shall be elected, it seems to me that for the next four or even eight years we shall be in the unpleasant category of a faction, apparently opposed to the New York leader in the general council of the Whigs of the Union. This is for them, as well as for us, an unfortunate position of affairs. For my own part I do not care much, for I can always fall back on the reflection that we have done our duty, and the public will be the better for it.

The Clay and Webster men were greatly disappointed. It was reported that Mr. Webster had said, "It was a nomination not fit to be made." Some Northern Whigs, however, found encouragement in the nomination of Mr. Fillmore, believing that he would be inflexible upon the slavery question, however it might be with his chief. Gradually, as Seward predicted, the nominations began to grow in popular favor. Ratification meetings were held, and the Whigs began to feel renewed hope. "Old Zack" became again the theme of admiration, as in the enthusiastic period after his victories. "Lives of Taylor" were published, with wood-cuts illustrating his battles. The newspapers again began to print anecdotes of "Rough and Ready," and of his horse "Old Whitey"—some apocryphal and some founded on fact.

The "Barn-Burners," or as they were now called, the "Free Soil" party, held a State Convention at Utica, and signalized their complete severance from the regular Democrats by nominating ex-President Van Buren for President, and Henry Dodge of Wisconsin for Vice-President, again reiterating their adherence to the "Wilmot Proviso." They could hope to achieve no victory themselves, but they had the power to defeat their former associates by dividing the party vote. The fact that they could accomplish so much, encouraged them to seek to accomplish more, and they found willing listeners among the "Conscience Whigs" and "Proviso Democrats," and members of the "Liberty Party." The combinations thus made led to general agreement in the project of a National Convention to formally put "Free Soil" candidates in the field. Remarking upon the incidents of the canvass, Seward said:

AUBURN, *June* 24.

Well, Mr. Van Buren has committed the "Barn-Burners" to a demonstration that must hasten the great issue, while it is of such a character as to embarrass the Whig party very little.

I am thankful, as you can be, that I am not involved in the surrender that has been necessarily made for a time, of principles, the value of which are beginning to be so justly appreciated now that they have been so foolishly betrayed. As things are going, it is quite unnecessary to take thought of ourselves for to-morrow. And this is the contents of my budget.

July 12.

The Whigs at Rochester and Batavia are alarmed by the indications of defeat in the West. Some fifty Whigs in this town are fraternizing with the "Barn-Burners," I learn. I left Hawley at Batavia, and Greeley on his way to Lake Superior. I shall need your advice about my decision in Greeley's unfortunate libel case, Redfield and Pringle. His sympathies with "Fourierism" have led him into an error, in which he has deeply injured men worthy of all respect and confidence, and even generous men.

It is fortunate for us that the Democratic party is divided. Anti-slavery is at length a respectable element in politics.

Meanwhile the treaty of peace had been duly ratified at Queretaro, and the Mexican war was ended. General Taylor had returned to his home at Baton Rouge. General Scott, received with civic and military demonstrations at New York, had gone to Elizabeth, N. J. The American troops were embarking for home as rapidly as transports could be found to take them. The Mexican army was practically disbanded already, and its chief, Santa Anna, was again in exile in Jamaica.

European news continued full of exciting interest. Revolutionary feeling was spreading. It was already declared to be a "year of

revolutions." From Germany, Italy, Austria, Poland, and Ireland came intelligence of popular demonstrations, peaceable or armed, that betokened overthrow of monarchies. The French tri-color floated in the breeze from many buildings in New York, and it was now supplemented by the red, white, and green of Italy and of Hungary. Louis Philippe was in retirement at Claremont. Other sovereigns, it was believed, would speedily follow his example. In Ireland, the revolutionists had received a check, and some of the leading "patriots" had been banished. The French Republic was recognized by the United States. One of its first acts was the abolition of slavery throughout French colonial possessions. More young republics seemed to be hatching. The monarchs who strove to resist them were encountering, every hour, fresh difficulties and dangers.

Now came a summons to Philadelphia and Baltimore to attend to cases of clients, and a still more urgent summons to Washington to defend Drayton and Sayers, the master and mate of the schooner *Pearl*, upon which, a few months before, seventy-seven negroes had sought to escape down the Potomac, but were re-captured by an armed steamer before reaching the open sea. The attempted escape was followed by a riot at Washington, when the mob declared they would lynch the "slave-stealers," and threatened to destroy the office of the *National Era*. But the tact and address of Dr. Bailey, its editor, prevented that outrage. Congress was debating various propositions for the punishment of aiders and abettors of fugitive slaves. Seward wrote home:

EAGLE TAVERN, *July* 21, 1848.

I spent two or three hours at Mr. Winslow's beautiful place, and arrived here at half-past ten. I go down the river to-night, and Fred goes with me. I need him for a clerk, and Mr. Many desires his help. Besides it will be instructive to him in a professional way, and I hope will serve to a habit of co-operating with me in labors which are oppressive for me, and which have hitherto been performed without sympathy from any one.

On Saturday I wrote to Washington to know whether the slave-dealers' court could wait for me one day, but no answer has been received. I still hope to be in time to lend a voice where few would be willing to be heard.

WASHINGTON, *July* 25, 1848.

The slave trials are definitely set down for Thursday, the day after to-morrow. Each of the three defendants is charged, in a distinct indictment, for stealing a slave; penalty — death without benefit of clergy; and there is against each defendant such a distinct indictment for each one of forty-one slaves charged to have been stolen. Then there are a like number of indictments against each defendant for enticing away the same slaves; penalty — fine and imprisonment.

WASHINGTON, *July* 25.

After writing you this morning I saw Horace Mann and the Boston Committee men. There is fear of Clayton's bill in the House if it reach there. I have seen Mangum, Bell, and Reverdy Johnson, and they are right. I think the bill cannot pass both Houses with their opposition.

Three days later he wrote to Mrs. Seward :

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 28, 1848.

On Tuesday morning at Washington, I went out to call on the counsel of the prisoners whose peril had called me there. I found them quite confused by my unexpected arrival. Having received my letter saying that I could not reach there until the 27th, and the trial being expected to come on the 24th, Mr. Carlisle had been engaged as junior counsel to assist Mr. Horace Mann, who was glad to take my post as senior. They had written me to this effect at Auburn. Mr. Mann dwelt on the laborious preparations he had made, and then said: "I will step out of the case and you may take my place." I, of course, declined this. Mr. Carlisle was ill. I did not see him. I was, therefore, left no alternative but one of these: either to assume Mr. Mann's place, which he tendered, or to sit a silent counsel, leaving the defense to associates, or to retire altogether. I thought it worthy of deliberation, and I remained at Washington on Thursday as well to give a chance for any change of circumstances as to show no impatience on my part. Then I left the capital, glad enough to be free of the responsibility which I had not courted nor shunned. My time was well enough occupied there. I saw some friends, and did what I could to promote the political cause in which it is always a pleasure to labor.

To-day I have visited Laurel Hill with Wilson's family. I could not find the tomb of Willis Gaylord Clark and of her whom he loved so devotedly. It is a sweet, beautiful spot, but all the cemeteries in this country lack one charm that belongs to "*Pere la Chaise.*" It would seem that the poor never die. "The storied urn and animated bust" seem to say for the aristocratic dust to the plebeian ashes, "*Procul, procul, este profani.*"

Then I have seen another sight to be told of. I had scarcely written my name here in the register yesterday, before a tall, well-looking personage, of erect form and bland aspect, approached it, and wrote with marked firmness and ease, "ex-President Tyler and Family." The family did not appear at dinner. I looked at the President and he looked at everybody, but no one spoke. This morning he sat opposite me at breakfast, and by his side sparkled his young and beautiful bride. I hardly know what feeling predominated, when I saluted him and introduced myself. But I am sure such unlooked-for civility, from one of the ungrateful ones of the twenty millions whom he had ruled, impressed him with a belief that I was a clever fellow.

ASTOR HOUSE, *July* 31.

I am fixed on a tread-mill here. I have been, all the morning, all about the city, and now, at four P. M., I am going to New Rochelle on business.

Rap! Rap! John Gibson telegraphs. So no more at present, as the old form has it, "from your loving husband till death." The old form ends it thus, not I.

CHAPTER IX.

1848.

The Presidential Canvass. "The Proviso." Corwin. The "Free Soil" Convention at Buffalo. Van Buren and Adams. The French Republic. Horses. Seward "On the Stump." Speeches in New England. First Meeting with Abraham Lincoln. Pennsylvania Meetings and Speeches. Valley of the Schuylkill. The Cartmen's Meeting at Vauxhall. The Virginia Story. Wilmington. The Ohio Tour. The Cleveland Speech. Taylor Elected.

At Washington, hot debates were echoing through the heated halls and corridors of the Capitol. The "Proviso" had protracted the long session. At first the discussion had been declared to be "premature." But long before the debate was ended, the peace with Mexico proved that the time had come to settle the question of slavery in California and New Mexico. Some of the Southerners now took advanced ground. Mr. Calhoun claimed that the National flag carried slavery wherever it went; that Congress had no power to prevent a slave-holder from emigrating with his "property" to any territory, and holding it there. The territorial laws framed by the settlers in Oregon, excluding slavery, he pronounced unconstitutional and void. Jefferson Davis, as one of the Senators from Mississippi, declared that the North was seeking its own political aggrandizement as against the South, and asserted that the spirit of compromise had departed; the days of the confederation were numbered, and that it was better to separate peaceably than to "stain the battle-fields of the Revolution with the blood of civil war."

Colonel Benton, though representing a slave State, was understood to favor freedom, in at least the northern portion of the territory. Mr. Clay's views, in opposition to those of Mr. Calhoun, were pronounced satisfactory to Northern feeling. Webster and Davis of Massachusetts, Hale of New Hampshire, Baldwin of Connecticut, Phelps of Maine, and Dayton of New Jersey, all took ground in favor of the exclusion of slavery. The speech of General Dix, as a Democrat and a Senator from New York, excited marked attention. It was an elaborate argument against the extension of slavery. The Southern Whigs, for the most part, favored a compromise, but were divided as to the nature of it. The debate closed with the appointment of a special committee, on motion of Mr. Clayton of Delaware, to report some measure that would "settle the question." There were four Northern and four Southern men on it, but six of the eight were for compromise. They reported a bill organizing territorial governments for Oregon, California, and New Mexico, and leaving the question of

slavery to be decided by the Supreme Court. It was the debate on this bill that Seward found in progress when he now visited Washington. Corwin's speech disturbed the equanimity of the committee, for it was keenly sarcastic on "that infallible divinity, the Supreme Court." "Sir," said he, "this bill seems to me a rich and rare legislative curiosity. It does not enact a *law*, which I had supposed the usual function of legislation. No, sir; it enacts only a *lawsuit!*"

The Senate passed the bill and sent it to the House. But there it was laid on the table, on the motion of Alexander H. Stephens. Meanwhile the House had also been discussing the question. Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, as Chairman of the Territorial Committee, had reported a bill for Oregon, sanctioning the prohibition of slavery, and after tedious debate the House passed it by a majority of 58. Neither House was ready to concur in the action of the other.

The next step was an attempt to apply the Missouri compromise line to the new territories. Mr. Douglas, from the Territorial Committee in the Senate, introduced a bill prohibiting slavery in Oregon, for the reason that it was north of 36° 30', the Missouri compromise line. This form of stating the prohibition was excepted to by Northern Whigs, as implying that in all territory south of that line slavery was to be permitted. That very reason, however, commended it to Southern men, who had no hope or expectation that slavery would ever go into Oregon. But the slavery question was not to be monopolized by Congress.

When on the 9th of August the "Free Soil" Convention assembled at Buffalo, men of political skill and experience, who had hitherto been antagonistic to each other, found themselves in accord. Their proceedings were marked by energy and enthusiasm. Among the Democratic delegates were Preston King, Benjamin F. Butler, James W. Nye, Martin Grover, Henry B. Stanton, and David Dudley Field. From the Whig party had come Charles Francis Adams, Governor Slade, Joshua R. Giddings, and Charles B. Sedgwick; and from the "Liberty" party, Salmon P. Chase and others of prominence. Mr. Chase presided over the Convention, and Mr. Adams over the mass-meeting. The nominee of the "Barn-Burners," ex-President Van Buren, was adopted as the nominee of the "Free Soil" party. His letter, commenting upon General Cass' "Nicholson letter," was accepted as proving his anti-slavery sentiments. With him the Convention nominated, as its candidate for Vice-President, Charles Francis Adams, whose name was associated with the growth of anti-slavery opinions among New England Whigs. Finally a platform was adopted, direct, clear, and comprehensive, closing with a phrase that rang

through the land like a blast from a trumpet: "Free Soil! Free Speech! Free Labor! and Free Men!"

Congress had adjourned after votes upon the Territorial Bills, which practically postponed the questions until another session. The campaign began. Chief among the orators of the "Free Soil" party was John Van Buren, whose eloquence was winning him golden opinions, and who was already accepted as a leader.

The Whigs found General Cass' "Nicholson letter" one of their most effective weapons. The Cass men retorted with Taylor's "Allison letter."

The Whig papers charged that two lives of Cass had been printed; one for circulation at the South and one for circulation at the North. In one he appeared as a slavery-extensionist, and in the other as a "Wilmot Provisoist;" each proving its case by quotations from his speeches.

The Democrats retorted that this was not more inconsistent than the position of the whole Whig party, who had opposed annexation at the North, favored it at the South, denounced the war, and then taken its General for a candidate, and were now claiming to be in favor of the "Proviso," though at Philadelphia they had voted it down and nominated a slave-holder, who, further more, was not a Whig.

Public attention was now engrossed by the canvass at home, or the news from abroad would have been found of absorbing interest. The French Republic was exhibiting some startling contrasts. Bloodshed and barricades in Paris were mingled with merriment and the "Marseillaise." An archbishop shot down in the streets; a poet called to the head of affairs; the family of the "Citizen King" driven out of the republic with contumely, while the heir and nephew of the Emperor Napoleon was welcomed to a seat in the legislative chamber.

In Ireland, Mitchell, Meagher, and other patriots had been arrested, but had been released by riot.

Seward wrote:

WATERLOO, *Thursday Morning.*

Last night the court discharged me late from my labors. This morning you have not yet returned the salutation of the birds, if any remain in the old locust tree at the corner of the new tower. My labors yesterday were about cheating in the sale of horses and stealing horses. The passion for horses seems to be the fountain of all the vices and crimes of society in this region. In the earlier ages of nations less refined, the same passion infused sentiments of honor if not of virtue. The Roman knight borrowed his title from the horse he rode in battle. Chivalry in the age of feudalism possessed the same association of name and sentiment.

From home he wrote to Weed:

August 26.

I send you a letter which betrays alarm for Yates county. I have written that there is no ground for fears, as in truth I see none in this State. But I perceive a feeling of distrust about Taylor's success in other States, which must be corrected. Whigs in this State have lost one of their strongest motives to action. You will see my letter to the Whigs of Orleans county.

August 31, 1848.

What am I to do with these importunities to attend Whig meetings? They come by twos and threes, and will come by dozens. At home on Monday only, I cannot even acknowledge them.

Thus urged to "take the stump," he consented, though saying that if he did so he must speak his opinions freely upon the slavery question. In his letter to Orleans county he said:

Every Whig vote cast for the third party is only a negative protest against the slavery party. Real friends of emancipation must not be content with protests. They must act wisely and efficiently. For myself, I shall cast my suffrage for General Taylor and for Millard Fillmore, freely and conscientiously, on precisely the same grounds on which I have hitherto voted.

The demand upon him for speeches was especially urgent from localities where it was apprehended that the new "Free Soil" party would draw off Whig votes, and so defeat the very measure it claimed to have at heart. Seward was called upon to retain anti-slavery Whigs in line, by his assurances that their most effective way to oppose slavery extension was to vote for Taylor.

The Presidential contest in New York, as well as in New England, and some of the Western States, presented the novel feature of three powerful contending factions, instead of the usual pitched battle between two. The flags, banners, and transparencies that decorated the streets were proportionately increased in number, and their inscriptions were complex and bewildering. The meetings were numerous, each of the parties striving not to be outdone by the others; and in every considerable town the sound of the drum or the voice of the orator was daily heard in behalf of Cass, Taylor, or Van Buren. The Hutchinsons were drawing large audiences by their songs, always on the side of "Free Soil," and so acceptable to at least two of the three political parties.

Each of the State Conventions of New York were held in September. The Whigs nominated Lieutenant-Governor Fish for Governor, with George W. Patterson for Lieutenant-Governor. The "Free Soil" men nominated John A. Dix and Seth M. Gates for the same

positions, while the regular Democrats nominated Chancellor Walworth and Charles O'Conor.

A few of the ardent followers of Mr. Clay held meetings to urge the electors to vote for Clay for President and Fillmore for Vice-President, but the movement was local and ineffective.

One after another of the recognized Whig leaders at Washington took ground in favor of the election of Taylor. It was announced that he would have the support of Webster, Clay, McLean, Mangum, Berrien, Stanley, Winthrop, and Corwin. The *Tribune* held out long and refused to acquiesce either in the wisdom of General Taylor's nomination or the propriety of supporting it. Its adherence was not given until late in September, when it advised its readers that, as there was only a choice of evils, they should vote the Whig ticket, to prevent the election of Cass and Butler. From then till election it gave effective support to the Whig nominees. At the South, of course, the "Free Soil" element had no place, and the contest was between the two old parties, Whig and Democratic. The very fact that Mr. Van Buren was to have no Southern votes helped to increase his strength in the North. Seward addressed meetings at Auburn, Watertown, Palmyra, Waterloo, Sackett's Harbor, and various other places in the State. Before the close of September he was urged to come to New England. He started on this journey, embarrassed somewhat by engagements in court, but contrived by rapid traveling and hard work to satisfy both demands upon his time. He wrote home:

ALBANY, *September* 18.

At Weed's I had much to learn of what had transpired politically during the last month, and what was hoped to be accomplished during the next six months.

General Taylor's letter is the fruit of the indignation meeting here, and is highly commended in all quarters. Mr. Clay's letter to Brooks, which you will see, perhaps, before you see this, will be accepted as magnanimous.

BOSTON, *September* 20, 1848.

Here we are with the bright September sun shining over us after a ride of eleven hours over the Berkshire Hills. Jack Frost had passed the same way just before us, and had touched the forests with his magic pencil. They were just in the stage at which Cole copied the woods, in the gorgeous picture we have of the Falls of the Genesee at Portage. I lounged and gazed upon this brilliant scene through the whole ride.

Harding is staying in town. We met at breakfast. I have engaged him to paint me a good picture of John Quincy Adams for our parlor.

The Whigs express some doubts of carrying the electoral ticket in this State by the popular vote. In case of defeat at the election, the choice of electors will devolve upon the Legislature.

LEBANON, N. H., *September* 21, 1848.

We leave this place and return to Boston to-morrow. I am to address the Whigs of that city in the open air to-morrow evening, and the Whigs of Springfield on Saturday night. We proceed from the latter place to New York, Philadelphia, etc., etc.

SUNDAY, *September* 24, 1848.

I am at rest for the day. I returned from New Hampshire to Boston on Friday. A committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society met me, and conveyed me at once to their festival at Faneuil Hall. It was a beautiful and tasteful scene. The vast hall was filled with tables, spread with fair linen, with a collection of fruits and flowers, the choicest and highest products of the gardens of the State. The chief men of the city and Commonwealth were there, and all the members of the society with their wives and daughters. My engagement to the Whigs for the evening obliged me to leave early, after I had perpetrated a speech, not altogether unworthy, yet quite unsatisfactory to myself, in return for the compliment paid me.

The night brought other and more severe labors. I met at the Tremont Temple three thousand Whigs; a most intelligent and respectable body of men. I spoke to them an hour, in an argument severe and dry. It was kindly received. The next morning I found a barren report of it in the newspapers, which spoiled it for future use, and yet stripped it of its logical method, and of nearly all that could commend it to perusal. Such is the fortune of political lecturers.

An incident of this meeting at the Tremont Temple, unimportant as it seemed at the time, was one which the events of later years invested with interest. He found on the platform the other gentlemen who were to address the meeting on the same evening. Whig speeches and resolutions, there as elsewhere throughout the country, were largely devoted to questions of the tariff, rivers and harbors, and public lands, the war, and Democratic maladministration. One of the speakers was a Whig member of Congress from Illinois, a tall, gaunt man, whose speech, if plain in manner and diction, was forcible and logical, and had several telling hits at the inconsistencies of the Cass men. Seward, when his turn came, devoted, as was his custom, the chief part of his speech to what seemed to him the question of paramount importance. He remarked:

On the slavery question, to this extent all Whigs agree: that slavery shall not be extended into any territory now free, and they are doubtless willing to go one step further — that it shall be abolished where it now exists under the immediate protection of the general government. To these principles the Whigs are already pledged; and I trust that they may be regarded only as incipient measures, and that the time will soon arrive when further demonstrations will be made against the institution of slavery.

Soon after this speech, the Illinois member of Congress and he found themselves lodgers in the same hotel. During their conversation the former, with a thoughtful air, said:

Governor Seward, I have been thinking about what you said in your speech. I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with this slavery question, and got to give much more attention to it hereafter than we have been doing.

This was his first meeting with Abraham Lincoln — one which Mr. Lincoln recalled when they met again in 1860, remarking that it "had probably made a stronger impression on his memory than it had on Governor Seward's."

In a letter to Weed he said:

SPRINGFIELD, *September* 23, 1848.

I am thus far on my way out of Massachusetts. The Whigs who manage at Boston wanted my help, because I was less obnoxious than themselves to the people. They say Webster's speech did no good in Massachusetts. They are willing to profit by my heresy, though they can hardly consent to pardon it. I have had a very large meeting, and my speech was sound and safe; but it lacked enthusiasm, for I tamed it in deference to the supposed taste of the audience. It was vilely reported, and thus spoiled. My speech here last night was apparently entirely satisfactory to the people, and was much more so to myself. I want to report it for you, but I have no time. I shall have a chance to speak and write out one at Philadelphia, and have it in the *Inquirer* or in McMichael's paper. There are invitations crowding on me to speak in many places in New England, both in and out of this State.

His letters home continued:

PHILADELPHIA, *September* 27.

My business here, as in Massachusetts, is singularly embarrassed by conflicting claims on me for political service. It was thought so unsuitable a thing to come through New York without stopping to address the Whigs, that I was obliged to promise to take the field there. To-morrow I am to speak at Whitehall, ten miles from this city.

I saw Greeley in New York. It was said that he was to "come out" for Taylor last night, and so I inferred from what he told me.

PHILADELPHIA, *October* 1.

On Friday I dined with a lawyer, a member of Congress, and a man of wealth. We sat upon damask sofas, surveyed ourselves in costly mirrors, ate from massive silver dishes, and drank rich wine from cut glass goblets. Need I say that the entertainment concluded with an arraignment of myself for heretic sympathies in favor of the exile and the slave? There was manifest compassion for my errors, and satisfaction that my censors were wise enough to be content with the reflection that they were guiltless of the oppression they admitted but did not condemn. How blind is selfishness! These same gentlemen had sent me, only one day before, to win the Quakers of Mont-

gomery and Chester county back to the Whig fold by preaching emancipation, and the object of this entertainment was to persuade me to go to the mines on the Schuylkill, to convert the Irish coalmen to the Whig party, through the favor it was assumed they bore toward me.

On Saturday morning we set off for Lancaster. I took the cars for a visit to the coal-fields. It was a wonderful ride. It took me through the valley of the Schuylkill, from Fairmount to its attenuated brook among the mountains. The distance was seventy miles. The country below was luxuriant and highly cultivated.

After passing a short distance we entered a landscape where the valley became a ravine, mountains crowded the very banks and overhung the river. We dashed through three of these, which had been tunneled, arrived at Reading at twelve o'clock. Reading, on the banks of the Schuylkill, is an old German town, now improved and rendered modern and flourishing by being the center of the railroad. Here I addressed the Whigs from two to half-past three o'clock. They received me with kindness, and took leave of me with gratefulness for having visited so small a body of Whigs, located in the center of a county that gives five thousand Democratic majority.

I took the cars at five o'clock, and arrived at Pottsville at seven. This is a mining town in the valley of the Schuylkill, surrounded by towering mountains which are filled with anthracite coal and iron ore. Scarcely less than twenty thousand tons of coal are sent from this town by canal and railroad every day. You may imagine the population whose labor brings this rich treasure up from its caverns. It was a wild yet delightful scene. The people escorted me with banners and music and torchlights. It seemed to me as if Vulcan had wrought for me a chariot and iron steed, and had transported me through the valley and beneath the mountains to the cave where Plutus dispensed wealth and riches to the world. I addressed the hardy miners an hour and a half, from a balcony in the street, and availed myself of a shower of rain to dismiss them; but they obliged me to proceed until my lungs would no longer endure the trial. A supper of venison, from the first deer of the season, kept me until past twelve.

I rose at five, breakfasted, and by means of an extra locomotive reached this place at two o'clock to-day. After dining and courting sleep in vain, I have written this letter. I must also send one to Weed, and then lie down and wait the midnight hour, when I take my way by railroad to Lancaster.

Steamboat on the Raritan, *Thursday, October* 5, 1848.

I left Philadelphia on Sunday, midnight, and arrived at Lancaster in the morning. We were constantly and laboriously employed there until Tuesday evening, when I harangued the people of that ancient city on the subject of politics.

We returned yesterday to Philadelphia; were detained until near night by obstructions. Visited Josiah Randall, ate supper, and went to bed weary. Rose this morning and found it possible, with constant industry, to leave for New York at noon. I shall probably speak at Vauxhall, New York, to-night, having been summoned by telegraph for that purpose.

I have found in the commander of this boat the captain of the *Sully*, in which I sailed from France fifteen years ago.

Astor House, *October* 6, 1848.

I came into New York last night, and was immediately hurried to an immense meeting at Vauxhall. I spoke twenty minutes, and I believe avoided any palpable error, for which Heaven be praised.

The cartmen of the city of New York held this meeting at Vauxhall Garden. It was an enthusiastic gathering, with noisy demonstrations of approval. His speech was brief with pointed interrogatories. The cartmen's shouts in response at every salient point made it dramatic. When he pronounced the name of General Taylor, "three cheers for Taylor," was the instant cry, and they were given with a will. When he alluded to Scott, "three cheers for Scott!" When he alluded to other names, it was "three cheers for Clay," "three cheers for Webster," "three cheers for Fillmore." Parts of the speech went on almost like a dialogue between him and the multitude.

"The next Congress," said he, "will extend either freedom or slavery in the newly-acquired territories; shall it be freedom or slavery?"

"Freedom," was the response, thundered from ten thousand throats.

"Freedom, of course, you say; and you say well. Is the Whig party less faithful than its adversary to liberty and humanity? You will say no."

And they did say "no," with a roar like a cannon.

"All men say, no! Heaven and earth bear witness, 'no!'"

It was in this speech that he alluded to the Whig disappointment, nowhere more deeply felt than in the city of New York, in regard to Clay and Webster, and laid down the rule in regard to such disappointments that governed his own thoughts and action.

Clay and Webster have been put aside. It was either necessary that they should have been left out or it was not. In either case I regret it, and do not stop to argue where the truth in that respect lies. It is a question that comes up now, too late. Statesmen and patriots must be content to do what is practical — what can be done. Besides, when was it otherwise? Was Aristides, was Cato, was Cicero, more fortunate? Is it not by popular injustice that greatness is burnished? What is the Presidency of the United States compared with the fame of a patriot-statesman, who triumphs over popular injustice and establishes his country on the sure foundations of freedom and empire?

His letters continued:

After the meeting and after greetings, I went to Dr. Doane's at midnight, slept an hour, met Mrs. Doane, her mother, sisters and children at breakfast, and came away to the Astor House. Here I am, enjoying a respite of two

hours, while Weed, Bowen, Blatchford, and Greeley are abroad attending to arrangements preparatory to the elections.

I have seen the slander in the *Union*, noticed in Weed's paper. It is peculiarly annoying, because I can well enough identify the scene and occasion where I am alleged to have made the offensive remark. There was a connection utterly conflicting with this, but which has been artfully perverted into this gross fabrication. The occasion was when I was in the Executive Chamber in Virginia three years ago, in a jocose conversation which I have before related to you with the Governor of that degenerate Commonwealth. Greeley urges me to contradict; Weed's opinion agrees with my own, to let it pass.

I am beginning to be very weary of this roving life. The excitement of professional labors and political dissensions would be unendurable, if it were not for the occasions, few and short, of going one side, and resuming occupations at home, and resolving that I will, as speedily as possible, cast my reliance exclusively upon them. Yet this is, perhaps, an absurd thought for me at the age of forty-seven, and at the very time when I am clearest and strongest, I suppose. I hope you will not fancy that you find any thing like an accurate report of me in the speeches set down in the newspapers. I am ashamed of them all, and throw down the newspaper in disgust, when I see the chain of argument broken, and my most elaborate sentences and figures put into pinch beck cases.

A newspaper is established at Albany to annihilate the *Evening Journal*. Faction is emboldened there just when passion and prejudice among the people against me seem to be giving way to feelings of kindness and respect.

WASHINGTON, *October* 9, 1848.

At last I am here at the end, or at least at *one* end of my wanderings, and henceforth shall be traveling toward you or resting nearer home.

I arrived at Philadelphia on Friday evening and found a committee from Phœnixville waiting for me. I attended them on Saturday to that place; distant thirty miles from the city, and lying on the south bank of the Schuylkill.

On my way in a lumbering stage wagon, with one female and four men passengers, I saw before me a youthful woman, with one daughter about nine years old at her side, and another, about eight or nine months old, swung on her shoulder, trudging along the dusty road. I obliged the driver to stop, malgrè the opinions of the passengers, concurring with his own, that she was not going far on the same road, and that she did not want to ride, because she did not ask to do so. The poor creature replied to my invitation that "she had no money to pay." On taking her seat she won all hearts by her tidiness, modesty, and meekness. Her simple story was, that her husband, Patrick Duff, was at work in the mines, and had sent for her to come to him. We reached the mines, but Patrick Duff was not there, and nobody knew any thing about him, and here I was obliged to leave my charge. It has troubled me ever since.

I addressed a great meeting in Penn Square in Philadelphia on my return to the city, and leaving town immediately afterward, arrived in Wilmington, where I spent the Sunday. I attended church in the morning, and heard from

an Episcopal desk a sermon that was calculated to inspire charity, and fidelity to truth.

I spent the afternoon at John M. Clayton's, surrounded by a party of his friends. I promised them to "speak a speech" at Wilmington on my way homeward.

WILMINGTON, DEL., *October* 12, 1848.

We have been here two days. The political duty of making a speech to the Whigs is to be performed to-night, and then I am free until I reach Albany. Here the Whigs are quite frantic with joy, upon the auspicious victories in Pennsylvania and Ohio. They are expecting a great meeting to-night.

I hardly know how I shall go successfully through the straits assigned me in this State, where freedom and slavery are yet in doubtful conflict.

Among the Whig leaders in Delaware there were many, who, not sharing in his opinion of slavery, could not forbear from deprecating the "agitation" of the subject. "If I ever had any doubts," said he, "that the 'agitation,' as you call it, was not artificial, but based upon enduring principles, I should find proof enough of it here. Here I am summoned to Wilmington to endeavor to persuade the people of the slave-holding State of Delaware, not to throw their votes away on Martin Van Buren, under the mistaken impression that he can help them get rid of slavery quicker than the Whig party will."

Returning from Pennsylvania and pausing at New York long enough to address a meeting there, Seward proceeded to Albany. He reached home on the 15th of October, after an absence of four weeks; left there on the 16th for Utica and Albany. The remainder of the month was spent in traveling to make speeches, political or professional, and the demands for both were so rapid and incessant as to hardly allow time to reach the designated points, with little opportunity for reflection or study.

Throughout the country political excitement was now at fever heat. Local meetings and conventions were frequent. Webster's eloquence was echoing from Faneuil Hall. John Van Buren's trenchant and telling speeches were resounding from so many points, that he seemed endowed with ubiquity. Processions bearing flags and banners by day, emulated processions bearing torches and transparencies by night, and in every important town mottoes were stretched across the streets in honor of "Taylor and Fillmore," "Fish and Patterson," "Van Buren and Adams," "Dix and Gates," "Cass and Butler," "Walworth and O'Conor," "The Constitution and the Union," "No More Slave Territory," "The Tariff of '42," "The Public Lands for Actual Settlers," "The Hero of Buena Vista," "Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma," "Democracy and Union," "The Compromises of the Constitution,"

"The Tariff for Revenue," "Free Labor, Free Speech, Free Soil," etc., etc., etc.

A journey to Ohio was undertaken, after the returns of the October election in that State had shown how close the contest there was likely to be, upon the Presidential issue. Ohio had begun to show evidences of a revulsion of feeling. There were hopes that she could be induced to lend her aid to check the projected extension of slavery. The summons to Seward to take part in the Whig meetings now going on, through the Lake counties and the "Western Reserve," found him willing and ready. Doubtless they called for him chiefly because they thought he might retain Whig voters in the party who otherwise would cast their ballots for Van Buren. But the labor for him had another attraction. For once there were none of his party friends who would deprecate his utterances, on the ground that he was going too fast or too far. In Ohio he could declare his views without restraint. The 25th of October found him on board the steamboat from Buffalo to Cleveland.

On Lake Erie, *Wednesday.*

The soft southern breeze, which was so welcome to me as I sallied forth yesterday morning, was the herald of a dull dreary storm that broke just after we reached the cars and continued until last night.

It is not the most pleasant thing to write in the cabin of this boat, and there is no other place where one can write. The engine shakes the timbers and the whole fabric is tremulous. The cabin is crowded with passengers. All manner of topics are discussed around me, from the preparation of caudle to Presidential Electors. Two ambitious ladies are giving a concert on the piano to an admiring crowd, who receive it with all the more enthusiasm because there is no other amusement within doors, and the air is too keen to permit them to remain without.

Sandusky, *October* 27, 1848.

Here I am, inhaling a balmy atmosphere under a bright sun, with the broad and beautiful bay of Sandusky stretching far away before me. I arrived at Cleveland at one yesterday with A. B. Dickinson. The Whigs gave notice in the morning, and the evening brought in a large and intelligent audience. The grave, sober, and reflecting men of all professions, sects, and parties were there. I discoursed to them seriously and solemnly for near two hours. Although I suppressed no heresies, I had no dissentients, and as far as I know, no cavillers. You will find a report, rough enough I fear, in the Cleveland *Herald*, of to-day or to-morrow. Five thousand copies of it are to be distributed on the Reserve.

A. B. Dickinson aroused the people with an electrical speech after the close of my sermon.

Of all his speeches in Ohio this one at Cleveland presented the most concise epitome of his views. It attracted most attention and

excited most comment; his friends pronouncing it the most "bold and terse," and his opponents styling it the "most perverse and dogmatic" that he had made. In it he summed up the issues:

There are two antagonistical elements of society in America — freedom and slavery. Freedom is in harmony with our system of government and with the spirit of the age, and is, therefore, passive and quiescent. Slavery is in conflict with that system, with justice, and with humanity, and is, therefore, organized, defensive, active, and perpetually aggressive. Freedom insists on the emancipation and elevation of labor. Slavery demands a soil moistened with tears and blood. These elements divide and classify the American people into two parties. Each of these two parties has its court and its sceptre. The throne of the one is amid the rocks of the Alleghany Mountains; the throne of the other is reared on the sands of South Carolina. One of these parties, the party of slavery, regards disunion as among the means of defense and not always the last to be employed. The other maintains the Union of the States, one and inseparable, now and forever, as the highest duty of the American people to themselves, to posterity, to mankind. Slavery was once the sin, not of some of the States only, but of them all; not of one nation only, but of all nations. No American State has yet delivered itself entirely. We, in New York, are guilty of slavery still, by withholding the right of suffrage from the race we have emancipated. You in Ohio are guilty in the same way, by a system of "black laws" still more aristocratic and odious. It is written in the Constitution of the United States that five slaves shall count equal to three free men as a basis of representation, and it is written also, in violation of the Divine Law, that we shall surrender the fugitive slave, who takes refuge at our fireside, from his relentless pursuers. "What, then," you say, "can nothing be done for freedom, because the public conscience is inert?" Yes, much can be done — every thing can be done. Slavery can be limited to its present bounds; it can be ameliorated; it *can* and *must* be abolished, and you and I can and must do it.

The Ohio trip engrossed all the remaining days of October, and four or five in November. Turning his face homeward, he wrote to Weed from Buffalo:

BUFFALO, *November* 6.

In the hurry and bustle of the election, you will have no time to read my report, and your great solicitude for general results will swallow up all interest in the details I might give. I went from Cleveland to Sandusky, from that place through the Reserve; speaking besides those cities in Norwalk, Oberlin, Elyria, Medina, Akron, Hudson, Aurora, Chardon, and Unionville to large and attentive audiences. Mr. Granger has done good service, and our Ohio friends are cheered, roused, hopeful, and grateful. I left Cleveland yesterday and shall leave this town to-night.

He reached home on Monday night. The next day was Election day. That night as returns began to come in, the Whigs were jubi-

lant. Taylor had secured the electoral vote of New York, and probably a majority of those in the Union. Nor were the "Free Soilers" discontented with the result. They had demonstrated their strength. If they had not triumphed themselves, they had routed the "Hunkers" in State and Nation.

A letter on the following day said:

AUBURN, *November* 3, 1848.

This State seems to have fulfilled our expectations and promises literally; and at this moment it seems as if the Whig candidates were triumphantly elected. I trust it may be so. But be the result as it may, we have done our whole duty.

I have been revising my Cleveland speech. I cannot but think that the result in the canvass will commend it to consideration with respect to the future.

A week more put the result of the election beyond a doubt. The Whigs had secured 163 electoral votes for Taylor and Fillmore, while Cass and Butler would have but 127. In the State of New York Taylor's vote was 218,583, that for Van Buren 120,497, for Cass 114,319. When the popular vote of the whole Union was at last ascertained and counted, it showed that Taylor had received 1,360,000 votes to 1,220,000 for Cass, 291,000 for Van Buren. The Whigs would have control of the new Administration. Upon it and the incoming Congress would rest the responsibility of "settling the slavery question."

CHAPTER X.

1848.

At Baltimore. Colonel Taylor. Reverdy Johnson. John M. Clayton. At Washington. Cabinet Gossip. Foreign Missions. Gold Discoveries in California. The Senatorship. The Forged Letter. Greeley in Congress. Truman Smith. A Philosophical Oration. Habits of Thought.

BALTIMORE, *Thursday, November* 16, 1848.

Fillmore and Collier came down the river in the boat with me and went to the Irving, a new hotel, which is in busy competition with the Astor. The versatile people of New York were full of demonstrations of affection to the Vice-President, and Mr. Collier divided the honors. The politicians of New York are engaged in plans to take possession of General Taylor before he comes to Washington. Weed is to be supplanted, and that not for his own sake but for mine. Now that I have got into the law again pretty deep, I care nothing for these intrigues. Colonel Taylor, the President's brother, has been with me much lately, and is kind, friendly and confiding.

November 17.

I spent an hour and a half last evening in the ladies' parlor with General and Mrs. Gaines, and found it quite agreeable to forget cares and labor. This evening I am going to take tea at Colonel Taylor's, and go with the ladies to hear Madame Bishop sing. Mrs. Taylor, you know, is a daughter of Judge McLean. I have fallen in love since I came here with a beautiful young lady, five years old, who gave me her opinion of what I ought to take home for a gift to my daughter.

November 19, 1848.

It is amazing how the volume of time, so broad in our youthful days, contracts itself and hurries forward as we grow older! Let us see; I wrote you on Friday night when I was going to the play with Mrs. Taylor. There was a party of twelve, only a few of whom I can recall. Mrs. Taylor is of your own age, has a fine Grecian face, scarcely marred by a wrinkle, or furrow worn by disease. She has a son in the army, a little younger than ours, and a daughter in society, besides other children. She is sensible, has force, spirit, and frankness. Dr. Wood is a surgeon in the army, whose wife is a daughter of General Taylor. She is gentle, sensible, and refined in sentiment and manner. They now say she is the very counterpart of her father.

November 20, 1848.

None of those nice, beautiful letters which you have written to me have been received. I am here, away from all old, familiar faces, and the gossip, moral (if the term can be predicated of gossip), social and political, is strange and foreign to me. We are in the last scene of the first act of the planing-machine trial. To-morrow we begin the second.

BALTIMORE, *November* 22, 1848.

To-morrow will be Thanksgiving day, and, of course, a day of rest. I write you, less for any information or pleasure I can give you, than because it is a satisfaction to myself to imagine that I am conversing with you. Our family here are quite changed within the week, as the society of a watering-place is ever being renewed. Mrs. Gaines and the General have gone to Washington on their way to New Orleans. She has given me an invitation to go there, and assist her in bringing her great lawsuit to a close. Wilson offers to pay my expenses if I will go with him! But I am not tempted at all by these offers, although I should be glad to escape the contention at Albany, of which I perceive I am becoming the subject. Mrs. Taylor, to-day, has been shopping with me for some presents for the children, which I will take with me.

Friday Morning.

I kept Thanksgiving yesterday in consultation with my associate counsel about our cause, and studying the argument. At five o'clock I dined at Mr. Mayer's; he is a gentleman of the bar, of high standing. The party was one of ladies and gentlemen, given to my old friend Brantz Mayer and his bride, on occasion of their wedding. The dinner was gracefully served; the guests were agreeable. Mrs. Mayer, who gave the dinner, seemed a very kind person. She had taken up the idea that I was a bachelor, and was beginning to

pass me off in that way; but it was too late in life for me to indulge any one in such irreverence. I soon established my title to be patriarch of the whole party.

November 27, 1848.

The political speculations about the Cabinet in the newspapers are amusing enough. What do you think of sending me to Brazil? I shall be likely to say, as the refractory neighbor of the priest did, when his Reverence prayed that he might be removed by death, or by some other means. I certainly shall not go anywhere; and least of all, would I go to Brazil.

And to Weed he wrote:

Baltimore, *November* 29, 1848.

Reverdy Johnson says Crittenden will recommend Clayton for Secretary of State, and will take nothing himself. He thinks Lawrence can have the Treasury. Colonel Taylor thinks nobody knows, nor can know any thing about it, until the President announces. He has not heard from him since the election. The Colonel is warm and affectionate toward you, and I think toward me. I see him often, but I avoid all communications that might seem to touch on the delicacy of his position. I go to Washington on Monday to remain about two weeks in the Supreme Court.

Newspapers and *quidnuncs* were busily engaged in apportioning the fruits of victory. They announced who was to be in the Cabinet, and who were to have foreign missions, etc., as positively as if they knew any thing about it; although, as the President's blunt and honest brother remarked, "he didn't see how anybody was to know about those things until the General did himself." The speculations in regard to Seward, alluded to in the letters, were those of his opponents; for his friends well knew that he neither desired nor would accept any office at the hands of the incoming Administration.

Another topic was now creating an excitement hardly inferior to that of the Presidential contest. During the summer a report had come that Captain Sutter, owner of a saw-mill on the Sacramento river, in California, had discovered grains of gold among the sands brought down by that stream. The discovery had stimulated search, specimens had been found, sent on, analyzed and reported to be pure metal. Then, in rapid succession, came reports of fresh discoveries of similar character, proving that the treasure, though scattered, was abundant, and that the territory bought from Mexico contained untold millions of wealth, in mines rivaling those that had first tempted the Spanish Conquerors. The public, at first incredulous, grew interested in the details of "placers," "washings," "nuggets," "ounces," "dust," and "diggins." Next rose a fever to go there. Experienced miners, ambitious youths, men seeking to retrieve ruined fortunes, adventurers of every class, swelled the throng of the active, the hardy

and the enterprising, who started by sea and land to make the journey to the new "El Dorado." The bolder and more impatient started at once. The more prudent and thrifty formed partnerships and organized companies for mutual help and protection in the hazardous undertaking. All winter, and for a year or more afterward, it was an engrossing theme of talk. The newspapers teemed with advice; how to cross the plains on foot and on horse-back; how to cross the Isthmus of Darien with boats and mules; how to cross the sea by sail or steam; how to get around "The Horn;" how to get into "The Golden Gate," and how to get over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; and for once their advice was all followed. No plan seemed too hazardous, no risk too great, no craft too crowded or crazy not to be tried by some of the seekers of fortune. It was a journey of months, a journey of enormous cost, and full of risk to health and life; but the attraction was an irresistible one. The California emigrants swarmed toward their destination from every quarter of the land, through toils, hardships, and adventures, sickness, poverty, and misfortune, that cost many their lives, and disappointed more of their hopes. Yet a few arrived, succeeded, and throve; the survivors of whom still love to recount the tales of those stirring times, and each, as he walks the streets of San Francisco, is pointed out with respectful deference as an old "pioneer," one of the original "Forty-Niners."

European news continued interesting. The French were having a Presidential election; Louis Napoleon and General Cavaignac were announced as candidates. There was a revolution in Rome, and the Pope was rumored to be about to fly from his capital. From Vienna came intelligence of outbreaks, a Republican Directory, and hopes of complete and successful revolution.

To Weed Seward wrote:

BALTIMORE, *December* 3, 1848

It was always my purpose to tell you of a singular suggestion that John M. Clayton made during my visit at his house in October, to sink the name of "Whig Party" in that of the "Taylor Republican Party" after the election. You have since seen it announced by himself in a speech, and have still later seen a demonstration toward carrying it into effect in Philadelphia. I mention the circumstance that you may understand it is no new thought.

At Albany the incoming Legislature was to choose a Senator in place of General Dix, whose term would expire on the 4th of March. As the Legislature was "Whig," Seward's name was the prominent one for the Senatorship. But there was opposition to him, which seemed to be uniting on John A. Collier. One day the papers contained a forged letter, purporting to have been written by Seward in

regard to his candidacy for the Senate, containing suggestions in reference to some members of the Legislature and innuendoes in regard to others. It was a letter whose language and thoughts were the reverse of his own. He had studiously kept aloof from the discussion of the subject, and confining himself to professional business, had left to his friends at Albany, even the question whether he should be a candidate. Those intimately acquainted with him would suspect it to be a forgery. Yet it was so adroitly written with reference to well-known facts, in the tone which an aspiring politician might well use, that the general public would be misled by it and deem it genuine. After a few moments' consideration, as to whether so impudent and mischievous a fraud did not require him to make an exception to his rule in regard to personal attacks, he sat down and wrote to the Editor of the *Evening Journal:*

BALTIMORE, *December* 4, 1848.

I beg leave to direct your attention to the letter which is inclosed, and which I have extracted from the New York *Herald*, of December 1.

I have written no such letter as is therein described. I have written no letter whatever to any person concerning the subject, or the persons mentioned by this Albany correspondent.

I leave you to decide whether this singular fabrication is of sufficient importance to be noticed, or whether it should be suffered to pass uncontradicted among the other thousand inventions with which the public is amused at the expense of individual character.

A more explicit and complete denial could hardly be penned. Nevertheless some of the journals that opposed him professed to doubt it, or sought to explain it away as a prevarication. He remarked laughingly in conversation: "I always knew it was unwise to notice a newspaper slander, but this was so utterly false, and could be met with so absolute a denial, that I departed from my custom and wrote a contradiction. The result showed that my rule was a correct one, for instead of accepting the denial as conclusive, the opposition papers next day, befogged it with a column of absurdities, and then put over it the heading in great black capitals, 'Another Letter from William H. Seward ! !' 'Further Developments ! !'"

The gentleman to whom the forgery was addressed, was emphatic in denouncing it, and after a few weeks of angry discussion it was forgotten. But it had served its turn. It had deceived many for a time.

Meanwhile the Electoral Colleges met at the several State capitals and formally elected the new President and Vice-President. Congress received President Polk's last message, and proceeded to business.

The session, though short, was a busy and excited one. The pro-slavery men were desirous to secure the new territorial governments before the incoming of the new Administration, which they could not hope to find as favorable to their projects as the existing one.

Mr. Greeley had been elected to Congress from a New York district to fill out an unexpired term. It was impossible that he could be a member of that body, without attracting marked attention by the originality of his views, and his independent methods of action. He never rose in his place that all eyes were not turned toward him, and all ears expectant of some innovation. Usually they were not disappointed. Seward wrote to Weed:

WASHINGTON, *December* 4, 1848.

I am here in the city of the politicians. The atmosphere is as balmy and bright as summer. It is the first day of the session of Congress, and there is a smile on every face. I am locked in my room among briefs.

You will have received from Baltimore my denial of the *Herald* forgery; I excuse you for thinking it might be genuine. The story was so plausibly told that I had some doubts whether I had not written it in my sleep.

December 7, 1848.

I am living close in my rooms in study, and willingly avoid fashion and political circles.

Greeley is doing himself most ungracious service by trying to reform Congress all at once. He wont let them adjourn until three o'clock, and martyrizes himself five or six times a day, by voting against the whole House. I am sorry, but who can reason with him?

December 10, 1848.

All the excitement of this world clusters now on points remote from Washington. The Presidential election in France and the gold rivers in California surpass in interest even Greeley's reform in Congress, or the cabinet work of the reporters in Washington. Truman Smith is much with us. He inclines to the belief that the popular opinion will prevail on the Chief to call one or both of the C's to the Cabinet, and that neither would refuse; he says "that he shall speak his mind freely to the Chief, if he gets a chance, and that he shall write to Kentucky advising C. to remain where he is." Yesterday I rode to Georgetown with Mr. Hilliard. I have not seen Butler King except on the streets.

December 12, 1848.

I heartily wish I was away from this place, and yet I suppose any place in New York would be hotter for me. There is a shamelessness that ambition wears here, that is disgusting. Every man you meet of either party accosts you about your own supposed interests and invites communication, I suppose with the same boldness that he is accustomed to advocate his own claims, to places that should be conferred, not sought. One cannot keep out of consultation about the Cabinet, and if he feels as I do, that he knows something of the

principle upon which such things ought to be done, he is pretty certain to learn that agencies are at work which may mislead, but of which it seems useless to speak.

I spent last night in a free conversation with Corwin of Ohio, a man, as you had taught me, to be loved and cherished.

To Mrs. Seward he wrote:

WASHINGTON, *December* 10, 1848.

After preparing my brief for the motion I hope to reach on Friday, I bestowed myself for three days upon a review of the President's message. When the first of my essays was ready for the *National Intelligencer*, I began to doubt; and by the time the second was half finished I became satisfied that it was not wise or becoming for me, at this juncture, and at my present time of life, to seek the pleasures or fame of Junius. I threw the result of my labors aside, and have since applied myself to prepare a speech to the Education Society of Baltimore, in harmony with my customary studies and mode of action.

Yesterday I went out with Mr. Davis of Portland to make calls. We called at Mr. Joseph R. Ingersoll's; at Judge Mayer's; at Mr. Bodisco's; at Mr. Duer's. On our return from Georgetown we left cards for Mrs. Madison and paid our respects to Mrs. Polk at the White House, Mr. and Mrs. Reverdy Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Justice McLean, to the family of Judge Cranch, and to Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Holley.

Thus ended my round of visits number one. I know not when I shall renew it; but I wish you could be here to assist me in performing a duty so little to my taste.

My long absence has banished from my mind all continuity of events at home. You must not, however, fall into any fears of my going off to California, although I certainly do begin to think that this new wind from there must bring some reviving influence upon all decayed fortunes.

All is conjecture here, as yet, concerning General Taylor's action when he comes.

Sunday Morning.

Here is a midsummer sun pouring down rays that almost scorch. Surely the world is growing more congenial! A Whig party dominant, El Dorado discovered at last, and perpetual summer! I have finished the second revision of the speech I have to make at Baltimore. The labor upon that task has made me a prisoner, for this is the worst of all places for study. I snatch from society, that courts the idle, even the time to write to you.

4 *o'clock, P. M.*

The end of this dying Administration is very "stale, flat and unprofitable." Hope fixes upon the advent of General Taylor. One of our friends has gone home satisfied that *he* has made General Taylor's Cabinet, settled the slavery question forever, and secured his own appointment as foreign minister. He has probably to make the discovery, two or three months hence, that he has accomplished neither the one or the other.

Of news from Albany I have nothing in detail. Accounts voluntarily sent me from various persons concur with what is said by those who ought to know,

that the pitiful allegations, that I was personally active, and my friends busy, have reacted, and that all will go, as those who are perhaps too partial to me, desire. Obliged to remain here all this time, and occupied very differently from what was represented by the "agitators," I have gone into the labor of preparing a speech to be delivered at Baltimore, which I hope will serve that purpose. I have written T. W. that generosity forbids that I should be content with leaving the V. P. to fall into the snare that was laid for his feet by his pretended friends; I would save him if I could.

December 21, 1848.

Mr. Webster has returned to his former tone of kindness, and more; Judge McLean comes back to me with his wonted benignity; and I see all around me evidences of much more respect and kindness than I met here before. The revolution of the political wheel has brought the state of things which I have been preparing for; and it is now seen and acknowledged that my crime was *foreseeing*, not *making* it.

I take along some things for the children, which will serve for New Year's gifts, although I thought to have St. Nicholas be the distributor of them.

A note to Weed said:

Our friend, Mr. Gott, has thrown the House into a commotion on the slave trade in the District of Columbia, to-day. The Whigs have not yet had a caucus; I shall endeavor to influence some gentlemen to look to this matter.

This was a resolution of Mr. Gott of Onondaga county, New York, directing the proper committee to introduce a bill abolishing the slave trade in the District. Seward did what he could to strengthen the hands of the Whig members, but the measure was defeated.

The oration before the Society of young men, in Baltimore, was delivered on the evening of the 22d, to a large audience. Its subject was the "True Greatness of Our Country." As the title imported, it was a philosophical essay on the resources, capacities, character and destiny of the United States as a nation. Based upon the same line of thought as his oration on the "Elements of Empire," at Union and Amherst in 1844, it elaborated the subject, with illustrations drawn from later experience.

"That address has cost some study, Governor," said one of his friends.

"Yes, and perhaps the people who think I am spending my time in miserable intrigues for my own advancement will see that I have enough else to occupy it."

"Not they," was the reply, "they believe you can do that, and this too, and have plenty of time left for other mischief besides."

A genial letter came from his old friend Ruggles, congratulating him on it, and saying:

The sage and solemn Dr. Johnson somewhere says "that of every man's work *one is best* and *one is worst*." I may not have seen the *worst* of yours, but, in my honest judgment, the recent discourse in Baltimore has not been, and cannot be, surpassed even by its author. Every living friend of the American Union owes you an eternal obligation for the impressive moral picture of *Secession* brooding in its "pent-up Utica," lonely and lost amid decay and desolation, while the great encompassing American World, the whole boundless continent is ours. It deserves to be printed in letters of fire, and hung on every hill-top south of the Potomac.

Seward had always a fondness for philosophic reflection. The habit of generalization grew upon him, and he loved to deduce abstract truths in regard to classes, rather than to study peculiarities of individuals. Perhaps this trait led him to say "that he loved the theory of the law, but detested its practice." But political studies, in their enlarged sense, were his favorite ones. The comparison of the experiences of States, parties, and communities; the general principles which govern their action; the indications which they give of a general law of progress during extended periods, and the opportunities they offer for ameliorating the condition of mankind, were themes he especially liked.

Though many of his speeches were extemporaneous, he preferred, when time allowed, to write out the substance of any discourse he was to deliver. This he would re-write and amend up to the hour of speaking, but having written it, he took no pains to commit it to memory. Indeed it had become difficult for him to learn any thing by rote, even a quotation. The process of writing would fix the leading ideas of the speech in his mind. Then leaving the manuscript at home, he would take with him only brief notes of heads. When he rose to speak he would proceed with the chain of reasoning in the order that he had written it, but often in quite different language, adding fresh arguments or illustrations. As he used to describe it himself, he "wrote one speech and then delivered another and better one." Doubtless this habit of oratory grew up during his practice at the bar, where the brief of legal points or notes of the testimony served as heads for the argument. Addresses, however, such as this discourse on the "True Greatness of Our Country," and his orations on Adams and O'Connell, were prepared *in extenso* for the press before delivery.

The key-note—the leading idea paramount to all others in his political philosophy—was, that the American Union was an agency, destined first to elevate the condition of its own citizens, and then, by its moral influence, to remodel the governments of the world.

CHAPTER XI.

1849.

At Auburn. News from Albany. The "Macomber Letter." Washington in the Interregnum. The Legislative Caucus. Election to the United States Senate. His Acceptance. Chase a Senator. Dr. Nott's Counsel.

At the State Capitol in Albany, Governor Fish and Lieutenant-Governor Patterson took the oath of office, and Amos K. Hadley was elected Speaker of the Assembly. In the lobbies and at the hotels the chief subject of discussion was the coming election of a United States Senator. The "Macomber Letter," as it was called, was a fruitful topic, both for those who denounced it as a forgery, and those who affected to believe it genuine. Writing to Weed, Seward said:

AUBURN, *January* 2, 1849.

New Year's and the snow-storms have suffered nothing to make its way so far into the interior, less important than the election of Napoleon, the abdication of the Emperor of Austria, or the first message of Governor Fish. I have read that document with great satisfaction. The spirit and the tone remind me of better days than these. I predict for Hamilton Fish a successful and honorable administration. Of news, I have no supply. It is not generated here. We have no account of the organization, but I infer that nothing was done to check the disposition of the Whig members to settle down into mutual confidence.

I am engaged in studying briefs that accumulated during my long absence, and have little time to examine Mr. Collier's manifesto, if he shall honor me with its perusal. I cannot conjecture of what stuff the dream was made that drove him wild.

January 4.

I received last night Mr. Collier's letter. Mr. Macomber's story is that about the 1st of December last, in the business office of the *Express*, at Buffalo, S. C., Hawley came in with a letter in his hand. After talking about the Cattaraugus members, Hawley handed the letter to Macomber, saying it was from Governor Seward. It was addressed to Hawley and Clapp, but inclosed in an envelope addressed to Hawley. Macomber read and copied these words: "Collier must be defeated, or our influence with the Administration will be curtailed. You must look to your members, and see the members from Chautauqua and Cattaraugus, if possible. I think Patterson will take care of Chautauqua." Mr. Macomber certifies the extract on honor, and will make affidavit if necessary.

I find it only difficult to answer in the *right temper*. I think I have done so. I will send you the whole correspondence to-morrow, for your use. As a matter of curiosity, I should like to know what Hawley says to this strange story; what is it made out of, if out of any thing?

Jan. 7.

I have a note from Mr. Hawley. He had no letter at all from me since August. These circumstances of date, etc., fix the fact of the error. For myself, I thought it unbecoming to do more than simply to deny, without going into any form of argument.

At Washington speculation was rife as to the probable policy of the new Administration, and Congress. Meanwhile the "extenders of the area of slavery" were at work to accomplish what they could, while they had the power. The debates were sharp and prolonged. The air was full of rumors about the new Cabinet, and the streets and hotels were full of office-seekers, prepared to "take Time by the forelock," whenever he should present that appendage. Seward, on his arrival, wrote:

WASHINGTON, *Jan.* 24, 1849.

Washington, which, when I began to frequent it three years ago, presented novelties and attractions, has become dull enough; and while I am waiting for a hearing in the court, time hangs heavily on my hands. I forbear to write about what is going on at Albany. There are some chances that letters might miscarry, and private letters, even to you, would not protect themselves. Besides, you probably get news from Albany as direct at least, and perhaps as minute, as I can give. This one thing I can say, that for myself, I am indifferent, I would not complain one word if injustice were to flourish over me. My responsibilities would be less; my capacity for usefulness undiminished, and my ultimate strength increased. I am interrupted so continually, that I will not attempt to continue this letter further.

To Weed, he wrote:

Jan. 26, 1849.

You are not to suppose me solicitous on the subject that drags me so unpleasantly before the public. I have looked at it in all its relations; and cannot satisfy myself that it would be any better for me to succeed than to be beaten. It has risks that I am not rash enough to provoke. There would be no risk, as I view it, in letting the faction achieve just the triumph over me that it seeks. I abide the result with no painful anxiety, and shall meet it with equanimity. I judge that Washington is full of missives from Albany. Mr. Hunt says "he has received three or four this morning, urging him to accept a nomination," etc. Do not make the mistake of thinking that this affair alarms or disturbs me.

Summoned again to Orange county, he passed a day in New York. In the evening, dispatches came from Albany, announcing the opening proceedings of the legislative caucus; and before retiring, he wrote to Weed:

ASTOR HOUSE, *Thursday Evening.*

I shall be at Albany on Wednesday night, unless Judge Conkling tells me by telegraph from Washington, that he wants me there. If he should do so,

I shall hold the obligation to a neighbor and friend paramount to all others. We have had only the informal ballot, but that is sufficient. Grinnell, Draper, Hall, Blatchford and Webb have been with me all the evening. Good night, with congratulations, it would be trifling to say thanks.

The news swiftly followed him that the Whig legislative caucus had nominated him for Senator. The opposition had concentrated on Mr. Collier, only to be defeated. A pamphlet had been laid on the desk of each member, in which old accusations against Seward were raked up, and new ones added, to prove him to be an unfit candidate. It evinced ingenuity, but its effect was blunted by bad taste and temper. Instead of working him injury, it rather strengthened him; and certainly added stimulus to the efforts of his friends. Three days later, the two Houses made the formal election. He wrote home:

WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 9, 1849.

Driven by adverse winds, quite back to this point, from which I started. The newspapers have given me so bad a character, that I am regarded with alarm and apprehension. This general impression only amuses me; for I think that I shall prove as gentle a lion as he who played that part before the Duke, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." It is something, however, to have won the respect of the country even in this strange way. The *Herald* only is read south of Mason's and Dixon's line. I am, of course, regarded with actual fear, but yet not with disrespect, by the congregated people here. The tremendous power that sends me here wins the respect of those who wish me far hence. I am not endeavoring to overcome their prejudices. But I tremble when I think of the difficulty of realizing the expectations which this canvass has awakened in regard to my abilities.

But I will venture to hope that I may not prove altogether unworthy of the confidence and friendship which has called me into this responsible place.

One more hurried visit to Auburn was made to set his affairs in order, before returning to enter upon the duties of his new office. From there he wrote his acceptance, addressed to the Speaker of the Assembly:

AUBURN, *Feb.* 19, 1849.

I accept the office of Senator in the Congress of the United States, with sincere devotion to the public service, and with profound gratitude for the confidence reposed in me by the Legislature.

Three weeks later came the intelligence that the Ohio Legislature had also chosen a new Senator — one who held opinions in regard to slavery in accord with Seward. This was his former associate in the Van Zandt trial, Salmon P. Chase.

Among the many letters of congratulation on his election, none retain, at the present day, such interest and significance as that from the old preceptor, Dr. Nott.

UNION COLLEGE, *February* 14, 1849.

No one congratulates you with more cordiality than your old instructor, on your election to the United States Senate, and this not merely on your own account, but on account of the American public, and the interests of humanity the world over.

To the compromises of the Constitution you are bound to submit — to give even the "*pound* of *flesh*," if "expressed in the bond." But beyond this no one is bound; and beyond this you can never conveniently go. Here, for humanity's sake, for consistency's sake, you must take your position, and stand or fall; abide the issue. It is by the defense of free principles, of the poor man's rights, that you have become what you are. Your future rise or fall must depend on your adherence to your principles, and the rise and fall of those principles. You can never win the confidence of the ultra-Conservatives. They will desert you, or put you down, whenever it shall be in their power. Your growth depends on the growth of the principles you have advocated, and with which your interests are identified. Will these principles abide and increase? Many wise men think not. I am not of the number. Whether for better or for worse, Freedom will onward — at least I think so. But whether it will or not, you have no way but to continue its calm, courteous, but unflinching advocate. With you the die is cast — you have crossed the Rubicon — and there is no recrossing it. Whether you will be able to bring the party with which you have acted (up or down, shall I call it?) to the standpoint you have taken, I know not; but some party will be brought there, and it will become the predominant party; and with such a party only can you be in harmony.

Yours truly,

E. NOTT.

CHAPTER XII.

1849.

Going to Washington as Senator-Elect. Albany Greetings. Governor Fish. Vice-President Fillmore. The Tide of Office-Seekers. Meeting with President Taylor and his Family. Cabinet-Making. The Home Department. The Walker Amendment. A Night Session of the Senate. The Fourth of March. The Inauguration.

TOWARD the close of February, Seward was on his way to Washington, as Senator-elect. His letters describe the opening of that new and eventful series of years passed in official life at the Capitol. Pausing a day at Albany, he wrote:

ALBANY, *February* 25, 1849.

I have had a busy season. I was met immediately on my arrival by greetings, intermingled with solicitations for favor, which gave me no time even to change my toilet for the evening, after a long day's ride. I broke from the throng at nine o'clock. When released, I fell into Weed's hospitable mansion,

where such old friends as Whittlesey, Benedict, and others received me at a supper of oysters and prairie chickens. I slept from one until seven yesterday morning. Clients had each an audience on business, and then I spent the remaining morning hours in the Assembly and Senate chambers, receiving the kind congratulations of the members, and expressing to them, as well as I could, the acknowledgments due them. The Governor had very kindly made a dinner for me, at which he gathered some personal friends. To-morrow I go to New York. Mr. Fillmore has gone before me. General Taylor has already arrived. I shall fall into the flood or upon it at its highest tide.

ASTOR HOUSE, *Tuesday Morning.*

Thus far on my way to Washington, I find myself floating on a strongly-increasing tide of people, who hinder, annoy, and embarrass each other. The world seems almost divided into two classes, both of which are moving in the same direction; those who are going to California in search of gold, and those going to Washington in quest of office.

How many adventurers are preparing themselves for disappointment, revenge, and misanthropy! Happily, however, these are not the whole or the mass of society. The great whole of society is quiet, content, and happy in the mediocrity which is safety.

WASHINGTON, *February* 27, 1849.

At last I am here, after a journey of two days and nights from Albany. All the world is in Washington, and the rest are coming. There is every thing to be done, nothing can be done, and there is no time to do any thing. I have seen the lions—General Taylor, his daughter Betty, and the Secretary of State that is to be. If you had ever seen Colonel Taylor, I could make you understand his elder brother, the President. He is the most gentle-looking and amiable of men. Every word and look indicate sincerity of heart, even to guilelessness. He was kind to me, recognized me, and inquired without art about my son Augustus. His daughter is pretty, unaffected, and sensible. Between you and myself, exclusively, the Cabinet was virtually made before I arrived here, and I think before General Taylor reached the Ohio. Nothing is wanted of me but acquiescence. Advice would be uncomfortable when it is too late; therefore, it will not be given. But I shall find seasonable occasion to explain wherein I think it unwise. If I tell you, you will know more than the world will know here, perhaps, when you read this letter. Therefore, the necessity of confidence. Clayton, Secretary of State; Meredith of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; Abbott Lawrence, of the Navy; Crawford of Georgia, War, and Ewing of Ohio, Postmaster-General. Mr. Fillmore and I have begun to agree. I hope we may continue. We go to Mrs. Polk's last levee to-night.

Writing to Weed on the same day, after informing him of the probable composition of the Cabinet, he added:

WASHINGTON, *February* 27, 1849.

Mr. Fillmore and I went together to discuss, and both together learned that it was too late. Of course Mr. Crittenden advised all this, and of course his

advice was at once honest, misconceived, and erroneous. General Taylor relied upon it implicitly. Judge for yourself about the Administration. There is a fund of good nature, patriotism, and integrity in the President; that is our hope. General Taylor receives company from six in the morning, and goes everywhere, and will disoblige nobody. The Inaugural has not yet been seen, but it may be to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, *March* 1, 1849.

I have talked alone with General Taylor half an hour to-day. He was frank and confiding. All was not only settled, but he was committed before I came. At the instance of Mr. Fillmore and myself, he has agreed (private) that if the "Home Department" Bill passes, Truman Smith shall have it, and if he declines, shall nominate the Minister. This is much. Truman Smith will not accept it; nevertheless, the compliment will quiet much dissatisfaction, and he will nominate Caleb B. Smith. I cannot now doubt that if I had been here earlier I would have prevented the waste that has been made; but committals had been given. There is some soreness here, but it is being assuaged. While I am writing, we are endeavoring to procure a temporary continuance of California laws in California. Mr. Clayton and Mr. Ewing are also frank, open, and confiding toward me. You will see what strength persons opposed to our views will probably derive from any favor that the Vice-President may entertain for them. Thus far we go together consistently, but we discuss only distant or negative questions. I have stipulated for time and inaction concerning Marshals, Postmasters, District Attorneys, and there I leave these matters.

The Inaugural is negative and general. I shall see it to-night.

And to Mrs. Seward he wrote:

WASHINGTON, *March* 1, 1849.

They have left me just no time to-day to write to you. I have been busy in smoothing some difficulties about the Cabinet which ought not to have occurred. General Taylor gave me a long interview and talked with me confidentially and frankly. He is a sensible and sagacious man, but *uninformed about men*, and will fail to obtain a Cabinet politically strong. It remains to be seen how far honesty and the very purest and most exalted patriotism will cover the defect of political sagacity. He has far higher intellectual merit and acquirements than we have supposed.

Mrs. Polk's last levee, last night, was crowded to suffocation; I spared myself the pleasure of being in it. I have more than a hundred letters lying around me; and the applicants for office take me from nine until I leave the house at eleven. Thus far Mr. Fillmore and I go along together.

March 2, 1849.

As the session and administration draw to a close the anxieties about the next begin. The jealousies incident to the formation of a new Cabinet have disclosed themselves, and gentlemen who a week ago thought themselves above fear or care, are now willing to receive aid and even sympathy. I have become already quite well acquainted with General Taylor; and the more I see of him the more I admire his purity and excellence of motive, and the more I respect his discretion. I went this morning to see John M. Clayton.

March 3, 1849.

The crowd increases. They ask even ten or fifteen dollars a day for rooms, from those whose misfortune it is to be homeless. The telegraph will convey the Inaugural to you before you will receive this. It is brief and general.

General Taylor is going to be Whig enough, and has not the least idea that he has ever done or said any thing to justify his being classed among the doubtful. Mr. Webster has called to see the General, and the visit flattered the hero much. He seems very frank. On Monday night the jewels of the metropolis will be in full blaze.

To Weed he wrote:

WASHINGTON, *March* 3, 1849.

This is the dying day of the Polk Administration — the Administration of war and conquest and glory. Will the people be content with the duller monotony of peace, and with an Administration that wakes up no popular enthusiasm, and pursues only a career of civil improvement? I think they will have a chance to try this experiment.

I read the Inaugural last night. It is well enough. The people want short speeches and generalities. The Cabinet are all here to-day.

In these closing days of the session one of the appropriation bills was going back and forth, like a shuttle-cock, between the two Houses; because the Senate had appended to it a "rider," known as the "Walker Amendment," of which the effect would be to abrogate the Mexican laws against slavery in California and New Mexico. It was necessary that the Appropriation Bill should pass, but highly desirable to disembarrass it of its obnoxious burden. Seward at once exerted himself to aid those who were trying to accomplish this result, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the House, by a slender majority of seven, adopt a substitute, proposed by R. W. Thompson of Indiana, which provided that the existing laws should be maintained and preserved.

March 4, 1849.

I remained last night at the Capitol, to witness the expiring scene of a Congress of the United States. The slavery question, or rather the question of extending slavery to California and New Mexico, had been raised, by amendment to an Appropriation Bill in the Senate. The Senate, true to the South, had insisted. The House of Representatives, adhering to the principles of the "Wilmot Proviso," refused to concur. The committee of conference reported that they could not agree. The House maintained its stand resolutely, and the question of the night was whether the Senate should yield. The Southern party, finding the Senate likely to yield, determined to prevent concession by factious and violent opposition. The grave men of the Senate looked on with sorrow and shame upon a scene of vulgarity, not even excluding personal rencounter. At last, at five o'clock, generous counsels prevailed; the Senate receded, and the contest was at an end.

It was near broad daylight when I left the Capitol, and I gathered, in the stormy debate, no poppies to spread upon my pillow. While these things were going on at the Capitol, I was for a time in discussion with the President and Secretary of State, for the true political interest of the North, in the appointment for a Minister of the Home Department, to be bestowed on New England. It brought me into a long account of the Mexican war, from the President, which revealed him to be a man of strong feelings and lasting sense of injuries.

I was determined not to begin my new course of life with neglect of public worship; so I roused myself to the effort and went to Dr. Butler's church, where I heard a sermon from him. Washington is full to overflowing. It is impossible to get quietly through the streets or the passages of the hotels. There is music and the noise of the stormy waves of the multitude all around me, and the city resembles a vast camp. It is painful to think that near all the throng assembled are attracted by hopes of office, which, of course, must be disappointed. It is thought the Senate will not sit longer than a week. I shall stay here some days later. You will be surprised to hear that I am going in April or May to Charleston to argue a cause. I desire to see the Southern capital, and the "chivalry" at home.

To Mr. Weed he added:

March 4, 1849.

Clayton is becoming confidential with me, and General Taylor improves in favor; I brought him, Truman Smith, and Corwin together, and him and Reverdy Johnson together.

I witnessed, with shame and sorrow, the turbulent and factious scenes in the Senate, which the newspapers will describe. The House of Representatives has saved General Taylor's administration from the Senate's "Walker California Amendment."

Reverdy Johnson for Attorney-General is very well. I hope that the Administration will have sense enough to let Truman Smith name the New England Minister. The South proscribes him and Caleb B. Smith, and the President yields. If conciliatory Whigs are to be proscribed by the South, what would they not do with you and me, if they had us in their power?

On the day of my return to public life, after a long ostracism, I recall with fresh gratitude your persevering and magnanimous friendship.

The 4th of March came on Sunday, and the ceremony of Inauguration was, therefore, postponed until the next day.

March 5, 1849.

The ceremonial is over and the pageant has passed by.

It was simple and sublime, this change of power from one magistrate elected by the people, to another chosen by the same power. The Inaugural meets all expectations, and Mr. Fillmore's speech was right and beautiful.

CHAPTER XIII.

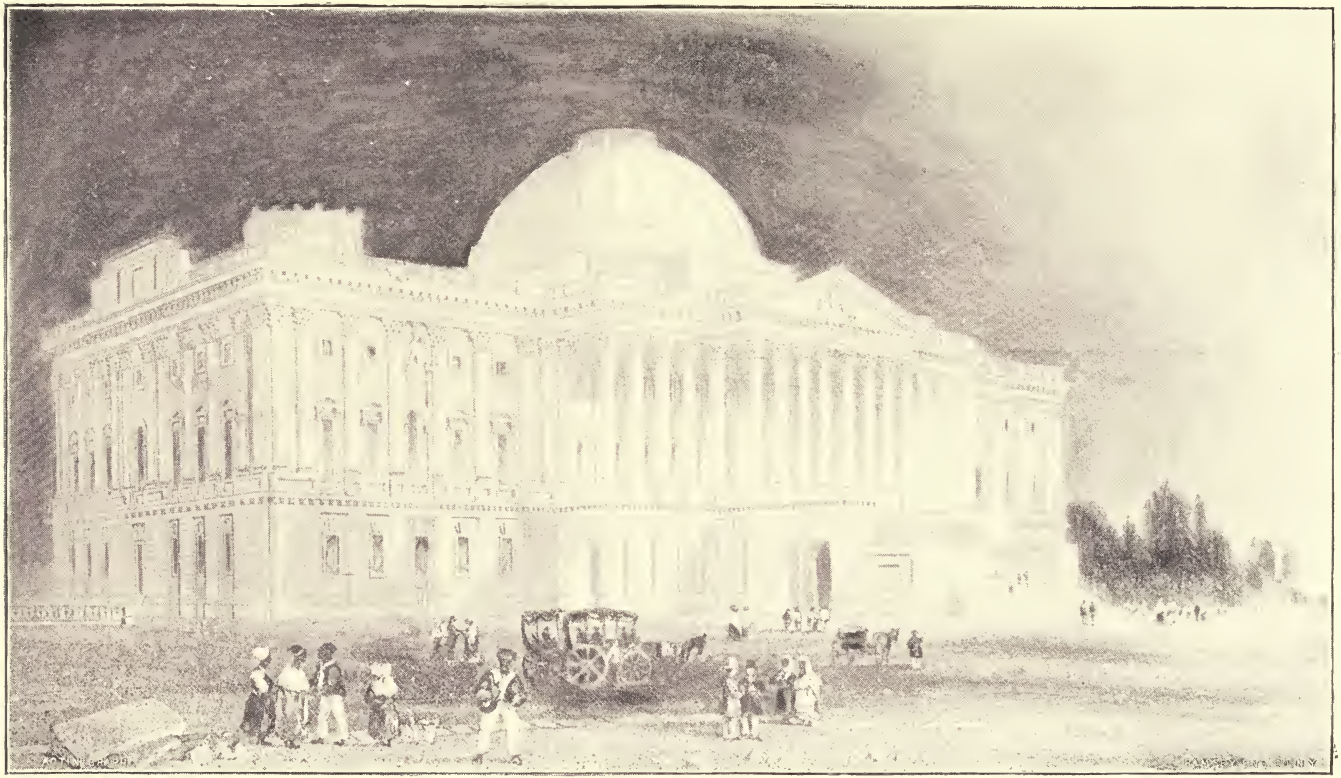
1849.

Washington in 1849. A Southern City. The Senate Chamber. Fellow Senators. Seward's First Speech. Collamer and Calhoun. Vice-President and Senator. Distribution of Patronage. Averting Party Discord.

WASHINGTON, in 1849, was a town of about forty thousand inhabitants. It was in its least attractive stage. The rural beauty of its youth was gone; the tasteful elegance of its maturity had not yet come. It was still the city of "Magnificent Distances." Little else about it was magnificent. The white fronts of the Capitol and the Executive Mansion gleamed through surrounding foliage, at each end of the avenue; the substantial Post-Office building, and the long colonnade of the Treasury looked finished and imposing. The old brick edifices for State, War, and Navy Departments were still standing. The Smithsonian was gradually rising out of a chaos of brick and freestone. There was a maze of broad, unpaved streets, dusty in summer, muddy in winter, along which were scattered detached houses or straggling rows of buildings. Lamps were few. Houses were not numbered, and the visitor who wanted to find a residence had to depend upon the hack-drivers; whose method of memory seemed to be, that each person lived "just a little way from" somewhere else.

Though the capital of the Nation, it was, in all social and industrial aspects, a Southern town. The slave-pen and the auction-block were prominent on a public thoroughfare. Many families owned slaves, whom they used for domestic service, or "hired out" to perform it for others; the owner receiving the slave's wages. Society looked upon "Abolition" with dread and disgust. Congressmen who talked anti-slavery could not always be ignored; but those of them were received with most favor, in drawing-rooms, who were thought to be least earnest in debate.

The Senate Chamber of that period was the room afterward taken by the Supreme Court. Semicircular in form, graceful in proportions, with its dark marble columns and crimson hangings, it had a certain air of stately dignity, more impressive to the spectator in the narrow gallery, than the spacious, easy, comfortable Chamber of the present day. When Seward crossed its threshold, and walked up the main aisle, to take the oath of office and his senatorial chair, he saw around him the faces of his new associates. Some have since risen to fame; some fallen into obscurity; but nearly all have now



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON IN 1849.

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passed away. Some were already famous. On the right of the main aisle were to be seen the massive head and great deep-set eyes of Webster; the tall and courtly figure of Clay; the dark but genial face of Corwin; the white head of "Honest John Davis;" the calm and cautious visage of John Bell; the scholarly-looking head of Berrien; the tall forms of Mangum and Dayton; and the merry smile of John P. Hale. On the left, the portly form of General Cass, the late Presidential candidate; the towering bulk of General Houston, ex-President of Texas; the classic head and genial face of Colonel Benton; the long, gray locks and sharp, attenuated features of Calhoun; the erect, slender figure of Jefferson Davis; the swarthy, foreign-looking face of Pierre Soulé; the energetic, black-clothed "Little Giant" Douglas; the dark, curling locks of Hunter, and the silver-haired, familiar face of his own colleague, Dickinson.

At the time of his entrance upon his senatorial duties, Seward was not yet forty-eight years old. His appearance was still youthful. His eye was bright, and step elastic. The "red hair" had taken a brownish tinge; but, as yet, hardly a touch of gray. He usually dressed in a plain black suit. His manner was urbane, gentle and cheerful, and his characteristic equanimity did not desert him, even in the storms of senatorial debate. Some of his friends began to address him in conversation as "Senator," on his coming into his new place. But the title never seemed to adhere to his name, like the old and more familiar address "Governor." That was the customary one with old friends all his life.

As a new Senator, Seward's choice, among seats, was limited to such as were vacant. He selected one on the Whig side, but soon after relinquished it to oblige Mr. Clay, and took the chair on Clay's right hand at the extreme end of the back or outer row of chairs. This, however, had some advantages; it was remote from the noisy main entrance, and conveniently near the private door, for conferences with friends or visitors. The Senate Chamber was not so large but that every member could, without difficulty, catch the eye of the presiding officer, and be heard in debate. Seward liked the place so well that he retained it during most of his senatorial term.

The session of the Senate was merely for Executive business; action upon the appointments of the new President, etc. But opportunity for his "maiden-speech" was not lacking. Among the Cabinet nominations was that of Judge Collamer of Vermont, and the Southerners raised against it the objection that he was an "Abolition Whig." On that point nobody doubted that the new Senator from New York was qualified to speak. He argued in behalf of Collamer's confirmation

without disguise of his own anti-slavery sympathies, but temperately and with such convincing proofs of the "nationality" and "patriotism" of the nominee, that the objections were withdrawn or overruled, and the nomination was confirmed. He wrote to Weed:

SENATE CHAMBER, *March* 3.

I tried the firmness of my legs yesterday in Executive session in answer to Mr. Calhoun on the confirmation of Mr. Collamer for Postmaster-General. It was equal to what was expected, and that was enough. Davis of Massachusetts, Hale, and Chase, and Dawson of Georgia, and I believe Badger, were all alike satisfied with my positions, which were, the right to entertain and debate extreme opinions, without proscription and with fidelity to the Union. On the whole I was satisfied with myself, and Fillmore says I was safe. It is cheering to see how frankness and boldness can win respect. They found me "ultra," yet "conservative." Davis says he will stand with me, and bring about a healthier tone of debate.

I am receiving kind expressions all around upon my *debut*. I "stop the press" to say this, for I write among so many interruptions that I can keep no continuous story.

Seward and Fillmore, meeting at the Capitol at Albany, as members of the Legislature of 1831, were political associates before, as well as after, the organization of the Whig party. Friendly personal relations existed between them, and for a dozen years there was no marked divergence in their political views. After the territorial questions came up, however, Seward's outspoken opposition to slavery led the more radical members of the Whig party to look to him as their leader; while the more conservative naturally inclined to array themselves behind Mr. Fillmore, as being at least more cautious and reserved on the dangerous topic.

Now, when both were coming to Washington, the one as Vice-President and the other as Senator, eager aspirants for office were looking to each for support. At this period, the anti-slavery element, being the stronger in numbers, claimed and gave direction to party action, in State conventions and legislative caucuses. Apprehensive that the strife for place might give rise to party discords, Seward and Fillmore met at Weed's house in Albany, before going to Washington, had a frank interchange of views, and a consultation about their future course. When they separated, it was in the hope and belief on the part of all three, that prudence and considerate action would enable them to "keep the peace." But once arrived in Washington, Fillmore found that many of his especial friends and followers wanted foreign missions, consulates, and places in post-offices, custom-houses, and courts; and not only wanted them very much, but looked to him to exert all the influence of his high office to obtain them. On the

other hand, like aspirants were looking to Seward for like help, and deemed that, as they were the majority of the party, the demands of the minority were inordinate and unreasonable. General Taylor, at the outset of his Administration, naturally relying upon his Vice-President, made several appointments at his suggestion, which increased rather than diminished the growing discontent. Weed's and Seward's letters to each other during March and April on this subject, evinced the anxiety with which they were endeavoring to save the party harmony, without undue disappointment to their followers and friends. In one, Seward remarked:

WASHINGTON, *March* 10.

Mr. F. cannot now agree to any thing but that he and I shall go together to the Secretary and each name a candidate for Marshal. Truman Smith and Edward Curtis are engaged in putting things right, and will report to me if possible. The Cabinet is not unfavorable, but timid in their conduct between F. and myself. General Taylor has got out by casting all responsibility on the Cabinet.

Thus ends the first week. It has been as hard as the first week in Albany, with the additional embarrassment of having every movement hampered and defeated by a counteracting agency.

The idea of the V. P. being a member of the Cabinet has expired noiselessly. Another week may work out other conclusions, which seem to me equally inevitable.

Another week brought an adjustment, which, if not a final settlement of the question, was at least a great relief to the President and Cabinet, and popularly acceptable. This was a determination to consult the Whig State Government at Albany, in regard to candidates for Federal offices. Communications, more or less formal, from leading Whigs at Albany, expressed a willingness to assume that responsibility. Seward wrote:

March 24.

Well! The beginning has been successful beyond anticipation. Things have ripened until suspicion has given place to confidence, and weakness to strength.

The V. P. is bland as ever. The Cabinet are sound, the Senators wise, and there is as yet no ascertained way up stairs through the kitchen of the White House.

The V. P., with inimitable *naiveté*, has inquired of me when I would leave the city, saying that he should leave when I should take my departure, so as to prevent the *jealousies of our friends*, respectively. I shall go home next week. Let Governor Fish now write to me when you have any advice to give the Cabinet. Some of the members take *that* point with great respect. It is the State Administration at Albany that is to be strengthened, and the Governor is its acknowledged head. This saves the necessity of deciding between the V. P. and the Senator.

March 29.

The *Intelligencer* of to-morrow will contain my vindication of General Taylor on the "Free Soil" question. It was approved in full Cabinet, the President presiding, in my presence, and ordered printed. All trouble is at an end. I shall have much to tell you. Something about the Boston matters, etc.

To Lieutenant-Governor Patterson, he wrote:

March 29.

Your letter came with the general epistle. This latter finishes every thing. All was ripe for it. It was read by the Secretary of State, before the President and Cabinet, assembled in my own presence. All were satisfied and gratified. New York rose up before them, a great, unanimous, confiding Whig State. You cannot imagine how grateful I am, nor how effectually this seasonable step has removed all difficulties. Every member of the Cabinet breathed more freely.

CHAPTER XIV.

1849.

Old World Revolutions. Free Schools. Life of John Quincy Adams. Southern Trip. Charleston Hospitality. Judge Wayne. Disunionism. Death of S. S. Seward. A Month at Florida. His Executorship. The Institute. Old Letters. A Railroad to the Pacific. Closing up Law Business. Pennsylvania Whigs and Clayton. The Premiership.

In 1849, the Old World seemed to be marching in the road toward Republicanism. The Emperor of Austria had abdicated. The Pope, though he had commenced a career of reform, had been unable to keep up with the demands of Italian reformers. Revolution had broken out in Rome, and he had fled. Louis Napoleon had been elected President of the French Republic, and it was fondly predicted that his peaceful and Republican career would rival the martial and monarchical one of his uncle.

California was still debatable ground, but a flood of emigrants from the free States was pouring into it by sea and land. Fresh gold discoveries, in a hundred different localities, were attracting new-comers, and a Provisional Government was talked of. In New York, among the notable enterprises on foot, was a railway company to build a line across the Isthmus of Panama. Another company was already digging and blasting for a track up the east bank of the Hudson river. At Albany, the law was passed establishing free schools throughout the State.

At home once more, Seward was preparing for his Southern trip. A literary labor was just approaching completion. This was a life of John Quincy Adams. He had begun it at the request of Derby, Miller & Co., shortly after delivering the eulogy of the previous year, hoping always to find leisure, which never came. He worked upon it at intervals during his multiplied engagements. When at last he was called to new and engrossing duties at Washington, it was evident that he would have no time to finish it. So it was agreed with the publishers to call in the aid of Rev. John M. Austin of Auburn, who, with such materials and suggestions as Seward could give him, took up the work and soon had it ready for the press. In April it was issued, and had an extended sale.

The last week in April found him on his way southward. Pausing a day at Washington, to see the President and his brother, Colonel Taylor, he then took the steamer down the Potomac. Arriving at Charleston on the 28th, he remained there nearly a fortnight, attending the Circuit Court held there by Mr. Justice Wayne. His letters home described the progress of his cases and arguments in the "hot court-room," and dwelt with pleasure upon the "genial hospitality" he found in Charleston. He met at dinners and parties, the Petigrus, Kings, Duncan, Rhett, Memminger, Haines, and others, with whom acquaintance was renewed in after years. He was especially struck with "the depth and hold which the doctrine of disunion seemed to have gained" upon leading minds in South Carolina. At Washington, disunion sentiments were usually only heard in the heat of debate. But here in Charleston they were discussed with philosophic calmness, at the dinner table, and the consequences to flow from them "regarded with hope rather than dread."

Returning home in May, he remained there during the summer, except when called to attend court at Canandaigua and Cooperstown.

In August he was called to Florida, by intelligence of the illness of his father. Though for some years more or less infirm, and now over eighty years old, the elder Seward retained a stock of vigorous vitality that enabled him to surmount the attack. But later it recurred and ended in his death. His descendants, now numbering more than a score, gathered with friends and neighbors at the old mansion-house in the little mountain village to attend his funeral. As one of the oldest residents of that region, he was widely known. White-haired men and women, from all parts of Orange county, came to share in the obsequies of their contemporary. His pastor, the Rev. Mr. Pierson, conducted the funeral services in the Presbyterian Church, where

he had been so long and constant an attendant. Then the hearse moved slowly down the winding road, across the meadows, to the family vault in the distant hillside, which years ago he constructed to receive the remains of his kindred. Now its grated door closed upon his own.

Seward remained for several weeks in the paternal home attending to family affairs, and to new duties now devolved upon him. His father's will named him and his kinsman, George M. Grier of Goshen, executors and trustees of an estate not inconsiderable in amount and somewhat varied in character. They were also to take charge of the "S. S. Seward Institute," which had been the favorite enterprise of the testator's declining years. Huge bundles of papers and great volumes of accounts, all in precise order, attested how methodical had been the old man's habits throughout a long and energetic business life. Carefully tied and labeled files of old family letters showed his strong affection for kindred, nearly every one of whom he had at some time helped; then chided and rebuked; then helped again. One of the incidents of the search through these dusty files was the discovery of the kindly notes of La Fayette, inviting father and son to visit him at Lagrange in 1833, and bidding them adieu on quitting Paris. Another was a sheet ten years older, but evidently preserved with pride, on which in boyish, but ambitious chirography, "Henry" was announcing his decision to establish himself at Auburn to practice law.

While at Florida there came a letter from St. Louis inviting him to take part in a convention in favor of a railroad to the Pacific. The discovery of gold in California, the rush of emigrants thither, and the hardships and delays encountered by them, had suggested the idea of such a railway; but the project looked so gigantic and costly as to be deemed visionary by prudent people. It was derided as the "Moonshine Railway," the "Great American Desert Line," etc. Seward had faith in its practicability, and in its ultimate necessity. Unable to attend the Convention, he wrote in reply, adverting to the almost "magical development" of the Pacific coast. He said the streams of emigration thither, from East and West, indicated that the ultimate destiny of the United States is to bring together, under one popular government, men of every race and clime. He concluded by promising "the most disinterested and diligent efforts in support of the proposed enterprise," adding that "it ought not to be left for States yet to be organized, and even yet to be peopled, to construct, link by link, the chain which the Federal power ought to forge at a single blow."

He wrote home:

UNITED STATES COURT-ROOM,
PHILADELPHIA, *October* 26, 1849.

The city of Philadelphia is full of jealousies which are very likely to disturb the security of the Cabinet at Washington this winter. The opposition to Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, is very vigorous and revengeful. They are looking out for a successor to supplant him. They seem to have even supposed that I was to be used for such a purpose! But fortunately, if I was weak in virtue and in political sagacity, the post of a minister and even a premier has no temptation for me.

October 28.

Here we are at the verge of November, and of winter, and of Congress; and I am fastened, apparently faster than ever, to this professional treadmill. Little has been done to help detach you and the family, less to detach myself, from home and its cares; and nothing can be done to qualify myself for the arduous duties and immense responsibilities of Congress. Mr. Latrobe's speech yesterday was a master effort. I shall come into the ring in the course of a day or two. This getting out of the law goes very roughly.

ASTOR HOUSE, *November* 11, 1849.

The Philadelphia lawyers left me at twelve last night. I fought my way out to church this morning, and was repaid for my energy by a beautiful discourse from Dr. Wainwright. It was at Trinity, a place where our service appears most solemn and impressive. After church I called, with a committee of the Common Council, on Father Matthew, whom I found just what he had been described, a pure, benevolent, plain, unassuming man, of gentle speech and great simplicity of manners.

Now I am going to drive with Horace Greeley, and I think I shall be able to observe Father Matthew's precepts under the circumstances of the case.

CHAPTER XV.

1849–1850.

Residence in Washington. Opening of Congress. The Contest over the Speakership. The New York Delegation. Disunion Talk. The "Father Matthew" Debate. A Biographical Sketch. Judge Conkling. New Year's Day. Colonel Benton. Mrs. Hamilton. The Hungarian Struggle. Governor Ujhazi. Land for the Exiles. Taylor's California Message. The "President's Plan."

A HOUSE in Washington was now found, and hastily equipped and furnished. It was a respectable, unpretending, red brick structure on F. street, and was one of a block of three ordinary city houses, each twenty-five feet wide, and all just alike. This was his first home

in Washington. Not more than a stone's throw from the Post-Office, and Patent-Office, and the shops on Seventh street, it was convenient for a residence, and within walking distance of the Capitol. In the adjoining house on the left, lived Mr. Winder, the builder and owner of the great white building, occupied by the offices of the War Department. On the right lived Major Weightman, then lately returned from New Mexico. Two doors beyond, was the residence of Governor Crawford of Georgia, the new Secretary of War. Seward had sent down, from Auburn, part of his library, and his writing chair, and established his study in the basement. Above were parlor and dining-room, with bed-rooms in the second and third stories. His family during the first winter comprised Mrs. Seward, a son who had just graduated at college, and had come to be his father's private secretary, the two younger children, also a niece, making her first visit to the capital, and his old friend, Mr. Schoolcraft, who was now the Representative in Congress from the Albany district. He wrote to Weed:

WASHINGTON, *Nov.* 30, 1849.

We arrived here on Wednesday evening. There is nothing wrong here, so far as we are concerned in New York. I have seen, however, only the President, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. Ewing.

The malcontents of the South mean to be factious; and they expect to compel compromise. I think the P. as willing to try conclusions with them, as General Jackson was with the Nullifiers.

Nov. 30, 1849.

The message will be C—'s. It will be good, shorter than its predecessors, but not short enough. It will be Whig through and through, firm but moderate. Its contents have been stated to me.

I have advised that the Whigs reject all questions of candidates; and stand by and fast to Winthrop. The caucus comes off to-morrow evening.

On the morning of Monday, the 3d of December, the flags were hoisted. The Thirty-first Congress began its session — a session destined to be long and stormy. It commenced with a struggle, in the House of Representatives, over the Speakership. The Whigs had renominated Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts. The Democrats had nominated Howell Cobb of Georgia. But neither party could concentrate its full vote on its candidate. Five of the Southern Whigs would not vote for Winthrop. Some of the Free Soil Democrats would not vote for Cobb. As a majority of the whole House was required to elect a Speaker, there was no choice. Anti-slavery men were baffled. Southern men were exultant. Seward wrote:

Dec. 3, 1849.

I do not waste time in telling you what the telegraph communicates to you. You will know about the Speakership long before this can reach you. The

gentlemen of extreme opinions in the South are preparing an issue, which can have no danger for the country, but which will probably relieve the Administration. The President will be put on the north side of the Mason's and Dixon's line; and he will not flinch from any duty. Nothing is talked of here but this insane course of the defenders of slavery. The honors and rewards of compromise will be the object of emulation, among several gentlemen of both parties, advanced in years, and desirous of being considered conservators of the Union.

There will be no need of passion or of any demonstration on the part of us who, not frightened at the attempt of disorganization, mean to stand firm on the rights of California and New Mexico to be free. I want that we should show that the virtue of moderation belongs to us.

I have received the Governor's excellent and noble letter, and shall answer it as soon as I can form any opinion on the questions he submits to me in regard to the general policy of the party at home.

I gave up my seat in the Senate to Mr. Underwood, who relinquished his to Mr. Hale, as a consideration for his resigning to Mr. Clay, who thus secured his old place.

It is quite important that Mr. Dickinson should come here with right disposition.

WASHINGTON, *December* 4, 1849.

The Senate adjourned, leaving the House balloting for a Speaker.

It is not unlikely that the Democrats may attempt to break up the Legation at Vienna, under pretense of sympathy with the revolutionists. I incline to support the mission on the ground that the American Republic owes it to the people of Europe, to be represented in the most arbitrary courts, to encourage the hopes of Republicans throughout the world.

WASHINGTON, *December* 7, 1849.

Mr. Schoolcraft reports the delegation as being much more nearly right than we had supposed them to be. You see that the Whigs, standing firm, have caused their adversaries to break on the Speaker question.

December 8, 1849.

I detest and loathe this running to the President every day to protest against this man and that. I went yesterday to Reverdy Johnson and to the Secretary of State, and told them that I did not mean to trouble the President unnecessarily. I wish the friends at home would leave it so.

December 9, 1849.

No Speaker yet and no definite idea when there will be. I have been three hours with Mr. Clayton, and with Mr. Meredith.

Nearly three weeks were consumed in fruitless attempts to effect the choice. Sixty-two ballotings were taken, and between them occurred heated debates and recriminations. One day Mr. Bowen of Indiana was nearly elected by a hasty combination, which then collapsed amid great excitement. At last, on the 22d of December, it

was decided to let a plurality determine the result. This elected Howell Cobb. So the Democrats had control of the organization of both Chambers.

The New York delegation in this Congress was a strong one. Of the thirty-four New York members the larger part were Whigs. Of these Whigs, at least three-quarters were in hearty political accord. Among them were John A. King, Charles E. Clarke, Harvey Putnam, Elijah Risley, O. B. Matteson, John L. Schoolcraft, William A. Sackett, Elbridge G. Spaulding, and A. M. Schermerhorn, all old personal friends. Among the Democrats was Preston King.

The House, as a whole, contained many members whose names were then, or have since become historic. Massachusetts had sent Horace Mann and Robert C. Winthrop, Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens and David Wilmot, North Carolina, Edward Stanley, Georgia had sent Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, and Thomas Butler King, Alabama, Henry W. Hilliard, Mississippi, Albert J. Brown and Jacob Thompson, Louisiana, Charles W. Conrad, Ohio had Joshua R. Giddings, David A. Carter, Robert C. Schenck, Samuel F. Vinton, and Lewis D. Campbell, Kentucky had Linn Boyd, Tennessee had Andrew Johnson and Frederick P. Stanton, Illinois had Edward D. Baker, John A. McClernand, and John Wentworth, Wisconsin, Charles Durkee, and Minnesota, Henry K. Sibley.

The Speakership contest having been settled on Saturday, President Taylor, on Monday morning, sent in his message. Of course, the part most eagerly listened to, as it was read from the Clerk's desk, was that which declared the President's policy in regard to the new territories. This was sagacious and clear. Shortly after his inauguration, he had sent out to the Pacific coast Thomas Butler King of Georgia, to invite the people of California and New Mexico to form State Constitutions, and with them apply for admission into the Union. This was the "President's plan," and to the ordinary observer, it seemed to be a much more speedy and practicable plan, than either the plan of "disunion" or the plan of "compromise." But it was not satisfactory to those who deemed an "equilibrium" necessary, between free and slave States, nor to those who wanted slavery extended. Seward having heartily concurred in the President's invitation when it was sent, was still more heartily disposed to approve and defend its results, now that it had brought California to the door of Congress with a "free State" Constitution.

During the debates Southern feeling was manifested in expressions and threats that created alarm. One Representative said: "If slavery is to be abolished in the District, or prohibited in the territories,

I trust in God, that my eyes have rested upon the last Speaker of the House of Representatives." Another said: "I do not hesitate to own before this House, and the country, and in the presence of a living God, that if, by your legislation, you seek to drive us from the territories, and to abolish slavery in this District, I am for disunion." In one wing of the Capitol, it was said, that "the day in which aggression is consummated, on any portion of the country, this Union is dissolved;" and in the other wing, a Senator echoed that the Union was "already dissolved." The deep dissatisfaction which existed at the South, in view of the possibility that slave-holders might be forbidden to take their slaves to California, was manifested in both Chambers, nearly every day.

Rev. Theobald Matthew, or "Father Matthew," as he was familiarly called, had, by his precepts and example, induced thousands of Irishmen to sign the temperance pledge. Not only reclaimed drunkards, and reunited families, but whole communities, held "the Irish Apostle of Temperance" in affectionate esteem. Crowds flocked to listen to his preaching. In pursuing his benevolent work he had come to America; and this winter was visiting Washington. A motion was made, one day, to invite him to a seat within the bar of the Senate. Probably no objection would have been made, had not somebody discovered that his name had been appended, with that of O'Connell, to an anti-slavery appeal to the Irishmen of America. Instantly, fierce opposition was made to the resolution.

Seward, joining in the debate, defended Father Matthew, saying, that while his devotion to temperance was a merit, his devotion to the rights of man was an additional one. The resolution was adopted by thirty-three to eighteen, — a good many of those who disliked it, not caring to put themselves on record against it. Writing to Weed, Seward said:

Dec. 27, 1849.

I have received your letter in which you approve of my affair with the Southerners, in Father Matthew's case.

The Southern leader in the Senate is morose. The others let him take the whole control. The Northern men are tame, indolent, pusillanimous. If I could show the Northern and Southern men that I was of different metal, and yet not a querulous and discontented man, it was well. I suppose you see, that I shall only be found fault with, for working too much. All outsiders come to me, as an organ; and the favor I bear, for being true to the President, will make me an object of hatred.

Replying to Fowler & Wells, of New York, in reference to a proposed biographical sketch, he wrote:

Dec. 29, 1849.

I feel sensibly that my life has been spent in good wishes for the improvement of mankind; and that I have accomplished very little worth recording. What seem to me the prejudices of ages that are past, hang like a cloud upon this generation, and prevent them from distinguishing truth, justice, and freedom. He who advocates these is thought a disturber, a demagogue. I do not think the opinion can be changed in our day; and I have not been able to do any thing, to send my name down to a future one. I have, therefore, resigned myself to misapprehension. Yet all this neither affects my cheerfulness or my resolution to persevere.

Near the closing of the year, Seward presented a petition in the Senate, for the abolition of liquors and flogging in the U. S. Navy. He explained and advocated the reform in a brief speech.

Writing to an old friend and neighbor, Judge Conkling, in reference to some of the debates, he said:

I am *alone*, in the Senate, and in Congress, and about in the United States, alone. While adhering faithfully to the Whigs, I dare to hold on the disallowed rights of disfranchised men and classes. I must stand in that solitude, and maintain it, or fall altogether. The world is full of men who can avoid it dexterously; and they do it. I would not have their places, or mine, at that expense. Hence I spoke.

A bright, clear, crisp, winter morning ushered in the first New Year's day of Seward's Washington life. One of Mrs. Seward's letters narrates how the day was spent.

We made but three visits — first to see Mrs. Benton. The Colonel was very agreeable. We took a cup of chocolate, and were introduced to his two daughters. From there we drove to Mrs. Adams, who did not receive. Then we went to Mrs. Hamilton. Here I was much interested, not only by the lady herself, but by the ancient furniture and pictures which decorated her rooms. Mrs. Holley, a widowed daughter who lives with her, received us and presented us to her mother. She, though very old (96) and very feeble, insisted upon rising to receive and take leave of her guests. The room was full when we went in, but they soon withdrew and left us alone. Mrs. Hamilton recollected Henry, and told us many interesting things about the furniture and pictures. The original picture of Washington by Stuart, a bust of Hamilton, a picture of both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, a cake-basket of silver filigree work one hundred years old, a table presented by Washington, and many other things were examined with an interest which you will easily conceive. I returned home, and Henry went with the young people to the President's and all the Cabinet. In the mean time, I had innumerable calls at home, both ladies and gentlemen, according to the custom here.

During the past year Americans had watched with interest the struggle of the Hungarians for constitutional government. When

at last the revolution was crushed by the combined armies of Austria and Russia, and when Gorgey had laid down his arms, Komorn had been captured, and Kossuth's power overthrown, there were various public and private demonstrations of sympathy in the United States. General Cass introduced a resolution and made a speech in the Senate, suggesting the expediency of suspending diplomatic relations with Austria. Toward the close of the year, it had become known that Governor Ujhazi, and several other Hungarians of note, were about to seek refuge in America. Seward offered a resolution in regard to the conduct of the powers in "subverting the nationality and liberties of Hungary," and instructing the Committee on Public Lands to inquire into the propriety of granting a portion of public domain to such exiles. This led to debate; Douglas opposing the project as making a distinction between native and foreign-born citizens; others objecting that the public lands "ought to be used for the expenses of the Federal Government," and not "as a charity fund." Seward, in reply on the first point, said that, if the question must be raised, he was free to say that —

> The man who is expelled by tyranny from his own land, in consequence of an effort to establish its nationality and independence, I give, in my sympathies, a preference over the one who has lost nothing, done nothing, suffered nothing, for his own freedom or the freedom of mankind. Further than this, I would not go; and if the Senator from Illinois has inferred that I have sympathies for men of other lands, in preference to my own countrymen, he does me an injustice.

As to the other point, he answered:

> I have never been in favor of making the profits arising from the sale of public lands a source of ordinary revenue in the operations of the government. I have always maintained, and I think I always shall maintain, that it is a great fund, the common property of the whole people of the United States, properly to be applied to objects of great national improvement and beneficence.

While the question was still pending, Governor Ujhazi and his friends arrived in New York, renounced all allegiance to Austria, and took the preliminary steps to become American citizens. Coming on to Washington, they were presented to President Taylor and his daughter, at one of the Friday evening receptions at the White House, where the bronzed features of some and the picturesque costumes of others attracted no little attention. Seward gave them a dinner. The President invited them to another, and various marks of courtesy and welcome were extended to them by people of all parties.

On the 21st the President sent into Congress his special message,

in reply to a resolution of inquiry, as to his proceedings in regard to California and New Mexico. In it he narrated his sending Thomas Butler King to those Territories to inform their people of his desire that they should form Constitutions, and apply for admission as States. It was understood that the Californians, concurring in a suggestion so much in accord with their own wishes, had already held a convention and framed a Constitution, which was now on its way. In that Constitution slavery was prohibited. Under it, State officers and members of Congress had been elected, and the whole work now only lacked the sanction of Congress.

The President's plan was one difficult to attack, yet it was not at all acceptable to Southern men, who saw that it would inevitably bring both Territories in as free States. Various projects were proposed in Congress to change or delay this outcome, among them bills to provide territorial governments for California, Deseret, and New Mexico, as well as bills to change the boundary of Texas, and bills to insure the recapture of fugitive slaves. But all these were soon to be eclipsed by, or merged in, a more imposing scheme.

CHAPTER XVI.

1850.

Clay's Compromise. Personalities in Debate. The Right of Petition. Southern Threats. Calhoun's Forebodings. Bell's Resolutions. Legislative Instructions. Webster's Seventh of March Speech. Seward's California Speech. His Course Outlined.

One day toward the close of January, Henry Clay rose from his chair in the Senate Chamber, and waving a roll of papers, with dramatic eloquence and deep feeling, announced to a hushed auditory that he held in his hand a series of resolutions proposing an amicable arrangement of all questions growing out of the subject of slavery.

Read and explained by its author this plan of compromise was to admit California, and to establish territorial governments in New Mexico, and the other portions of the regions acquired from Mexico, without any provisions for or against slavery — to pay the debt of Texas and fix her western boundary — to declare that it was "inexpedient" to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but "expedient" to put some restrictions on the slave trade there, to pass a new and more stringent fugitive slave law, and to formally deny that Congress had any power to obstruct the slave trade between the States.

Upon this plan of compromise and the modifications afterward made in it, began that long debate, since become historic, which engrossed the attention of Congress and the country for eight weary months. At the outset, many of those who had threatened "Disunion," opposed "Clay's Compromise," because it did not go far enough, while the "Wilmot Proviso" men were equally resolute in opposing it, because it went too far. Seward, with many other Northern Whigs, adhered to the "President's Plan," as being a much more just and speedy way of solving the problem. Avowing himself unterrified by the threats of "Disunion," he insisted that neither "Compromise" nor the "Fugitive Slave Law" was necessary, and that it was both the right and the duty of Congress to admit the Territories as free States, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and the slave trade between the States.

Southern feeling was predominant in the Senate Chamber, as it had been for many years. Neither of the two great parties was opposed to slavery, and the recognized leaders of both were men of Southern birth. Seward found very early after taking his seat among the "conscript fathers," that he was regarded as the legitimate object of suspicions, sneers, and attacks. His record in regard to slavery was studied, and it showed him to have declared not only for "Free Soil," but for emancipation. That he represented a great State, that he was a Whig, and a party leader, instead of mitigating his offense, increased it. Such formidable backing made him more "dangerous." That he had the confidence of the President, and on some topics spoke as by authority for the Administration, excited jealousies. Vials of wrath were poured out upon him, when he rose to speak on indifferent topics; and even when he sat silently in his chair. At one time a Senator rose solemnly and in a portentous voice read the passage from Seward's Cleveland speech, in which he said: "Slavery can and must be abolished, and you and I can and must do it;" and thereupon, if a contemporary newspaper report can be trusted, "a shudder ran through his auditory."

If, on the floor of the Senate, the arrogant tone toward him was at all tempered by the usages or courtesies of debate, no such limits restrained those addressed to him through the press or the mail-bag. Every morning brought him scurrilous anonymous letters and newspapers with marked articles, whose invective varied from that of "Junius" to that of "Billingsgate."

Northern readers were at first surprised and puzzled by the amount of vituperation visited upon the new Senator from New York. It was evidently unprovoked by any like utterances of his own, for he never

dealt in personalities. That opinions on abstract political questions were to be resented as personal grievances, or to be controverted by personal insults, was not so easy to comprehend north of Mason's and Dixon's line as south of it. What the Northern farmer deemed a question of philosophy, politics, and philanthropy, the Southern planter regarded as a design to rob him of his "property" duly inherited or bought. The Southern slave-holder viewed the "Abolitionist" with a dread and disgust akin to that which the Western farmer has for the horse-thief. It was believed by many that the attacks upon Seward were studied and preconcerted, in order to draw him into an affray or duel. If any such purpose was entertained, it was thwarted by the philosophic indifference with which he listened to the diatribes, and the calm composure with which he adverted to them.

On one such occasion Mrs. Seward happened to be in the gallery. Describing the scene in a letter to her sister she said:

I spent the morning in the Senate Chamber. Henry* said a few words about Austria, which drew upon him the tornado; not because they cared what he said, but because one who entertained anti-slavery principles should venture to speak at all. I wish you could have heard the speeches; that which is published gives you but a faint idea of the violence or vulgarity of that which was spoken. I amused myself by watching its effect upon the different members of the Senate. Henry looked the personification of indifference, with his face turned directly toward the speaker.

Henry Clay smiled occasionally at the sallies of wit, which were about like those we hear from the clown at the circus. Daniel Webster looked grave — I saw no muscle of his face relax.

The Vice-President was fidgety, occasionally grasping the little mallet, with the intention apparently of interrupting the speaker; then relaxing his grasp and leaning back with a hopeless air as though overcome by his pertinacity. Col. Benton (who, by the way, is one of the finest-looking men in the Senate) must have written over a half of quire of paper, as he never raised his eyes or checked the motion of his fingers. Of course the Democratic side of the house enjoyed the speeches much more than the Whigs generally, and this difference was perceptible also in the listeners on the different sides — nearly the whole of the House of Representatives having come in as spectators.

After the trial of Freeman you can believe me when I tell you that I was little moved. I speak truly when I say that my strongest sentiment was contempt and pity for malice so impotent. Those who are friendly to Henry only feared that he might be tempted to reply. Even John Davis, who is phlegmatic enough, said that *he* could not have kept his seat.

Much as I love Henry I feel that my love and respect are both augmented by his present position. When I looked upon his slight form, and thought that it embodied the only spirit sufficiently fearless to vindicate human rights,

* William Henry Seward.

yet combined with a moderation and Christian charity which can alone render such efforts effective, I felt that it was good for me to be there, it was a sight calculated to make our

"Faith more strong
In high humanity."

I have no misgiving about the final result; sooner or later the righteous cause must prevail.

Early in the session Seward announced the rule which would govern his action in such matters. He remarked:

I assail the motives of no Senator. I am not to be drawn into personal altercations by any interrogatories addressed to me. I acknowledge the patriotism, the wisdom, the purity of every member of this body. I never have assailed the motives of honorable Senators in any instance. I never shall. When my own are assailed, I stand upon my own position. My life and acts must speak for me. I shall not be my own defender or advocate.

From this he did not swerve during his twelve years' senatorial career. One of Dr. Nott's letters to him said:

I am glad to see that you do not lose temper; that you do not "return railing for railing;" but that no array of talent, no manifestation of rage deters you from speaking and acting as a freeman ought. You stand in no need of my advice, and were I to suppose you did, I should only say "persevere;" be calm, be courteous; just to the South, but true to your own principles.

His letters to Weed after a visit from him, said:

WASHINGTON, *January* 25, 1850.

I cannot agree that you shall reach home before a note from me shall await you there, thanking you most fervently for the kind, fraternal and wise counsel that you gave me in that parting interview, whose solemnity I shall never forget.

It was necessary, for I had been tried in new vexations, and had been confounded with conflicting admonitions and instructions. I now see my way clear, and from this moment I shall devote my time, what I can save of it, to a bold yet careful sketch of the destiny of this country and its races; and, from that point, I will demonstrate the certain deliverance of the continent from slavery to be inevitable, and the dissolution of the Union to be impossible.

This will be, if possible, my first, and I hope my only speech this session; and it may be months before I shall be ready to make it.

February 2, 1850.

Did it ever fall to the lot of any man, in such a conjuncture of his own fame and interests, to fall into the Senate of the United States in such a national and legislative crisis as this?

My entrance into the Executive office in Albany bewildered me, but that experience was nothing compared to my trials here. In both cases, however, I have enjoyed your aid, and in both the malignity of adversaries has done for me more than I could do for myself. But let this pass.

This week will be occupied with Southern demonstrations.
My Hungarian Bill will be defeated.

February 3, 1850.

I saw the P. on Friday. I had a good occasion and opportunity. I told him that he would get no favor nor forbearance from Congress; that faction would run into sedition; that, having saved the Union, he would be re-elected. He understands himself.

Representing a populous and busy State, Seward, of course, had many petitions sent him, for presentation to the Senate. Among them were some praying for cheap postage; some for abolition of flogging, and grog, in the Navy; some for opening of public lands to actual settlers; some for mitigating damages by Mississippi floods; one or two for the improvement of the Harlem river; the establishment of a Coast Life Saving Service; and an occasional one for a railroad and telegraph to the Pacific. But the great mass of them were for freedom in the territories, and for trial by jury for fugitive slaves. All the other petitions were received and referred to committees, as a matter of course. But there was, for some time, strenuous opposition to the reception of any anti-slavery petitions whatever. However, the Senate at last concluded to allow them to be presented; provided they were at once laid upon the table, and not taken up afterward. In the course of the debate, Seward took occasion to say:

I have never yet seen the petition of any human being that I would not receive; and I do not know that I ever shall. The Constitution imposes no restriction or modification upon the right of petition. We are not above giving reasons to our fellow men. The Senate of the United States is not above the petition of the humblest citizen of the United States.

Seward's bold utterances on questions concerning which many deemed it wiser to temporize, led to animated debates at Albany. His supporters in the Legislature introduced and advocated resolutions, sustaining his course in regard to the Hungarian exiles, the rivers and harbors, and slavery extension. His opponents as warmly opposed them; but, after a struggle, they were adopted, and sent on to Washington.

Governor Fish, in one of his letters, remarked:

Our Democratic Assembly finds a difficulty in the expression of its sentiments on the subject of the extension of slavery. I think it will find a voice, although it be late in attaining to the power of intelligible articulation.

Mr. Clay's resolutions, unsatisfactory as they were, to anti-slavery men, at first met with objections from Southern members. One "deeply regretted the admission that slavery did not exist in the ter-

ritories." Several would "never assent to the doctrine that slaveholders could not go there, taking their property with them." Some questioned the validity of the Mexican decree, abolishing slavery in New Spain, and doubted the constitutionality of any attempt on the part of Congress to exclude it. Prognostications and threats of "disunion" were freely made.

On the other hand, there began to be signs of a growing disposition, on the part of many Northern men, to give up the "Proviso" for the sake of peace; and to follow the lead of Mr. Clay. Conservative Southern Whigs were quite ready to meet these half way. Seward's position was regarded as "ultra" by both classes; and it not unfrequently happened that, on questions in the Senate relating to slavery, only three Senators, Seward, Chase, and Hale, would be found voting together, on one side, while all the other Senators present were arrayed against them, on the other.

Newspapers, received from all parts of the country, showed that elsewhere, as well as at the capital, the proposed compromise was an engrossing topic. Great meetings were held at the North in support of it. State Legislatures took ground, for and against it. Fresh fuel was added to the heated discussion by a new "Fugitive Slave Law," introduced by Senator Mason of Virginia, and by the talk of Southern Conventions, and "Secret Southern Caucuses." Absurd rumors found credence. One day there was alarm and excitement in the lobbies, over a story that the House of Representatives was "to be broken up by Southern men, coming armed for contest." The next, the story was, that there would be "no shooting," but that the Southern members would "withdraw in a body."

California contributed her quota to the excitement of the hour. Her new Constitution was received, published, and commented upon. Dr. Gwin and Col. Fremont had been chosen her first Senators; and were on their way to Washington.

March was an eventful month. Time enough had elapsed for each Senator to receive, from the press and people of his State, their response, in regard to Clay's proposed compromise. Resolutions *pro* and *con* had come from different Legislatures. The great Castle Garden Union meeting, and other similar gatherings, had shown that there was a growing "Compromise" feeling in the commercial cities.

Each of the leaders in senatorial debate felt that the hour had come for him to declare whether he was for or against it. Mr. Bell of Tennessee had introduced a new series of resolutions similar in principle, but differing in detail. Mr. Calhoun, though in failing health, obtained the floor for a speech. Everybody awaited it with great inter-

est, regarding him as the acknowledged exponent of Southern opinion. A short time before, when the Vermont resolutions were under consideration, he had said in solemn tones, felt at the time to be prophetic:

I have long labored faithfully — faithfully — to repress the encroachment of the North. At the commencement, I saw where it would end, and must end, and I despair of ever seeing it arrested in Congress. It will go to its end, for gentlemen have already yielded to the current of the North, which they admit here they cannot resist. Sir, what the South will do is not for me to say. They will meet it, in my opinion, as it ought to be met.

He was to speak again on the 4th of March. An expectant throng filled the Senate Chamber. His gaunt figure and attenuated features attested that he had risen from a sick bed; but his fiery eyes and unshaken voice showed he had no intention of abandoning the contest. In a few words he explained that his health would not permit him to deliver the speech he had prepared, but that "his friend the Senator behind him (Mason) would read it for him." Beginning by saying that he had "believed from the first that the agitation of the subject of slavery would, if not prevented by some timely and effective measure, end in 'disunion,'"— the speech opposed Clay's plan of adjustment; attacked the President's plan; adverted to the growing feeling that the South could not remain in Union "with safety and honor;" pointed out the gradual snapping, one after another, of the links which held the Union together, and expressed the most gloomy forebodings for the future.

Three days later a similar, or greater, throng gathered to listen to Webster's great "7th of March speech," which has ever since been recorded as marking an era in his life. He rose from his seat near the middle of the chamber, wearing his customary blue coat with metal buttons, and with one hand thrust into the buff vest, stood, during his opening remarks, as impassive as a statue; but growing slightly more animated as he proceeded. Calm, clear, and powerful, his sonorous utterances, while they disappointed thousands of his friends at the North, lent new vigor to the "Compromisers," with whom, it was seen, he would henceforth act.

Seward had the floor for the following Monday. In the morning, before going to the Capitol, he wrote:

March 11.

I have neglected all courtesies and correspondence in the necessary studies for the effort I am about to make to-day. The unlooked-for course of Mr. Webster has prepared the way for me in the North, but has rendered of little value the little of moderation I can practice in regard to the other portion of

the Union. I showed my notes confidentially to Mr. Ewing, and he is satisfied. I went Saturday to confer with the head of the State Department. He was dining out. Last night he was surrounded by company, and we had no private talk. But I found that he hoped more of disregard of Northern sentiment than I can manifest conscientiously, or with my views of safety.

When he rose to speak the galleries were barely filled, and no crowd awaited him in the lobbies or on the floor. What the "ultra" Whig Senator from New York would say was not likely to be to the taste of the dominant circles that day in Washington. Such of his personal friends as were in town, were looking down from their places in the gallery, and several New York Representatives, hastening over from the House, gathered in a small knot in the side aisle near his desk, where they stood and listened. He began by saying:

Four years ago California, a Mexican province, scarcely inhabited and quite unexplored, was unknown even to our desires, except by a harbor, capacious and tranquil, which only statesmen then foresaw would be useful in the commerce of a far-distant future.

Sketching her rapid growth into a State, asking admission into the Union, he said:

I answer: Yes. Let California come in. Every new State, whether she come from the East, or from the West; every new State, coming from whatever part of the continent she may, is always welcome. But California, that comes from the clime where the West dies away into the rising East; California, that bounds at once the empire and the continent; California, the youthful queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold, is doubly welcome.

Taking up the objections raised to her admission, by Calhoun and others, he devoted a considerable portion of his speech to their refutation. Then adverting to the engrossing theme of the hour, he said:

But it is insisted that the admission of California shall be attended by a compromise of questions which have arisen out of slavery. I am opposed to any such compromise in any way, and in all the forms in which it has been proposed. They involve the surrender of the exercise of judgment and conscience, on distinct and separate questions, at distinct and separate times.

Continuing the argument, he pointed out the fallacy of the pretense of "equilibrium between free States and slave States." Enforcing his point by numerous illustrations, he came next to the proposed Fugitive Slave Law, and said:

Your Constitution and laws convert hospitality to the refugee from the most degrading oppression on earth into a crime. But all mankind, except you, esteem that hospitality a virtue. We are not slave-holders. We cannot, in our judgment, be either true Christians or real freemen if we impose on another a chain that we defy all human power to lay on ourselves.

Further argument on this point was followed by an emphatic declaration, that he should oppose the implied condition not to legislate for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

Sir, I shall vote for that measure, and am willing to appropriate any means necessary to carry it into execution. And if I shall be asked what I did to embellish the capital of my country, I will point to her freedmen and say: "These are the monuments of my munificence!"

His next point in relation to the formation of States out of Texas, brought on a colloquy with Mr. Webster, courteous, but earnest, ending in Seward's remark:

Congress can hereafter decide whether any States, free or slave, can be framed out of Texas. If they should never be framed out of Texas, there could be no question about them.

After combating, at some length, the claim that slave-holders had the right, under the Constitution, to go with their slaves into new territories, and so establish slavery there, he gave utterance to the phrase, destined afterward to be so bitterly assailed:

The Constitution regulates our stewardship; the Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defense, to welfare, and to liberty. But *there is a higher law than the Constitution*, which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes.

He came finally to the alarm caused by threats of disunion, and remarked:

That day, I trust, is far off when the fountains of popular contentment shall be broken up. But whenever it shall come it will bring forth a higher illustration than has ever yet been given of the excellence of the system; for then it will be seen how calmly, how firmly, how nobly, a great people can act in preserving their Constitution.

Calling up a picture of what would come "when the founders of the republic of the South come to draw those fearful lines," entailing "border warfare," "stoppage of avenues of travel, trade, and social intercourse," "families and kindred separated and converted into enemies," "new and onerous imposts, direct taxes," and "forced loans," and "conscriptions to maintain an opposing navy, and the new and hateful banner of sedition," he added:

Then the projectors of the new republic of the South will meet the question, and they may well prepare now to answer it. What is all this for? What intolerable wrong, what unfraternal injustice have rendered these calamities unavoidable? What gain will this unnatural revolution bring to us? The answer will be: All this is done to secure the institution of African slavery.

When that answer shall be given it will appear that the question of dissolv-

ing the Union is a complex question; that it embraces the fearful issue, whether the Union shall stand, and slavery, under the steady, peaceful action of moral, social, and political causes, be removed by gradual, voluntary effort, and with compensation, or whether the Union shall be dissolved, *and civil war ensue, bringing on violent, but complete and immediate emancipation.* We are now arrived at that stage of our national progress, when that crisis can be foreseen — when we must foresee it.

Announcing his conviction, that the Union must survive even such a conflict, he said:

The Union, the creature of necessities, physical, moral, social, and political, endures by virtue of them, and these necessities are stronger now than when it was founded.

The Union, then, is, not because merely that men choose that it shall be, but because some government must exist here, and no other government but this can.

As Seward's first message had outlined the principles which governed the whole policy of his State Administration, so this his first elaborate senatorial speech outlined his whole course while he remained in that body.

CHAPTER XVII.

1850.

The Echo to the Speech. Criticisms and Denunciations. "The Higher Law." The Nashville Convention. The Administration. The Galphin Claim. The Committee of Thirteen.

EVERY morning the mail now poured out on the table in Seward's study, an avalanche of letters and newspapers, with criticisms or commendations of the speech. Some of the letters were suggestive. Dr. Nott wrote:

Amid that din of abuse in the midst of which you live and move, I cannot refrain from saying, that the wiser and better part of the community here sympathize with you. For myself, I rejoice that amid this betrayal of trust, this sacrifice of rights, which has characterized this session of Congress, there has been from the "Empire State," one who has dared to speak and act for liberty. God reigns, and because He does so, slavery is doomed. Your speech has made and left an impression that no other speech has. It will be remembered and referred to when the outbreaks of passion it occasioned will be forgotten.

Samuel B. Ruggles wrote:

I took the liberty, although not thereto specially invited, to feel a little anxious for you yesterday. The current running adversely to your views had become tremendous, especially at the Capitol; and I did not scruple to say that *yesterday* was the *very crisis* of your political fate.

I do most cordially and sincerely congratulate you on the result, retaining my right to say more and even to find fault should there be any provocation, when we get the extended speech. As far as I can now discern its outlines, they are *grand*, *continental*, and *majestic*.

Warm, enthusiastic and grateful letters came from the Pacific coast. The boldness of his dissent from such honored leaders as Clay and Webster brought upon him the censure of many of his own party, as well as of the other. His vivid description of what a civil war in the United States would be; and his prediction that it would inevitably bring sudden and violent emancipation, attracted less attention from either friends or foes, than it would have done could they have realized, at that time, that the scenes portrayed would ever actually occur.

His opponents, in both parties, searching for a vulnerable point in his argument, thought they had found one, in what he said about a "higher law." Taken with its carefully worded context, it was only the repetition of a general truth in which all Christendom was supposed to concur. But they held that what he said in one place about the "higher law," and what he said in another place about the "Fugitive Slave Law," implied that he thought such a law one that a humane and Christian people could not, or would not obey. This stirred the anger of those who, though they disliked it, wanted it obeyed, "because it was law;" and because it would conciliate the South. The phrase "Higher Law," became at once the subject of animated discussion. A Whig newspaper at Washington opened the attack on it. Press and pulpit through the country divided in opinion, for and against it. Some writers and speakers inveighed against his teaching, as pernicious, unpatriotic, and wicked. Others claimed that it was moral, philosophical, and Christian. The phrase was repeated, and quoted so often, that it became associated with his name, and with that of his partisans. Nearly every public man of prominence felt himself called upon, at some time during the ensuing year, to define, by speech or pen, precisely what his own views were on the subject of the relative obligations of divine and human laws. Of course these views varied with varying minds and tempers. Beginning with criticism, by the cautious, they ran into rancorous and abusive epithets, by the zealous and violent. The wordy storm raged for months; and was not forgotten during Seward's life-time. He wrote to Weed:

WASHINGTON, *March* 15, 1850.

I have just read your note; and, of course, I am satisfied that the occasion for the difference between Mr. Webster's views and my own was an unfortunate one. But it was there, and had to be met. The first element of political character is sincerity. In any event, this question is to continue through this year, and longer. We know which class of opinion must gain, and which must lose strength.

Remember that my dissent on the fugitive slave question alone would have produced the same denunciation, if I had gone, on all the rest, with Mr. Webster. This thing is to go on to an end, near a revolution. While it is going on, could I, with consistency, or safety, be less bold, or firm. After it shall be over, could I endure that the slightest evidence of irresolution should have been given, on my part?

March 22.

The herculean labor of franking my speech by the 10,000, coming in the midst of so many occupations, has disturbed my equilibrium for correspondence, as badly as California disturbs Mr. Calhoun's.

The *Republic* says Bell's and Webster's plan is the same as the President's. The *Union* says the President *adheres to his own*. There is a plot to sell out the Proviso, for a tariff. One, who is in it, proposed it to the President. He got no sympathy.

The Southern agitators are recoiling, under the apprehension of the stigma of the "Hartford Convention." I think you will do well to look to *that*. The Northern papers should speak out, firmly and strongly, to their representatives, and all will go well. There is enough timidity, in the House, to *cave in*, if that is not done. The Nashville Convention drags so feebly, that it can be scattered to the winds, if the Northern press is bold. All things here are changed. In lieu of affected contempt, I have now rancorous malignity to encounter from the South, and, instead of distrust from the North, I meet generous confidence and respect.

March 31.

I have been, for the last fortnight, franking my speech, and the labor continues as oppressive as ever. About 100,000 have gone from here, and nearly half of them under my own frank. Your apprehensions of evil, from it, have given me much pain. I have reflected upon the exigency upon which I spoke, and the question which demanded examination. I have studied the criticisms upon the effort, with what abatement of self-esteem I could; and after all this, with the single exception of the argument in poor Freeman's case, it is the only speech I ever made that contains nothing that I could afford to strike out or qualify.

I am not able to see how I could have defended the right, as I was bound to defend it, in any other way; or even how I could have served the Administration or the Whig party; not to say how I could have maintained my own position and character, had I spoken otherwise. I know there is carping and caviling. But if people can carp at the recognition of the fear of God as the beginning of wisdom, or the truthfulness with which I have shown the

cruelty of compacts between white men to oppress black ones, what could I have said that would not have provoked more just and more severe censure? I *know* that I have spoken words that will tell when I am dead, and even while I am living, for the benefit and blessing of mankind; and for myself this is consolation enough. I am content that God has given me the place and the occasion; and I should be willing to close my legislative career with this honest and faithful beginning of it.

April 1.

There is need of counsel here about the "Galphin Claim." Thoughtlessness has brought the Administration into a strait, from which they cannot escape with honor and safety, without the resignation of, at least, the Secretary of War and the Attorney-General, if not also of the Secretary of the Treasury; $192,000 of *interest*, allowed contrary to settled custom, and nearly half of it going directly into the hands of the Secretary of War, makes a startling case! The Secretary of the Treasury pleads the opinion of the Attorney-General; and both of them plead absolute ignorance that the Secretary of War had any interest in it.

One of the Washington correspondents said:

Since Seward's speech he is overwhelmed with letters and papers of commendation. He receives not less than a hundred a day. Among them are letters from lawyers, thanking him for his logic, and from clergymen, professors, teachers, and philanthropists, commending his utterances about the "Higher Law." Some are in the shape of resolutions and petitions.

But his correspondence was by no means wholly of this character. It reflected the local opinions and temper of the times. Abusive and threatening anonymous letters were frequent. Of this class of communications the following is a fair specimen. With varying forms of threat and epithet, they continued coming, with little intermission, during his whole official life:

SAVANNAH, *January* 22, 1850.

Mr. SEWARD:

Sir—I see you have commenced with your damnable abolition petitions again. Now, sir, allow me to say to you, that if we ever find you in Georgia, you will forfeit your odious neck, you scamp. How dare you meddle with the South? We have hemp and flax here for you, you scoundrel.

GEORGIA SAVANNAH.

Occasionally there would be an earnest remonstrance or entreaty from some old friend, urging him to "follow the guidance of such noble spirits" as Clay and Webster, Cass and Calhoun, to "uphold the compromises of the Constitution" and "discard his peculiar tastes for the Irish and the Negroes."

Col. Benton now moved to take up and pass the California Bill, without regard to other measures, and supported this line of action

by speeches of originality and independence. But, under the lead of Mr. Clay, the compromisers defeated his proposition, and then proceeded to organize a "Select Committee of Thirteen," six from the North, and six from the South, and one to be chosen by the twelve.

To this committee were to be referred all the resolutions; and it was expected to mature some scheme that should solve "all pending differences growing out of the institution of slavery." Clay was chairman. Among its members were Webster, Cass, Bell, Dickinson, Berrien, Mangum, and Mason. The death of Calhoun, and the funeral honors to his memory, occasioned a pause, but only a brief one, in the engrossing debate. Senators Hale and Chase made speeches against the Compromise; Badger, Douglas, and others made arguments in its favor.

Other debates, this spring, in which Seward took part were those in which he advocated the relief expedition to find Sir John Franklin, internal improvements, branch mints in New York and California, militia enrollment, Canadian trade, Washington city improvements, and increased care in taking the census. The inevitable "African Question" having crept into this latter debate, by a proposal to ascertain how many slaves could read, Seward remarked:

> I desire this information because we have all cherished a hope that the condition of African servitude, in this country, was a stage of transition from a state of barbarism. I wish to know what is the extent of the education, or of instruction, that prevails, so as to ascertain whether they are advancing toward that better condition, which constitutes the only excuse, as I understand, that we have for holding them in servitude.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1850.

The "Omnibus Bill." The Long Debate. A Stormy Session. Clay, Webster, Benton, Houston and Douglas. The Crisis. Seward's Second Speech. Summer Life in Washington. Letter to His Son About European Travel. Meredith. The Galphin Claim. The President's Illness. Forebodings.

WINTER passed away, spring buds and blossoms came, and now the hot summer sunshine was beginning to pour down on the Capitol. But there was no talk or thought of adjournment. Not only the Congress, but the country, was absorbed in the great debate. Every mail brought bushels of letters about it. Newspapers throughout the

land were teeming with it. State Legislatures and public meetings were echoing the congressional eloquence. And still it went on and on. One week the compromisers had apparently gained strength enough to risk a vote. The next, unfavorable signs warned them to wait a little longer. Early in May, Clay, as chairman of the Committee of Thirteen, reported a scheme which embodied substantially his original plan, with the addition of a bill to make Utah a distinct territory. This compound legislation soon gained the popular nickname of the "*Omnibus Bill.*"

Mrs. Seward, having gone home to Auburn for the summer, Seward's daily letters to her described his life:

SENATE CHAMBER, *Monday Morning, May* 13.

My watch, set to New York time, brings me here a quarter of an hour too early. The Chamber exhibits a renewal of the earlier instances of stage effect which you saw. The galleries are crowded; and ladies and their cavaliers are besieging the doors. The popular thirst for the eloquence of Mr. Clay is not yet satiated. Mr. Webster is in his seat arrayed in that bright blue coat and particularly buff waistcoat, which are so ominous of an explosion that kills always somebody.

May 14.

You will have received and read Mr. Clay's speech. I have not found myself called upon to apply to myself the censure, that, in no very direct way, he cast upon me. The prospect is, that the debate will not be renewed to-day. Mr. Clay's confidence of success has not produced any general conviction that the "Omnibus Bill" will pass the Senate.

May 16, 1850.

I retired at ten, and thus have enabled myself to resume my habit of rising at five, owing to which circumstance you have this note, written now, instead of being scrawled in the hurry of the Senate Chamber.

The fate of the Compromise Bill is very uncertain. On a test question yesterday, it had not one Whig vote from a free State. But it gained Democratic votes in the free States to balance the loss of votes in the slave States.

I have broken the seal of the envelope to supply an omission. This is my birthday. From this time I enter my *fiftieth* year. It is a numeral very high in the progress of human life. The decline of life begins then, if not already begun. The season for usefulness grows short, and for pleasure draws to a close. Give me your sympathies and your wishes that what remains hereafter may be spent more serenely and more wisely; commend me to all my dear children, and believe me more devotedly and ever yours.

May 17, 1850.

Yesterday's debate revealed the fact that the Southern terrorists had let their thunder cool in their hands. The Nashville Convention and the threats of disunion have sunk into ridicule. There are attempts to cover the retreat of the South by Clay's Compromise. The debate yesterday was warm

and spirited on the part of Jefferson Davis and Clemens, so much so that friends quietly interfered to arrest so as to avoid a possible fracas. It is now believed that the "Compromise" is dead, and yet I can almost count enough Northern "dough-faces" to bring it back from the grave and worship it.

I send you the Democratic *Review*, the organ of the party. You will find in it the portrait of one whose honor or shame is a part of your own existence. Perhaps the allusions scattered through the whole work to the same person may awaken suspicion of the truthfulness of the contempt expressed in the leading article on "The Progress of Fanaticism."

May 18, 1850.

Yesterday was, as to-day will be, *Dies non parliamentarius*. My closet was the scene of my operations, and the boundaries of my journeyings were the narrow range of a twilight walk for exercise. Of my own doings I can report that the mass of letters exhibits evident decrease, while the heaps of documents you could neither walk through nor walk over are wasting away. In another week I trust I shall be free to choose my studies.

Well, the Galphin committee break into three reports. All prove the Administration guiltless; and all prove it worse than guilty, stupid in what has passed, and more stupid in clinging to place after such a blunder. This affair looms upon me now, just as it did when I first heard of it, as a weight that will sink down even General Taylor. To add to this there is a discovery of a gross blunder in the Indian Department, a bureau of the Home Department. Innocent of any wrong in the matter Mr. Ewing is, but when has *innocence* or purity been accepted as a plea among politicians and statesmen?

The Southerners say that twelve of them will vote against Mr. Clay's "Compromise." I write to you as I would converse with you, without reserve. Your discretion will be your guide about the extent to which I may be quoted on political subjects.

May 19.

It is Sunday, the first Sunday since we parted. What a blessed day Sunday is. How much more blessed it seems as we advance on our path, all the while growing narrower, darker, and rougher. How I should enjoy this Sunday in our home with our children, old and young, all about us, and our flowers and our birds.

Our Cabinet Ministers are beginning to feel the stings of political ingratitude and hate. Mr. Meredith sent for me yesterday morning to advise with me, about the course of action on the California question, and then we ran into that of the Galphin investigation. After discussing these things with him, I took his daughters into the carriage and rode to Georgetown, where, after looking with them all through the beautiful garden and grounds, and the tidy apartments of the Academy, we brought Caroline away for a recess until Tuesday.

The musical entertainments for the summer have begun, and so Caroline and I strolled yesterday through the President's grounds while the band was discoursing sweet and touching eloquence. The grounds sadly need seats, and they are too small for the use of all the people of Washington.

May 21, 1850.

Our apartment begins to wear the aspect of a study — I have been obliged to retreat into it to escape outward pressure, which flows in upon my basement office; I have set my window wide open to draw in the morning sun, and I begin the labor of the day as usual by rehearsing to you the details and incidents of the day that has just past.

I was quite surprised in the morning by a letter from the Rev. Dr. Potter of Albany, forced out of his calmness by what he regarded as an ungracious attack upon me in Mr. Clay's speech. I send the letter to you, and I confess it was a pleasant thing, not less on account of the personal regard of the writer than because it was a greeting that showed me our own Episcopal Church was not altogether torpid in the midst of the warming up of the moral conscience of the free States.

The mail brought also the copy of my speech in a London paper accompanied by a notice. I should have sent you this, but Mr. Weed took it away. You may see something of it in the *Journal* and you may not. That depends on his wisdom.

There are apprehensions that a serious invasion of Cuba has been made by adventurers, six thousand in number, gathered from all parts of this country, and recently embarked at New Orleans.

May 22.

Yesterday, Mr. Soulé of Louisiana, another of the Southern Senators whose vote was needed by Mr. Clay, came out in an effective speech against the Compromise. This called up Mr. Clay, who uttered a speech replete with eloquence, but dogmatic and especially offensive to the President, Cabinet, and the Whigs who support them. It is not reported in the *Intelligencer* this morning; I will send you the *Union*, and the two papers will, I hope, keep you advised of matters here. I feel a solicitude that you shall not fall out of the circuit in this respect. It would deprive me of your advice and sympathy, when we come together once more.

To Weed he wrote:

Washington, *May* 22.

Yesterday Mr. Clay, in his eloquent speech against the President's plan, was so bold, so arrogant, and so offensive that it will render it necessary that I shall at a proper time, if I can find it, and in a proper way, if I can do it, vindicate and defend the Administration and the noble old chief. This I feel a hope I can do in a good spirit.

Messrs. Douglas, Morton, and Shields dined with me yesterday. They all agreed that they should vote against the Compromise, as a united measure; that it would be defeated by ten majority, and that the several measures embraced in it would singly prevail in the Senate by an equal majority.

If Mr. Clay knew how to yield he would separate his bills now.

To his eldest son, Augustus, who was preparing for an European tour, he wrote:

May 24, 1850.

The object of travel, as you know, is not to consume time, or to find mere amusement in relaxation, but it is to acquire knowledge. It is, in your case,

a part of a continuance of education. All wise men have always regarded it as a very great and beneficial process of education. I have always practiced travel as much as possible, for the purpose of extending my range of knowledge.

But before we begin to travel for such purposes, we must qualify ourselves for it. You are going to study men and things, society and government in Europe. Have you yet obtained, not a thorough, but some reasonable acquaintance with society and government, men and things, at home? You have been confined to the camp, and have learned the routine of military duties, and have seen something of war on its broad scale, just as a young lawyer at your age would have learned his book of practice and experimented in the courts. But I hope you will think there is much more to look at and consider before you go to Europe. The geography and the history of your own country, and its politics, as well as its statesmen, much of these you ought to know, and the books for learning them are near you. All could be rapidly studied here; nay, the knowledge almost forces itself upon one here. Again, the habit of address in society must be obtained, in some degree, at home, before you will be willing to seek admittance into society abroad. Do not think the studies are to be long. I have no such idea. A week or two, or three, will bring you accumulation of treasure. The habit of seeking will be all the task. That once formed, knowledge will be constantly offering itself to you; so that, when you are abroad, you can repay others by information of our country, for the knowledge they impart to you concerning theirs. Let me hear from you frequently, I pray you, and believe me always

Affectionately, etc.

Lieutenant AUGUSTUS H. SEWARD.

He wrote home:

May 25.

We spent yesterday on the Omnibus Bill. Mr. Soulé's speech was more elevated in tone and sentiment than the speech of any representative of any slave State.

We had an executive session on Wednesday, in which we passed the Nicaragua Treaty, made with Sir Henry Bulwer by the Secretary of State.

May 26.

Sunday has come round again. The expedition of the Southern Propagandists against Cuba proves a ridiculous failure, and thus we are saved from a source of agitation and embarrassment full of apprehended difficulty.

Yesterday, we dined at three, having Mr. Harrington for a guest. I read until seven. What luxury there is in reading now-a-days, when all that is done that way is not merely by stealth, but by "flat burglary!" I spent the evening with the Secretary of State, whom I found desponding and angered by Mr. Clay's speech.

The sun has come forth, and I believe I shall accept his beaming, warm invitation and go to church.

May 28.

You will find in yesterday's *Intelligencer* Mr. Webster's long and studied reply to the citizens of Newburyport, and *through them* (as they say now-a-days) to Horace Mann. I scarcely dare say, even to you, that with all its elaborateness it seems to me a failure. The moral sense, the conscience of the age, has outgrown Mr. W. Mr. Mason spoke yesterday. He was against Mr. Clay's "Compromise," and suggested one of his own.

The June of Auburn is upon us here, and it has come by surprise upon me. I cannot realize that it is time for summer, or that summer has a right to crowd on so fast. When I was watching for the crocus, the tulip burst upon me. Before I was prepared to demand asparagus, peas tempt me. I grieve that summers, of which there are to be for me only a limited store, are to be enjoyed by me alone.

Wednesday, May 29.

You will find in the Senate's debate of yesterday, reported, I suppose, in this evening's papers, an amusing *divertissement*, in which John P. Hale and the younger Dodge of Iowa were the actors.

The new South Carolina Senator, Mr. Elmer, is very dangerously ill.

Thursday, May 30.

The more I see of Washington, the more I distrust my ability to work out the great ends I have cherished or to advance them. When I see that such political and moral sentiments and principles have been the standard of virtue, and such policy the standard of governmental beneficence for this great Nation and even for the best and wisest classes of this Nation, I despair almost of being heard in advocating higher aims, or of being tolerated in acting upon more just and democratic principles.

Friday, May 31.

I could spend hours, if I had them to waste, in looking upon the rose-vines clustering together across the partition wall which divides our unsocial neighbor Crawford from us. You must not fail to have roots of these this fall. One of them is a variegated rose. But will they survive our winter? Well, we'll try.

The death of Mr. Elmer of South Carolina is a startling event, and presents a coincidence calculated to attract attention. But it passes without making any but the most momentary impression. It is thus that activity of life produces callousness; and if such is its effect in civil occupation, need we wonder that soldiers become heedless of the moral of death?

The Rev. Dr. Judd of the Sandwich Islands appeared in the Senate Chamber with two sons of the King of that country. They were tall, erect, graceful, educated, and in all respects fashioned like princes, except that they had a very swarthy complexion. They had sought me, and came into the Senate Chamber on my introduction. There was an obvious suspicion that they were negroes, but all were free and many happy to be introduced to them when it was found that they were princes of the blood, and one heir-apparent to the throne of a kingdom.

June 1, 1850.

The hope of an adjournment over next week has fled. Mr. Clay would not consent; as indeed he could not, because delay and procrastination are killing the hopes of his abominable bill. The opponents were scattering when we came to a vote at an unaccustomed and unseasonable hour on our return from the funeral. I shall be necessary here next week, there is so little of firmness, so little of action and of concert among the opponents of slavery. We are approaching another spasm of what is called here "the crisis."

The end of the California debate is approximating in Congress, and the times will be interesting. It is now said that there will be no general laws and no appropriations. Well! let faction show itself! It will be harmless now and powerless hereafter.

The summer has come. It comes with chilly winds. But it has heat in reserve, I trow.

June 3, 1850.

I had my walk, a visit to the public green house, my coffee and eggs, and the *Intelligencer*, and now, indulge myself with a word to you, before beginning the studies of the day. Yesterday I went to Dr. Pyne's church. We had a long, well-written discourse, from the Bishop of Jamaica; spent an hour with Mr. and Mrs. Meredith; declined their invitation to dinner; read a portion of the afternoon; Mr. Meredith called, and I took a long walk with him; and closed the day by study. I look for a week of excitement, but only a prelude to the greater excitement which the next week will bring. The North and South, after studying Mr. Clay's juggle for three months, are falling back upon their first positions. That is the whole of the matter.

June 4, 1850.

The *Evening Journal* is waging a generous conflict; and it is a pleasant thing to see it growing bold. You will need to read particularly, in yesterday's debate, Mr. Webster's Fugitive Slave Law, and his remarks. He produced a bill, giving the fugitive a trial by jury, which he says he drew in February.

You will find a very nice article in the *Whig Review*, with a very atrocious picture. We are indebted to Greeley for the article, as I believe you know. He is here, and is staying chiefly with me. I think you will find the *Review* at Derby's.

June 5.

We have fallen from chilly skies, into blazing, red hot summer! I have snatched the exercise of a walk, this morning, before the pavements were heated up, but I dread the noonday climbing, and the four o'clock descent of Capitol Hill. We begin to see light here. The gasconaders of the South find themselves in convention at Nashville, to overawe Congress. The movers of the plot are divided, a part going on there for the purpose of saving themselves, by perseverance and consistency in perilous courses; another portion withdrawing and seeking safety in Mr. Clay's Compromise, only to save themselves from taking refuge under the President's plan. The debates at Nashville will be *brutum fulmen* (I beg your pardon, I must translate, wasted thun-

der). It is true that Mr. Webster is for the trial by jury for fugitive slaves; and if you read his remarks yesterday, you will have seen that he was the author of that measure in the Senate, and not I,—the difference between us being, that he put his bill into his drawer, I laid mine on the Senate's table. The New York delegation are true and firm. Greeley is here, privately amiable, politically cross and grumbling. He is much with me. How do you like his article in the *Whig Review?*

June 6.

The newspapers will give you the votes in the Senate, on the preliminary questions, on Mr. Clay's bill. You will scarcely be able to divine the meaning, except that on the "Wilmot Proviso;" and you will grieve to find Mr. Webster's name on the wrong side, unnecessarily there, too, for the cause of freedom had betrayers enough, without him. Things begin to wear the promise of an end. We vote more, and talk less. The House of Representatives comes to the question next week.

June 8.

We have had a brush this morning in the Senate, over a resolution introduced by General Cass, implying censure upon the President, in which I participated so far as to defend him. General Houston followed in a splashy speech, to which I think I shall reply, on Monday or Tuesday. Honest John Davis is on the floor, making a good, strong "Free Soil" speech, which will do great good in Massachusetts. I shall try to get the floor; but it begins to be doubtful whether I can get it. It is understood that the debate will close on Wednesday; and there will be a great rush for the floor.

The Senate has gratified Mr. Clay with meeting at eleven o'clock, instead of at twelve. We are in the midst of amendments to the "Compromise" Bill. Reasoning upon any known principles of human action ever before encountered by me, I should say confidently that the "Compromise" would be lost by a dozen voices. But men are very uncertain. Just when you are wanting a Whig, who absolutely resists it, he is sick, and gone home. A Democrat of the same sentiment has the misfortune of a sick sister who has been sick a long time, and he cannot bear it any longer. I suspect everybody now-a-days; and since I see slave-drivers make captives of Clay, Webster, and Cass, and then, in turn, make slaves of smaller fry, I am about coming to the conclusion that slavery is the normal condition of mankind.

In the evening, we dropped in at Mrs. Adams', and had a very pleasant call. By the way, I met here Charles Francis Adams. He is only a little taller than his father, and looks very like him. We extended our walk to the White House, where we had a very kind and affectionate welcome from all the family. Mrs. Bliss has been sick, but is now out again. Mrs. Wood was there.

Sunday, June 9.

I had Col. Benton, with two others, at dinner yesterday. A long sitting after dinner made me a late study at night, and that required a long sleep this morning. There came visitors who could not be denied. Then it was church time, then dinner; and then came John P. Hale and Horace Greeley; and so the day was gone, my letters unanswered, and my studies standing still.

Col. Benton is a very strong man. To-morrow, the Colonel gives us his fire.

Yesterday, Mr. Dawson made the galleries and Senators happy by a personal speech against Hale. Hale replied in part and will conclude to-morrow. He defends himself gallantly.

June 10.

We have alarming accounts of insolent conduct by the Spanish authorities in Cuba against the persons of one hundred or more American prisoners captured on the high seas, and against our consul there. It requires great delicacy to conduct the questions which are continually occurring between us and the Spanish government to a safe issue.

Mr. Greeley informs me that Mr. Clay went home from church sick yesterday but that he was better last night. It is a severe trial to a constitution as old as Mr. Clay's that he is going through. But every thing relating to a great man is so apt to be exaggerated, that I scarcely know how to credit any thing that will so well furnish the letter-writers with a paragraph.

Colonel Benton came out to-day in a most elaborate speech. It was an extraordinary speech. The argument was powerful, but the speech was a perfect abandonment to satire and ridicule, which I think will do more execution than heavier metal. It was a scene which I regret you could not witness. The sympathies of the audience were with the assailed, and prejudices strong and hateful resisted the speaker, and yet he brought laughter and almost cheers from his hearers continually.

General Cass has the floor to-day, and who will follow I do not know.

June 11.

General Cass yesterday replied to Colonel Benton. He was followed by Mr. Dayton of New Jersey, in a sharp, spirited, and effective reply. The fearful day when anarchy was to revel in the House of Representatives has come. There was no disorder, no blood flowed, no sedition uttered, and indeed it was as pleasant, cool, and comfortable a day as any we have had in all the month. Oh! how I do despise the Northern recreants who suffer themselves to betray and sell the holiest hopes and interests of freedom under the terror of the gasconaders, whom you and I have seen here this winter. I grow more and more amazed that Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, who have seen and heard it all their long lives, should yield to it now when it is only the rehearsal of an old, worn-out burlesque of tragedy.

June 13.

Your letters woo me home strongly by so many touching notices of my children, of the trees, and flowers, and of friends. But we are here in the beginning of the end; if, indeed, there is to be an end of this mighty strife. Every hour brings forth new developments, new fears, and new doubts. I am quite satisfied that the North is to be betrayed in the Senate. Mr. Cooper "came out" yesterday, going in for the "Compromise." General Shields has been flattered into the same course. I have no hope of Douglas and I begin to find that nobody is reliable, save those whom I know to have been sent here by the people upon a due examination of the question of freedom.

There is a concert between Southerners in the two Houses to keep the ques-

tion open, manifestly looking to the defeat of California, and to the breaking up of Congress in a storm.

June 14.

The House of Representatives which might have passed the California bill three months ago, is locked fast to produce effect upon the Senate.

You will learn from the *Union*, that Congress is in a terrible state of excitement. Do not believe it. It is vaporing. I hope that it will produce no effect on the country. We have yet a long debate before us on the California bill after we get through with the amendments.

Truman Smith, Atchison, Clay, Webster, Clemens, King, Davis, Corwin, etc., etc., are said to be calculating on debating.

June 16.

It gives me pleasure to assure you that the dark and portentous clouds have passed away. The factiousness and even revolutionary action which were threatened, have not appeared. Whatever the result, Congress will adjourn, and adjourn in peace, as it always has done, and as I trust it always will do hereafter.

The Democrats are seeking to save their party by the passage of the Compromise Bill. The principles maintained by us are, therefore, in great jeopardy when all our ancient leaders coöperate with our adversaries. It is apparent that no reliance is to be placed on many who spoke and acted with us when you were here.

June 17.

You will not fail, I hope, to read *to-day's* debate in the Senate. Mr. Webster came into the Senate in bright buttons and buff waistcoat. He challenged all the world to prove inconsistency. His speech was an answer and vindication of himself, or, at least, so intended. You will see that I horrified the Senate and especially General Cass, anew, by simply restating my position.

Wednesday, June 19.

The debates have fallen into a regular humdrum monotony. Fashion has withdrawn her court. The weather is oppressively hot. My time is spent in the Senate in the morning, and at night over my notes. I have paired off with Mr. Dickinson for the week. He has gone to New York to be feasted for his labors to save our Union that he is blindly engaged in undermining. Colonel Benton is enjoying the fame of his speech with the gratification of a schoolboy. You will not omit to read Mr. Webster's letter to the people of Kennebec.

June 20.

We are every day thinking how much cooler and more pleasant it must be in the retreat you have found, and which you keep so closely to, than it is here in the burning heats of the Capitol.

Stetson of the Astor House, sent me a pair of noble salmon, which I served up yesterday to John A. King and James G. King. I have come to have a great liking for the Kings. They have withstood the seductions of the seducers, and are like the rock in the defense of the right. They have been tried as through fire. Mr. Clay's "Omnibus Bill" lingers and drags. He is looking very haggard, and betrays impatience and temper. There is daily new and

sickening evidence of infidelity to the North by the representatives here. To-day, on a plain proposition, we had only sixteen votes, while the whole number of Northern Senators is thirty.

June 27.

In the Senate Chamber at half-past eleven. The scene quite changed. The red carpet, red curtains, red drapery were all removed, and we have a nice airy hall.

Mr. Webster's appointment had gathered an audience. The ladies filled the front circle of the gallery. Two-thirds of the House of Representatives are on the floor. Webster is in the midst of a speech, clear and strong, of course. Mrs. Webster occupies the central chair in the gallery, in front of the President's chair.

One o'clock, P. M., Mr. Foote, following Mr. Webster, is now on the floor, to vindicate himself.

June 28.

We had yesterday a very exciting day in the Senate. Mr. Foote commenced defending himself before his constituents at home. Mr. Davis, of the same State, replied with much warmth. The conviction has become a general one that the "Compromise" will fall. I saw the President this morning. He is in fine spirits.

July 1, 1850.

I devote my morning thoughts to you, for the day gets filled up with cares that I hardly dare to let advance upon me. After resting an hour or two yesterday, during the most blazing heats I ever endured, I took Fred and set out for a walk. We met Mr. Meredith, and with him we wandered over hill and dale, until eight o'clock. He consulted me, concerning a special message that the President may send to Congress, in a manner that I may not put on paper.

Hon. John Bell is quite ill, I believe, of nothing but the necessity of choosing which way to vote, and speak on the Compromise. He has a speech, —Upham, Truman Smith, I know not how many more.

July 2, 1850.

Mr. Upham is making a very sensible, good speech, to fifteen or sixteen Senators; the rest, as well as the audience, who had gathered to hear General Houston's loud declamation, having withdrawn. I am to take the floor when Mr. Upham concludes. What chance I have, you may judge; but I feel quite sure I shall be heard by the country. The Southern men have concluded to give us the appropriations, without resistance; and they will try, I think, after defeating the "Omnibus," to defeat "California" by irregular means.

When Senator Upham sat down, Seward rose to make his second speech against the "Compromise." It was received with more interest than the one in March. Ill success had attended attempts to put him down by affected indifference. Galleries as well as Senators seemed to think it might be as well to listen to what he should have to say. Besides, the President's policy was growing in public esteem,

and Seward had come to be regarded now as the leader, if not of all the Administration forces, at least of the Whig members in the New York delegation; several of whom had, by this time, taken ground in the debate, against the "Compromise."

He began by remarking, that,

If a stranger should chance to enter, during these high debates, he would ask whether California was an enemy, or an unbidden and unwelcome intruder, or an oppressor, hateful and dangerous? We should be obliged to answer: "No! she has brought us to the banks of streams which flow over precious sands, and at the base of mountains which yield massive gold. She delivers into our hand the key that unlocks the long-coveted treasures of the Eastern world. California refuses only to let us buy and sell each other, within her domain. She invites us to extend the sway of peace, of arts, and of freedom. The very head and front of her offending hath this extent — no more."

Taking up in succession "the other parties affected by the combination," Texas, New Mexico, Utah, and the District of Columbia, he showed how the Compromise meant merely, to give slavery, in each of them, some advantage which it did not already possess. He described "The Slave-holder's Dream" of

new States which will surround the Gulf of Mexico, and cover its islands. Those new States, combined with the slave States already existing, will constitute a slave empire, whose seat of commerce on the Crescent levee, will domineer not only over the southern portion of the continent, but through the Mississippi and its far-reaching tributaries, over the broad valley that stretches away from the foot of the Alleghanies to the base of the Rocky Mountains. This, Sir, is the dream of the slave-holder, and this is the interpretation thereof. I know full well that it is woven of the "stuff" that "all dreams are made of." I know how hopeless would be the attempt to establish and to maintain such States, and an empire composed of such States. But I know that nothing seems to slavery impossible, after advantages already won.

Recalling the popular apprehensions of the winter, he said:

We were harassed by alarms of danger to the Republic. Well, Sir, California, New Mexico, Utah, the District of Columbia, were no sooner crowded and crammed into this unwieldy, rickety ark, through distrust of the customary vehicles of legislation, to weather out the dark and dangerous storm, than the storm passed away like a cloud in April! The ominous kalends of June have come, and with them, the extra constitutional assemblage at Nashville; but not its invading fleets and hostile armies. So, also, the crisis in the House of Representatives has come without disclosing steep ruin. The political elements have subsided from their wild uproar. Why not, now, let California resume the voyage, in her own separate vessel; and following the Presidential chart make the port speedily and in safety?

And finally, after warning them that all such compromises, even if adopted, would be futile, he said:

You may slay the "Wilmot Proviso" in the Senate Chamber, and bury it beneath the Capitol to-day; the dead corse, in complete steel, will haunt your legislative halls to-morrow!

He wrote home:

July 3.

You will learn that I made my intended speech; and will even have seen the speech itself before you get this. I got the floor, under the most unfavorable circumstances, just at the dinner hour, having waived the morning privilege in favor of others. My speech was, nevertheless, heard by a full house; and the kind expressions I receive are all I could have desired.

July 5.

The morning has been spent in revising proofs. The speech brings me much commendation. Colonel Bell has the floor to-day, with a speech which assails the "Compromise," while he withholds any declaration of his purpose, as to his vote.

July 6.

It is Saturday, and it is the third day of Colonel Bell's speech. Mrs. Bell is in the gallery, and is seeing how well her husband can reason, against a measure he is going to vote for.

I drove yesterday to the Navy Yard, but Mrs. Ballard, as the Commodore, were absent. Then to the President — learned that he was ill, — then to the other ministers — found a kind reception at the Secretary of the Treasury's hospitable mansion.

July 7.

Our friend, Col. Bell, closed his speech yesterday. It was, all of it, sensible, spirited, and able; yet it did not bring even himself to a decision, whether to vote for or against the bill. Our excellent friend, Truman Smith, got the floor, for to-morrow, to make a sensible speech, which, of course, will not be at all appreciated.

General Taylor has been ill, but the newspapers have not got news of it.

July 8.

The President is sick, of a bilious attack. The Vice-President is "tempted to strange thoughts."

I was at Mr. Meredith's last night, and found him disturbed by apprehensions of censure about the "Galphin Claim." The House has censured Mr. Crawford severely and by a heavy majority, and have gratuitously attacked the President. I doubt not that the same judgment will be meted out to Mr. Johnson and to Mr. Meredith. Do you remember my conversation with the President? How unfortunate that my suggestions were not adopted.

July 9.

Although the telegraph will anticipate by hours and days what I write, I cannot omit to speak my dreadful apprehensions about the President. He is

in extreme danger. All that can be said of encouragement by his physicians is, that "there is hope." My feelings are saddened by this event.

Truman Smith concluded his speech yesterday. Mr. Butler of South Carolina is just beginning a speech. The "Compromise" is supposed to be lost, but Heaven knows what will be the change that the President's withdrawal from us would produce.

The dreaded calamity came before the next morning dawned. President Taylor lay dead at the White House. It was the second of that series of events, each of which has made an epoch in the national history.

CHAPTER XIX.

1850.

Death of President Taylor. Resignation of the Cabinet. Change of Administrative Policy. President Fillmore and the Compromise. Webster and Clay. Debate on New Mexico. The Compromise Gaining Ground. California Admitted. Territorial and Texas Bills. The Fugitive Slave Law. "Final Settlement of the Slavery Question."

July 10.

I am right glad that you were not within hearing of that sad tolling of the bells at midnight that announced to the people of the metropolis the death of him, in whom all trusted and whom all loved. The President died like a brave, undaunted Christian. I never saw grief, public grief, so universal and so profound. There is no man who speaks of it without swelling thoughts that arrest utterance.

There is a new President. I think he is more to be commiserated than the pure and noble spirit that has fled. I have discharged my duty to the dead one according to the best of my ability. I believe he and all his friends were satisfied of that. I have waited twice, thrice, upon the successor, and tendered what counsel and aid I could render. But he can comprehend neither me nor his own embarrassed position. I suppress in conversation with all others, what you may safely know, my apprehensions that his administration will be conducted in a spirit of war and proscription against me, and all with whom I act, and that this will occur simply because he does not at all know or understand his position or mine. All is dark for him and for the country, and there is not a ray of light to enable me to see through it. He seems to have none of the faculty of which the late President had so much, of inspiring affection and confidence.

I called at the White House to-day. The family seemed attached and grateful to us. I thought it wise to be silent in the Senate to-day. Everybody is discussing me, and I am desirous to avoid giving proofs that I am wanting in moderation. God be praised! my eulogy was spoken when General Taylor needed friends, and my action vindicated it.

I have telegraphed to Weed to come here to consult with me in this great emergency, and I have boldly advised the President to retain the Cabinet. Here I wait and rest in the prospect of being relieved from responsibilities which have oppressed me.

July 11.

The Cabinet have resigned, but between you and myself, they all wish to retain their places, except Governor Crawford, who, I think, is happy in chance of escape.

My illness has relieved me from the painful duty of renewing disregarded counsels to the P. My friends have not been admitted to me to-day. Some of them certainly remain, but they are at least decimated. I have seen no one since morning, and I have heard no news since then, but all that transpires shows that the friends of Southern policy or of Northern subserviency to it are flushed with the confident hope that the new Administration will go into their hands,— as indeed I do not see how it could do otherwise.

The temper of those with whom I have acted, in fighting the battle, under the late President, is quite certain to bring us all into Coventry. It seems to me that this must bring me into a state of great comfort. I shall be feared less; while I shall be avoided, by all the crowds of parasites and office-seekers.

My own course of conduct will remain the same, but I do not see how it can help bringing me into opposition to the new Administration, if it takes the departure from the policy of General Taylor, which I apprehend.

July 12.

The Cabinet have tendered their resignations; and the question of accepting them is in abeyance. The town is full of rumors, and I may say of discontent. The Whigs, who have weathered so far through the storm, insist that Mr. Fillmore is a Whig, bound to adhere to the policy of his lamented predecessor. Slavery Whigs and Democrats demand a change of the Cabinet, and a surrender to the Compromise. Both parties see him, advise with him, and are listened to with respect; but they receive no answer, no satisfaction. All, therefore, are equally alarmed, and equally dissatisfied.

Thus Providence has at last led the man of hesitation and double opinions, to the crisis, where decision and singleness are indispensable. You will see that the *Evening Journal* fixes the conditions of support. I know not how the new P. can adopt them; or how he can decline them. Washington is filling up with strangers. I should be induced to withdraw, if my absence from the funeral might not give pain to the family, who deserve every thing at our hands.

To Weed, he wrote:

July 12.

I have your two notes, and that noble article in the *Journal*. If any thing could bring the person concerned to wisdom, that would do it. I think he will turn out to be neither quite right nor quite wrong. I hear of Mr. Hunt's arrival; but he has not yet called on me. The quidnuncs have me annihilated, for which happy state I thank God.

All men of all parties have called on the P., and all come away, without

knowing or being able to conjecture any thing. I believe that I am not obliged to advise more than I have done, unless upon notice that counsel is wanted. You are very wise in staying away. I wish I were as far off.

July 14.

They are all here. They surround the P. They want peace — they deprecate disturbance of the Whig party in New York. They think it is to be prevented, by moderating intolerance to the few friends we have in place. But they do not conceive, for a moment, a policy so right as the preservation of General Taylor's Cabinet. A President must be a President, they think. He must make a new Cabinet, or he would not be a President! That Cabinet must be a compromise Cabinet, to unite Whigs — therefore, half and half. And they do not see that a seam, once opened, will let in the flood, and sink the ship. Not a word has the P. said to the head of the State, or of the Treasury, or of the Interior, about the future: while he manifestly reveals to others, that Webster is to go in, and Dawson; and balances with Corwin. Truman Smith is right altogether; but he is desponding. I have not attempted, in person, to break the charmed circle; and I shall keep out of it. There are all manner of rumors, of the changes which will pass the Compromise Bill.

Writing home, after the funeral, he said:

July 14.

The funeral pageant called me from home early, and kept me out late. I will not describe it; it was painfully magnificent. Its tendency was to inspire respect for virtue, and emulation of it. As soon as I had dined, I went to the White House, called for Colonel Taylor and Dr. Wood, and to them I expressed all the gratitude and affection for all the family, that you and I both feel. I shall give Mrs. Taylor your letter, at a fitting moment.

There are gathered around the P. all the friends who have factiously sustained him. He is undecided, perplexed. He wishes for peace and harmony. I am led to believe that he will try to compromise, to give out that he leaves the late President's plan to the favorable consideration of Congress; while he will displace all, or nearly all, of the Cabinet, and bring in Mr. Webster.

It is painful to see the friends of slavery confidently calculating upon the desertion of the P., and of a portion of the party, from our own impregnable ground. But we shall see that the Whig party have got just what they called for, in the nomination of a conservative Vice-President.

July 15.

There is mirth, merriment, and no little insolence and contumely all over the town; and somehow, very strangely, the sadness is chiefly with me. I am, with a few friends, the only visitors of the Cabinet, who a week ago were so great. They are all to go out, to go home; sent home as unworthy to be kept by a Whig President. It is even chronicled of me, as a wicked thing, that I have recommended their being retained. I am quite sure that my sentiments are quite unfashionable — fidelity, constancy, justice, humanity! Why, John

Jay and Franklin would be mocked in the streets, if they were to revisit Washington!

Again, to Weed he said:

July 15.

I shall not touch, or attempt to touch, an appointment. I shall vote for all appointments, sustain the Administration, except on the cardinal question of slavery, keep out of quarrels with Mr. Clay and Mr. Foote, if possible. Can I do more? If you will advise me, I will be thankful.

July 16.

The P. recoils, asks time. Mr. Webster hesitates and shrinks. The P. is hesitating. It is found that thirty days are necessary to enable him to decide. All is uncertainty. Everybody is here that has heretofore been willing to be regarded as a friend, peculiarly, of the President. On Sunday, Webster was surely selected. On Monday, it turned out all a mistake. Curtis earnestly presses Mr. Webster. The tariff is coming into play again as the instrument. But the tariff may possibly pass the Compromise Bill in the House, if it reaches there. The compromise cannot pass the tariff.

July 17.

Mr. Webster has made another great speech; I think it will be any thing but a salve to the old sore. The P., on Monday, asked for thirty days. Yesterday, the Cabinet answered they would stay until next Monday; no longer.

You remember Mr. Weller, senior, on the comparison of the coach and the railroad. "There we are." Must we wait until we can repair the coach?

He wrote Mrs. Seward:

July 18.

I called last evening on Miss Bremer, and gave her an airing for an hour or two before sunset. She is a very intelligent, gentle person of about forty or forty-five, I think. I gave her a letter to you. She leaves Washington on Monday.

July 19.

I had a pleasant visit to Sir Henry Bulwer last evening. He and Lady Bulwer are drooping under the effects of the season. They expect to go to Staten Island as soon as the Cabinet shall have been formed. They promise to visit you soon afterward.

The ladies of the President's family withdrew from the city last night. I expect to see them in Baltimore. I called this morning at the White House on business. It was all the same, only the occupant was changed. It was a sad sight for me.

To Weed, the next day, he wrote:

July 20.

Well, you see the Cabinet. It would, perhaps, be well enough if these questions were well over. As it is, it compromises, and, therefore, seems inevitably to divide. It is neither one thing nor the other. We hear that you go to Europe. I wish that I could go with you.

The government is in the hands of Mr. Webster, and Mr. Clay is its organ in Congress.

July 21.

The Cabinet was composed on the dictation of Mr. Clay, and he is happy. I believe you are advised just how far I have been concerned. I tendered my own advice and aid, and yours. I advised to retain all the Cabinet but Mr. Crawford. I advised to retain Clayton at all events. This was on the first day. After that, I went no more near the presence, and I was not invited to come.

I spoke in executive session, in commendation of Mr. Hall, and was ready to defend Corwin. Now, for the future, I propose on no account, political or personal, to darken the porch of the P., or any of his ministers, unless called upon, except on such social occasions as may bring in all the world. I propose to defend right measures, and let wrong ones alone, except those which may involve my own "*peculiar* principles," as they are called.

I see that the hounds are let loose upon you, and that you stand nobly at bay; I think that is right. We are to go through a period of non-action, non-intervention, re-action, in which I shall be hunted as well as you. I propose to stand fast, and wait the turn of the tide.

There will be a grand battle fought over New Mexico. I propose to lead for New Mexico, if allowed, as I did for California.

To Mrs. Seward, he wrote:

July 21.

It is Sunday — a Sunday come at last, after a week of sadness and solicitude on political and public accounts. I have forced things in the House to dine General Scott, Sir Henry Bulwer, and the outgoing Cabinet. Others, I think, would strain a point to dine the incoming one.

The new ministry is appointed. It is just so much of a compromise Cabinet that one can neither approve it nor condemn it. It will begin so and go on so to the end of the chapter.

Henceforth, if I muzzle not my mouth on the subject of slavery, as I certainly shall not, I shall be set down as a disturber, seeking to disturb the Whig Administration and derange the Whig party. So we go, in this changing world! If I were to fall short of my former zeal, I should only hasten the ruin, which I shall not be allowed to labor to prevent. I suppose you will see enough of the papers to learn that the hounds are let loose upon Weed. Pretty soon they will begin to bark at me, and what a pretty chorus they will have throughout all the cities!

Mr. Clay is happy. The Administration is, in all its parts, acceptable to him, and he is now the dictator he aimed to be.

July 22.

The new Cabinet goes into office to-day. Mr. Clay is making his final speech. He speaks much more temperately than usual. The argument is a good one; but in any other Senator's mouth it would not be called a great one. The galleries are crowded, admiring, and happy. It is idle to speculate now about the probable fate of the bill. The decision is at hand. Mr. Webster expresses great desire for the passage of the bill. The President does not yet intimate an opinion.

July 23.

I called this morning on the members of the retiring Cabinet. Mr. Clayton, no longer Secretary, was to be seen in his *robe-de-chambre*. Mr. Ewing comes into the Senate to replace Mr. Corwin. Mr. Collamer is desponding below any degree of despondency I have ever touched.

Mr. Clay's speech yesterday is said to be better than the efforts of his earlier days. Well, you will judge.

I go not near the new Cabinet. They shall not have the complaint any longer that I am too busy in rendering advice and aid.

July 24.

Our dinner yesterday was given to friends whom deprival of office deprived of appetite. General Scott was eloquent, but prolix; Mr. Meredith agreeable; Mr. Collamer mournful. The influence of the new Administration is seen in the general disposition prevailing in both Houses to favor the Compromise. We have painful indications of giving way on the part of men heretofore assuring us of their firmness. It is sad, sad enough to see the fickleness and inconsistency of statesmen, if such they are.

July 25.

Time and the tergiversations of the Whig Administration are doing their work. The friends of the "Compromise" Bill now claim that it will pass, and we are holding back to wait for reinforcements by the new Senators from Massachusetts and Ohio. The House of Representatives is practically disorganized. The resistance there to the "Compromise" is exhausted, and there is every thing to discourage. The old Cabinet are disappearing, and the new one is in place.

Governor Baldwin is making a good speech to empty seats, and I must sustain and listen to him.

July 25, 1850.

We have had a scene in the Senate of which, most unexpectedly, I was made the prominent figure. Desertion is all around us, and the friends of the Compromise, swollen in number and in pride, yesterday attempted to "sit us out." On our side we were anxious to delay the question, until the arrival of the new Senators from Massachusetts and Ohio. So it was understood that we should debate through the day. I offered an amendment for the admission of New Mexico, and argued it at length. Governor Pratt of Maryland rose, with much vehemence, to reply, and commenced putting into my mouth strange perversions of my speech of March the 2d, so erroneous and absurd, that it was, of course, for me to deny that I had ever expressed any of the propositions he attributed to me, with a flourish, threatening to move my expulsion. I disclaimed vindication, but relied on my speech itself. The debate became general, and I think it resulted in leaving the gentlemen floored, and the public mind in a way of being better advised.

I will not undertake to detail the strange debate of to-day. You will have it in a day or two in the newspapers, and even to-morrow by telegraph. I think they will scarcely propose to expel me again.

The galleries of Congress reflect the prevailing temper at the capital, and on this day the partisans of the "Compromise" were predominant. Nods and winks were exchanged, and a murmur of suppressed satisfaction went round, as they heard the beginning of this onslaught upon the "ultra" Senator from New York. But it subsided, as they heard his cool and calm reply:

If there is any proposition I have ever made, any measure I have ever proposed, which I am willing to stand by, here, before the country, and before the world, it is the proposition I have now submitted. Therefore, though I stand alone, I shall be content, convinced that I stand right. I do not propose to reply to what is personal in the remarks of the Hon. Senator from Maryland. I have nothing of a personal character to say. There is no man in this land who is of sufficient importance to this country and to mankind to justify his consumption of five minutes of the time of the Senate of the United States with personal explanations of himself. When the Senator made his remarks, I rose to explain to him that he was under a misapprehension. The speeches which I have made here, under a rule of the Senate, are recorded, and what is recorded has gone before the people, and will go, worthy or not, into history. I leave them to mankind; I stand by what I have said. That is all I have to say upon that subject.

The Senator proposes to expel me. I am ready to meet that trial, too, and if I shall be expelled I shall not be the first man subjected to punishment for maintaining that there is a power higher than human law; and that power delights in justice; that rulers, whether despots or elected rulers of a free people, are bound to administer justice for the benefit of society. Senators, when they please to bring me for trial, or otherwise, before the Senate of the United States will find a clear and open field. I ask no other defense than the speeches upon which they propose to condemn me.

Dismissing thus the personal matter, he then resumed and concluded his argument for admitting New Mexico as a free State.

To Mrs. Seward he continued:

July 29.

Here we are in the whirl of the agony of final debate. It is quite apparent that the slave power is to have its triumphs in the Senate, and there is little reason to hope that it will be less successful in the House of Representatives. One by one partial aids are given to the bill by men who have heretofore opposed it.

July 31.

We have done our duty and can do no more. The influences exerted are too much for weak human nature in August. The Administration avoids speaking officially, but gives out unofficially that the bill is approved. I wish I had confidence in the House that the friends of the right would make a decent resistance, but they have no leader and no courage. If they had both, they would have sent California to us four or five months ago.

July 31.

It is now quite well, universally understood here that the President desires the passage of the "Compromise" Bill, and his influence is rapidly demoralizing us. I do not see the end. But I do see that I am in the course dictated by justice and fidelity.

The "Omnibus Bill" was defeated, but its component parts were taken up separately. A letter to Weed said:

August 2.

Well, we have disposed of the "Omnibus Bill." Let me apprise you of the actual state of things. There is no secret here of the earnest desire of the Administration to have the Texas Border question and the Territorial Bills pass, separately, through both Houses, thus effecting the "Compromise" in another way. Now, these bills cannot pass the House without disgracing the New York Whig delegation, and perhaps ruining the hopes of the State. I think you can now do good by coming here. Is it not best?

To Mrs. Seward he said:

August 1.

We are in the midst of a new debate to-day. Mr. Dawson is opening to us a new chapter of horrors. I know not how many dough-faces he will find. Mr. Clay is engaged at this moment in pronouncing the funeral oration over his "Omnibus." He is entitled to the privilege of mourning.

August 2.

The California Bill must pass the Senate before I can leave here, and the other bills, territorial and others, must not pass when I am absent; because I must vote against them. The new Administration has assumed the management of its own affairs. My responsibilities are much diminished.

Mr. Clay brought down applause from the galleries, by his charge into the South Carolina chivalry; and Mr. Foote did the same.

To Weed he wrote:

August 3.

You see, now, how the land lies, in part. The "Omnibus" scheme is exploded, California is before the Senate, as a separate measure. We have at least thirty-three votes for it, unchanged; and for passing it first, and as soon as possible. It is a question which will not be postponed. The Southern gentlemen will probably seek to stimulate resistance, in the House, by hindering and delaying our bill in the Senate.

The President and Mr. Webster were distressed by the loss of the "Omnibus."

I have your letter about the New Mexico debate, and I thank you for it. It turned out well. Among ourselves, and in the midst of "dough-faceism" all around us and among us, I was willing to seem to go farthest.

To Mrs. Seward he wrote:

August 3.

We have taken up the California Bill alone; and we must pass it. The Southern Senators threaten deadly resistance to its passage. We have spent

two days upon it; and we do not know whether we are to pass it in one more day, or in thirty. The Senate adjourned over to-day. I am desirous to find some place of refuge from the monotonous scene of the Capitol.

August 4.

Yesterday morning, we set off, Frederick, Caroline, and I, in one of Cornelius' carriages, to Mt. Vernon. The road was long, and most of the way rough, and the weather intensely hot. But we were in the country, and for long and pleasant hours in the woods; and we were away from the haunts of men, from their cares, and their speeches. I came home fatigued, but with my mind set on subjects entirely different from those which had absorbed it.

Mt. Vernon is beautiful, but mournfully beautiful, far more touchingly so, than when we saw it together in 1835. You may recollect that it was entered by a gate, on each side of which was a porter's lodge. The lodges are there, but falling into ruin; the gate is there, but the wall between the gate and the lodges is down; and you drive over the heaps of stone, unchecked and unreproved. The spacious brick tenements that lined the avenue to the mansion are crumbling down; the roofs have fallen in; and the woodbine and trumpet-creeper are growing over the desolate walls. The alleys, passages, and ways are littered with fallen trees; and the whole place bears evidence of coarse, careless husbandry. The house has lost its bright and cleanly air; and the great dining hall, that was so beautiful, has now the air of a deserted country ball-room. Coarse, ill-clad negroes were the only occupants we saw. Fallen trees and bushes choke up the way to the vault. We went to the river side; spread our collation on the rocks; and after a ramble on the beach, we made our way home again. I send you a sprig of evergreen from the tombs, and to Fanny a little tiger lily that we found growing profusely on the banks of the river.

August 5.

Sunday has brought me no incident worthy of note. At church, we sat, of course, with the Washingtons. I attended old Mrs. Lee home. She seems a very kind and good old lady, and she entertained me with many anecdotes of General Washington, whom she knew well.

Our street now shows us an illustration of life in Washington. Mr. Hall, of the *Republic*, has just moved into Mr. Burke's house, while the auctioneer's flag is displayed from Mr. Crawford's parlor windows.

August 6.

The Southern members are intent on preventing the admission of California. But I have learned to yield little heed to their menaces. They seem rather like petulant, than seditious partisans. I wish I knew how much of the gossip of the day reaches you. There is enough of it to amuse you, as it does me. I was buried, below low-water mark, by the advent of Mr. Fillmore; and now, according to the same authorities, I am disturbing the world again; having been raised from the deep, by the fall of the "Omnibus."

August 7.

It almost vexes me to see how grave men trifle with great responsibilities. Here are men who have defeated the "Compromise," and thus assumed a

great responsibility to the public, and who are strong enough to carry the California Bill through the Senate, any day, hindered since last Friday from doing so, because three or four of our number cannot consent to stay in their places, one or two hours later than the usual hour of adjournment. Two are absent from the city, and at such a time! Two paired off yesterday; and we were obliged to adjourn for want of a quorum.

I had a visit last night from an extraordinary man, a mulatto gentleman, who has resided in Hayti twenty years, and is now on a visit to this country. He is a highly-educated man, and intelligent. He gave me more insight into the condition of things in San Domingo than I had ever before enjoyed. He says his mother belonged to his father; and he, with four other children, were emancipated. What a condition of society does this not indicate!

August 9.

After three or four days direct sailing toward port, the California flag-ship has been capriciously put back; and the ensign transferred to the "Texan Bargain" ship; which is now crowded forward by the combined forces that carried the "Omnibus" so long over seas, to its wreck on the breakers. This Texas Bargain Bill has the direct countenance and urgent favor of the Administration. It gives to Texas 20,000 square miles of New Mexico (an area larger than that of Massachusetts) and pays Texas ten millions, as a bonus for taking it, and dropping the bayonet, or the brag, just as it may be regarded. I cannot vote for it; but I shall not speak. Its demerits are all exposed, in the arguments I have heretofore submitted. Besides, I feel satisfied that the public mind wants relief from parliamentary rhetoric, and I should speak to a country as listless as the Senate. I still hope that we may see the California Bill passed.

August 10.

Mr. Conrad is to be Secretary of War. He takes Mr. Crawford's house. Mr. Hall, the new Postmaster-General, takes Judge Collamer's house.

The Merediths leave for Philadelphia on Monday. Sir Henry Bulwer takes their house. He has surrendered his Staten Island cottage. Lady Bulwer is said to prefer Washington.

The Senate, yesterday, passed the Texas Boundary Bill, by which one-third of New Mexico was surrendered to Texas, with a purse of ten millions of dollars, to make peace. What remains, is the California Bill, and the New Mexico Bill.

August 11.

All calculation upon legislative action is uncertain. We have a prospect of a vote on California to-morrow, but the wind may blow us off the coast again.

The whole of the under stratum of society here has been in a high state of excitement, for two or three days, produced by the mad effort of a New York Abolitionist to carry two slaves of Messrs. Toombs and Stephens to a free country. The attempt failed after a severe but fortunately bloodless contest. The mob, of course, threatened the *Era* office, and there were intimations of a design to insult me. How hard it is for communities to retrace downward ways!

There is now time on my hands. I employ it by reading some of the English classics — Swift and Beaumont and Fletcher. Half a dozen tragedies, really beautiful, make up all that is tolerable of the latter; but Swift is admirable throughout. I do not wonder at the "inferior state" of your sex now, when I see how much lower it was less than one hundred and fifty years ago. Beaumont and Fletcher wrote plays for the fashionable and intelligent world, and of course suited its tastes, since they were successful and eminent. Yet they had no idea of a woman, except that which degrades both sexes.

California was at last granted admission, though not till after various attempts had been made to remand her to a territorial condition, to remit her Constitution to a new convention, and to divide her by the line of 36° 30'. Seward had the pleasure of recording his vote in her favor, and soon after of welcoming her Senators, Dr. Gwin and Colonel Fremont, to seats in the Chamber.

September found the "Compromise" leaders elated with evident increase of strength. The debates were drawing to a close, favorable to the "Compromise." On the 11th, Seward made a last effort for emancipation in the District of Columbia. He moved to amend the pending bill by substituting for it one setting free all the slaves in the District, but compensating their owners for whatever damages they might incur thereby. Sharp and acrimonious attacks upon him followed. He briefly rejoined:

Opposition to emancipation in the District of Columbia seems to me a bad cause, and it is in the nature of a bad cause to betray itself. I did not mistake in supposing that the opposition which my proposition would encounter would prove its best vindication.

The measure I have submitted is either right or wrong. If right, no unworthiness of motive of mine can detract from its virtues; if wrong, no purity of motive can redeem it.

To those who thought it was "not the time" to consider such a question, he replied:

I think it wrong to hold men in bondage at any time and under any circumstances. I think it right and just, therefore, to abolish slavery, when we have the power, at any time, at all times, under any circumstances. Now, sir, so far as the objection rests upon the time, I beg leave to say that if the present is not the right time, then there must be some other time. Will gentlemen oblige me, and the country, by telling us how far down in the future the right time lies? Judging for myself, I am sure the right time has come. Past the middle age of life, it has happened to me now, for the first time, to be a legislator for slaves. I believe it to be my duty to the people of this District, to the country, and to mankind, to restore them to freedom. For the performance of such a duty, the first time and the first occasion which offers is the right one.

But, of course, the amendment was promptly voted down. Though the "Omnibus Bill" had failed in its first shape, it was now to triumph in another. The measures composing it were separately passed, through both Houses. New Mexico and Utah were organized into territories open to slave-holders. Slavery was left undisturbed in the District, except that the slave trade was restricted there. The "Texas Boundary Bill" was passed, taking $10,000,000 from the treasury to pay at par the discredited "Texas scrip," large amounts of which were said to be in the pockets of members of Congress and their intimate friends.

The "Fugitive Slave Law" was "rushed through" as the closing step of the "great settlement." On the day when the final vote on it was taken in the House, many Northern members were absent from their seats, and aimlessly strolling about the lobbies and the library, unwilling to vote for it and yet afraid to oppose it. When the vote had been taken, Thaddeus Stevens rose and ironically moved "that the Speaker send one of his pages to inform the members that they can return with safety, as the slavery question has been disposed of!"

CHAPTER XX.

1850–1851.

"Finality." The Fall Elections. The New York Whigs. Enterprises of the Day. The Lull after the Storm. In a Minority. French Spoliations. Homestead Law. Cheap Postage. A Lieutenant-General. California Measures. The Nashville Convention. Fugitive Slave Cases. A Plan for Emancipation. Letters to a Tennessee Whig. Weed as an Adviser.

"FREEDOM'S banner trails in the dust at Washington," said Weed in the Albany *Journal*. Throughout the North, anti-slavery men were depressed and discouraged. "Free Soilers" were confronted with the alternative of breaking their party ties, or giving up their principles.

Not so the majority of both the great parties. "The slavery question is settled at last!" was the glad exclamation. Flags were hoisted, salutes fired, and meetings held in the large cities, where orators vied with drums and guns in loud congratulations. That the slavery question, which had threatened to disturb the national peace, was finally laid at rest, many believed; and many more, who did not believe, deemed it politic and prudent to affect that they did. Engravings

and biographies were published, testifying public gratitude to "the great patriotic men who had saved the Union." Histories were written, detailing how the great peril of disunion, imminent in 1850, was in that year, by congressional wisdom, happily ended forever. Some of these volumes, still extant, were for years used in schools, teaching the boys lessons that they afterward unlearned at the point of the bayonet.

It was not enough to say that it was "settled." One was expected to admit that it was "finally settled." Phrases about that "finality" became a test between political orthodoxy and "abolition" heresy. When the Democratic State Convention of New York met, to nominate candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, it adopted resolutions accepting "the recent settlement by Congress of questions which have unhappily divided the people of these States," and "congratulating the country upon it." "Barn-Burners" united with "Hunkers" in this declaration. Seward wrote to Weed:

> The drama has its acts, and the plot is no plot without re-action. I look for re-action now. The "Free Soilers" proper here have behaved with great fidelity, and are shocked by the surrender of their brethren in New York.
>
> Mr. Fillmore hopes that there will be no approval of my course by the State Committee. He wants the Whigs to be a national party. I cordially agree with him in deprecating an indorsement at such a time and under such circumstances. A hard blow from the South will make the temperate and bracing winds of the North more acceptable to us all.

Such "bracing airs" came from Vermont and other parts of New England. But in the fall conventions, in many States, Whigs, as well as Democrats, made haste to enroll themselves on the side which had won. When the New York State Convention met, resolutions reiterating the "Free Soil" doctrines of the Whigs of 1848, and approving the course of Seward, were resisted. When the latter resolution was adopted, by a vote of 76 to 40, the Administration members "bolted" and withdrew to another hall. There they organized, calling Francis Granger to the chair, and formally indorsed President Fillmore and the Compromise.

Meanwhile, at Washington, Congressmen of all parties were impatient to get home to their affairs, and to the political campaigns in their respective districts. Business was hurried through, and bills hastily disposed of. The only matters of special importance on which Seward spoke were those relating to the new State of California. He urged the opening of a dry-dock and establishment of a navy yard at San Francisco, and advocated all possible help to the growing commerce of the Pacific. He opposed those restrictions upon pre-emption

rights and mining privileges which would deny them to immigrants from abroad.

As the clock struck noon, on the last day of September, Congress finally adjourned. Seward returned home, and a few days later went with his family to Geneva, to attend the wedding of his nephew, Clarence, to Miss Caroline de Zeng. The rest of the brief interval before reassembling of the Senate was devoted to his business affairs at Auburn and at Goshen.

The newly-adopted Compromise did not enter into the November elections as an issue between the two parties. The leaders of both in Congress united in its support. In most of the States, acquiescence, if not approval, was the favorite line of action. In others, where the anti-slavery Whigs had control of party organization, they were content to renew affirmance of their principles without insisting upon separate candidates. In Massachusetts, the "Free Soilers" made a coalition with the Democrats, the latter naming the Governor, the former hoping, as Henry Wilson expressed it, to "send a Senator to Washington, to stand side by side with Hale, Seward, and Chase, to fight the battles of liberty for the next six years." In New York, Administration Whigs voted with the "Weed and Seward" men for Washington Hunt, and he was elected Governor by a small majority.

There were some events of historical importance during the year, which, however, hardly attracted the attention they deserved, so engrossed were all minds by the change of Administration and the varying phases of the "Compromise" struggle. The seventh census was completed, and showed the United States to have a population of 23,000,000. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was proclaimed. The Nicaragua canal was pronounced feasible, at a cost of $100,000 per mile. The Panama railroad was pushed with vigor. California continued the shipment of gold dust by the million. The Lopez Cuban expedition led to diplomatic discussions of the "Right of Search." The Grinnell Arctic expedition departed on its benevolent errand. The New York Legislature adopted a general railroad law, and the Hudson River road was opened as far as Poughkeepsie. The "Free School" State Convention upheld, and the fall election confirmed, the new system. Preparations were going on in England for a great international exhibition in 1851. Mysterious rappings, betokening "spirits," continued at Rochester. "Table Rock" fell at Niagara Falls. Washington's head-quarters at Newburgh were formally accepted and dedicated by the State. The arrival of Jenny Lind and her enthusiastic reception; the trial of Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman; the death of Sir Robert Peel, and the mobbing

of Haynau by the London brewery men, were among the incidents of this busy year.

Seward was in his seat at the opening of Congress. It was the short session and a quiet one — the lull after the great storm, and before the coming of another. Both Houses were in the control of the supporters of the "Compromise." The anti-slavery men were a powerless minority. He wrote to Weed:

December 4.

I have waited to discover signs before writing to you. It is quite clear, from the message, that the Whig party is required to occupy the Castle Garden platform. I can see that the party in the North cannot and will not go on that platform, because it has a trap device to let it fall. Nevertheless, the Administration believes nothing more easy than this, and nothing else so safe. They are for conciliation everywhere, and at all times. I have seen the President, and he asks for it. I meet these demands kindly, but do not suffer myself to negotiate, when negotiation would be so unavailing.

The "Free Soil" Democrats will introduce a bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. Whigs will wait and forbear, but will vote according to their alliances. This question, however, seems to hold in itself the cloud that will overwhelm every thing.

At this session the debates were chiefly in regard to measures involving no political question. Seward took active part in the legislative business. Upon the bill in regard to indemnities for French spoliations he made an elaborate speech, narrating the history and explaining the character of the question — one which had been handed down from the days of President Washington. A month later, he made a speech in regard to the public domain, advocating the granting of lands to actual settlers, and the exemption of such homesteads from seizure for debt. In this speech he laid down this doctrine:

I do not say that the land in this or any other country ought to be, or ever could be, divided and enjoyed equally. I assert no such absurdity. But I do say with some confidence, that great inequality of landed estates, here or elsewhere, tends to check population, enterprise, and wealth, and to hinder and defeat the highest interests of society. Every State in the Union recognizes this principle, and guards against undue aggregation of estates.

He advocated liberal grants of public lands for education and internal improvement.

When Congress was discussing the subject of cheap postage he made some practical suggestions, which ten, twenty, and thirty years later were carried out, as matters of course. But in regard to postage, as in regard to slavery, he was thought too "radical" to be a safe guide. It seems strange now that Congress should have voted down such sug-

gestions as "a uniform rate of postage of two cents," and "prepayment and the use of stamps." He said:

> I am satisfied that we shall come to this system, sooner or later. The people are entitled to cheap postage. They will have it, because it is their right; and it will turn out ultimately that cheap postage will be the most profitable to the government.

Another debate was over the resolution to confer the rank of Lieutenant-General on General Scott. Seward advocated this, saying "that it was in the line of safe and well-timed precedents, and well deserved."

A question of somewhat similar character was that of reimbursing Captain Paulding (who afterward became Admiral) for his expenditures in behalf of the Government. This Seward presented and warmly advocated.

A debate also arose over the question of surrendering to California the customs collected there during the Mexican War. He pointed out that "California" was left without a government, in a state of anarchy; and was obliged to furnish a government for herself, at a heavy expense. Meanwhile she had collected and paid those revenues into the Treasury of the United States. He asked: "Is it not just, that out of that sum we should pay over to her the amount she has expended?"

There were other questions, in regard to senatorial terms, the improvement of rivers and harbors, tariff rates, military and naval officers, which called out more or less discussion. But after all, there was one great underlying question, which persistently forced itself on men's thoughts, even when they had agreed not to talk about it. Though Congress was inculcating, and practicing cessation of "slavery agitation," yet it still remained a disturbing element, at North and South. Bowen and McNamee, silk merchants of New York, when threatened with loss of patronage, if they did not support the "Compromise," gained popularity, and customers, by saying, "Our goods are for sale, but not our principles." In Charleston, at public gatherings, threats of "disunion" and "plans of resistance," with help from Georgia and Mississippi, were loudly applauded. One unfortunate candidate, for city alderman there, was hotly denounced, for having "once been a client of Seward's in a patent case." At Nashville the Southern Convention had adjourned *sine die* after a sharp debate over the "Compromise." In New York the Whigs who supported it were called "Silver Grays," and those who opposed it were stigmatized as "Woolly Heads." At Albany, after the failure of a scheme to compel Whig harmony, by resolutions "approving the

Peace Measures of Congress," a long legislative contest took place, over Dickinson's vacant seat in the U. S. Senate, ending only in March, by the election of ex-Governor Hamilton Fish. At Boston, a still more protracted contest ensued over Webster's seat, which was not terminated until April, when Charles Sumner was chosen.

The Fugitive Slave Law was now put in force, as "a law of the land, to which every good citizen owes obedience." Hardly was the ink dry with which it had been signed, when slave-holders on the border, who knew the whereabouts of their former "chattels," began to invoke its aid for their recapture. There was a fugitive slave case in New York, in which the poor man was seized while at work at his trade, hurried into a back room, and tried in haste, delivered to the agent, handcuffed, and carried off to Baltimore, without opportunity even to say good-bye to his wife and children. There was a similar case in Philadelphia and another in Indiana. Then came the spectacle of Henry Long, a captured fugitive, marched down to Jersey City Ferry under guard of two hundred policemen, amid a crowd of thousands. Ten days later it was announced "that he had been sold at auction in Richmond for $750, to a Georgia trader, to be taken further South," and that "there was great applause at the sale." In another case in Philadelphia, a woman who had been twenty-two years free, and had five children, was arrested as a fugitive slave. At Columbia, in Pennsylvania, William Smith was seized as a fugitive, and while endeavoring to escape, was shot, dying instantly. A kidnapper seized a free colored girl in Nottingham, and carried her off to a Baltimore slave-pen. A colored man who went on there to testify to her having been born free, and never a slave, was found next day hanging dead, on a tree by the roadside.

If the statesmen who adopted the Fugitive Slave Law as a panacea to repress the "agitation of slavery," had been seeking instead for one to inflame that "agitation" to its highest pitch, they could hardly have found a more effective instrument. It went through the land like the flaming war-torch of the Highlands, summoning clansmen to battle. It roused even the apathetic and the lukewarm. It brought the slavery question home to every Northern man's hearthstone. Clergymen and lawyers who counseled "obedience to the law because it was a law," did not feel enthusiasm when asked to take a hand in its enforcement. It was one thing to tacitly acquiesce in slavery, as an inheritance from Biblical times; it was quite another to personally turn slave-catcher. It was one thing to stand and declaim about "the Compromises of the Constitution," and quite another to deny the prayer of the trembling fugitive at the door for food, shelter, and es-

cape. But the "Great Peace Measure" was relentless on this point. It commanded "every good citizen" to assist the deputy-marshal in his slave-catching whenever called upon, and imposed fine and imprisonment on him who refused to obey. Experience of the working of the Fugitive Slave Law was the first thing that opened the eyes of many to the discovery, that, possibly, Seward might be right in thinking there was some higher law to be obeyed than this brutal statute.

At the capital, where all interests were on the side of the Union, the "adjustment," which was supposed to insure its perpetuity, was generally popular. A declaration and pledge to "maintain the settlement inviolate," and to "oppose agitation," was circulated among members of Congress, and signed by many, among whom were eight New Yorkers. Seward, of course, continued to present the anti-slavery petitions, which continued to come to him by every morning's mail. But he raised no new issue. When opposition was made to their reception, he remarked:

> Whether these petitions are now referred and considered, or whether they shall be allowed to accumulate, as they will, in my humble judgment, continue to accumulate from session to session, the result will be that those who flatter themselves that they have arrested agitation will find that they have, by this very course, increased the agitation which it was their object to allay.

He wrote to Christopher Morgan:

January 11.

> The Fugitive Slave Law is the worst experiment ever made by Government here, to compel confederated States under a General Government, differing in domestic, social, and civil economy and discipline to agree.
>
> How shall we treat it? Here are petitions accumulating for repeal and for nothing less. Here are resolutions of Southern States, denouncing even *amendment* as ground of separation. It is no time now to move in the matter, and yet silence must not be carried to the end of the session. What would our wise men say to a proposition at the right time, to amend by a proviso that on the fugitive being ascertained to be such, he may redeem himself or be redeemed by any other person, corporation, or the State where he is arrested?
>
> With this, a proposition for a plan of emancipation. That whenever any person wishing to redeem himself from slavery, shall show to any court of the United States that the laws of his State permit, and his master consents, he shall be paid by a warrant on the Treasury. This would work slow and sure. First Delaware, then Maryland and Kentucky. No State could object, because they have the power to prevent it. It would not invade private property, for the master would have a veto. It would not create a great debt, because the process is slow. It would be a gradual emancipation with compensation and consent.
>
> Talk of this with Mr. Weed, the Governor, if you think best, Hunt, Douglas etc., and say what they think of either, or both.

Very early in his senatorial career Seward found there was a growing demand for pamphlet copies of his speeches. Letters were constantly coming, asking not only for single copies, but for dozens or hundreds, for distribution in different and distant localities. As the cost of printing the pamphlets was defrayed by himself, this was an expense which increased year by year. Deeming that no better or simpler method of inculcating anti-slavery principles among the people could well be devised, he cheerfully paid it. Some years the editions ran up into the hundreds of thousands, and the amount he expended upon them was greater than the amount he received as salary. He used, in later years, to say that he neither expected nor desired to "let the American people put a dollar in his pocket;" that he never received one from them that he did not expend in their service, supplementing it with as many more as he could afford out of his own means. The mere manual labor of franking this immense amount of printed matter was very great. He would frequently devote hours to it. Sometimes he would call together at his house, a "franking bee," of members of Congress. Then they would spend the evening in endeavoring to reduce the piles of printed speeches which always stood around the room, and the result of their labors would fill one or more mail bags.

On the 4th of March came the final adjournment of Congress. A special session of the Senate, for executive business, followed.

Answering a letter from Mr. Homberger, a Tennessee Whig, asking for information as to the relative positions of the two parties at the North on the slavery question, he said:

Since the debates on the subject in the last Congress, they have divided into two classes. One of these justifies and approves the acts of Compromise, as having been expedient and reasonable under the circumstances which then existed. The other disapproves those Compromises, as having been alike unnecessary, unwise, and unjust. The one class insists that the Compromise shall be maintained in all its parts, inviolate. The other insists that such acts of Compromise, as are in their nature repealable, shall be regarded as subject to review, modification, and repeal. Inasmuch as I belong to that class myself, I have great pleasure in expressing my belief, that they constitute a decided majority in each of the parties in this State, and in several other free States.

A confidential letter to Weed said:

March 3.

The words spoken of the President were the spontaneous response to an unexpected call to speak for him, and the only idea that I recollect as having come up was, that I could show how little personal jealousy or rivalry entered into the motives of my political action.

We have parts to act, which seem to me more difficult than ever were assigned to political actors, within our time. To cherish and secure the devel-

opment of this great principle of freedom, so that it may heal and bless a great nation, requires boldness and constancy, which put me upon a kind of heroism quite likely to mislead; and it requires also sagacity and prudence for which I rely upon you alone. By the rest of mankind, I am either flattered beyond my sense of appreciation, or cursed outright. It is natural and inevitable that it should be so. They depend on me or on my adversaries to think for them. You can hardly judge how lonesome it is here for me, because I find no advisers around me. But I pray you not to think that I am either so opinionated or so vain as to know that ninety-nine out of a hundred times, your counsels are wiser than my own, while the sincerity and devotion from which they spring make me distrust my own conclusions always when they differ from your own.

Weed, in one of his letters, remarked:

You, out of all whom I have known, allow friendship to fulfill all its obligations. Others whom I have desired to serve could not bear with my plain speech, while you allow me to say the most ungracious things, in the most ragged way. You know how loyally all is intended. God grant that your destiny may not be baffled, nor its glory dimmed by act, word, or thought of mine.

The growing sentiment against the Fugitive Slave Law found expression in a convention of its opponents held in Massachusetts. Replying to them, Seward said:

Christendom might be searched in vain for a parallel to the provisions which make escape from bondage a crime, and which, under rigorous penalties, compel freemen to aid in the capture of slaves. Nor do I find the Fugitive Slave Law growing in my favor, on the ground of the already falsified promise of the end of the agitation of slavery, an agitation which, whether beneficent or otherwise, is as inseparable from our political organization as the winds and clouds are from the atmosphere that encircles the earth.

CHAPTER XXI.

1851.

New York and Erie Railroad Celebration. The Special Election. Canal Enlargement. A Summer at Detroit. The Railroad Conspiracy Trials. General Cass. A Canadian Visit. "The New Creed."

EARLY in May, the New York and Erie railroad had been completed to Dunkirk. Its opening was to be celebrated with imposing ceremonies, in which members of the State and National Governments had been invited to participate. Seward had been one of the earliest

friends of the enterprise. The directors were especially desirous that he should be one of the party which was to proceed from New York to Dunkirk. He wrote home:

GOSHEN, *May* 11, 1851.

I shall go with the great company who are to make the tour of the New York and Erie railroad on Wednesday, and on reaching Dunkirk I shall part with them and go home to Auburn for a day or two. We are likely to have a very "silvery gray" party on the railroad, but I have not thought it would be becoming in me to avoid the celebration on that account.

The New York and Erie Railroad Company is an enterprise in the success of which I have a better right than most to exult, having periled more for it than any other public man. It seemed to me that I could not avoid this occasion without seeming to be affected by the persevering efforts of that portion of our party, which opposes me, to throw me out of the line of policy and action I have pursued.

The progress of the train up the Rockland hills and through the Orange county valleys, up the valleys of the Delaware and the Susquehanna, and over the plains and through the forests of the western counties, was a series of ovations. Each town and hamlet vied with its neighbors in its display of flags, decorations, salutes, and such oratory as the brief stops of the locomotive would permit. On board were President Fillmore; his Secretary of State, Daniel Webster; his Attorney-General, John J. Crittenden, and other men of note, who were repeatedly summoned to the platform of their car to acknowledge the enthusiastic greetings of the assembled crowds. At Dunkirk, a great banquet terminated the celebration, and the toasts and speeches lasted until a late hour. When Seward was called upon, he gave, in the course of his remarks, "the secret of New York's commercial supremacy."

What is that secret? Here it is! Here is Lake Erie. Stretching away for thousands of miles to the west lies the continent. There, almost at your feet, is the Atlantic, the key of that continent. Far away in the east is the Old World, famishing for the supplies which that new country can send. Here are the lakes which receive these supplies, and bear them in schooners, brigs, ships, and steam vessels and deposit them here on this isthmus, some three or four hundred miles wide, over which or through which they must be carried to the banks of the Atlantic coast, where other ships and steamships are waiting to take them to Liverpool and London. The Erie canal, the Central railroad, the Northern railroad, and last, but by no means least, this great southern railroad, all together, contribute to form that one great channel, which New York has opened across the isthmus, enlarging it continually with the growing exactions of commerce. This command of the commerce of this continent is the dowry of New York.

This secret revealed itself to Washington in 1783, when he had made his way,

at the close of the Revolution, up the Hudson and the Mohawk, and along Wood creek and Oneida lake and the Mad river, to the shore of Lake Ontario at Oswego. The sea was behind him, the lakes stretched away before him, his feet were on the isthmus. The secret broke upon him, and he gave utterance to it at once in a letter to the Marquis of Chastellux.

This "Erie Railroad Jubilee" was a long-remembered event in the region where it took place. On his way home from it, Seward was called out to address the people at one of the villages he was passing through. He began:

I have been to the wedding — the wedding where blue-eyed Lake Erie was the bride and the old salt sea was the groom. They tried for a long time to forbid the bans, but the ring was put on at last and can never be taken off again. The ring was not of beaten gold, but of tough wrought-iron. Do you want to see it? You have only to look down under the wheels of this car.

Proceeding in this vein, he sketched the reasons why all their neighbors ought to exchange congratulations over what promised to be a long and happy union.

A special State election was to be held on the 27th of May. One of the measures that had been pending in the Legislature was a law authorizing a loan of $9,000,000 to complete the enlargement of the Erie canal. Twelve of the opposing Senators had resigned in a body, thus defeating the bill and breaking up the session. This election was to fill their places, and its result would be regarded as the decision of the people upon the enlargement policy. The Whigs favored that policy; the Democrats were divided in opinion. The election resulted in the success of the canal enlargement.

A few days later, he wrote to Weed, congratulating him on the victory, and adding:

Nothing could be more "express and admirable" than the great skill you have practised in carrying the party through this important yet intricate affair. You have reason to be satisfied and gratified.

Nearly the whole of the rest of the summer, Seward spent at Detroit, where he had been called for professional service. Much excitement prevailed there, and a conflict of public opinion, in regard to some pending trials. The railroad companies were prosecuting numerous persons for complicity in an alleged conspiracy to destroy buildings and other property belonging to those corporations. While there was plenty of evidence as to crimes that had been committed, and others in contemplation, there were grave doubts as to whether all the accused had really taken part in them. The sweeping charge of conspiracy often arraigns the innocent as well as the guilty.

Seward had been retained to defend some who protested, not only their innocence, but their entire ignorance, of all the transactions in which they were charged to have participated. He wrote home:

DETROIT, *June* 4, 1851.

Detroit has grown larger. I have seen several of the citizens, but learned nothing except that parties divide here, just as in New York. My cause comes off this morning. From what I learn of the case, I am inclined to think it will turn out to be a conspiracy against most of the defendants. Two or three State prison convicts committed depredations, and laid the crimes at the doors of unsuspecting parties, to screen themselves, and to secure double rewards. This is what I am told. We shall see.

June 7.

We are fairly launched upon the great trial, and that keeps me a close prisoner, at hard labor. What there is of the "Free Soil" or Liberty feeling in this State and city, is mingled with much personal kindness to me. I am not suffered to be alone, either in my room or at my meals. I am declining invitations to go into the country to address the people. General Cass called yesterday, and invited me to dine with him next week, an invitation which I accepted, of course.

June 8.

I returned General Cass' call last evening, and found him living like a patriarch, surrounded by a wife and four daughters. The circle was pleasant, and they are intelligent and accomplished ladies.

After court, and after dinner, Schoolcraft and I crossed the river, which is a mile wide, and strolled along the banks, from Windsor to Sandwich. Upon the grassy banks it was pleasant walking, and the road was full of objects of pleasant interest. The population are Catholic French and fugitive negroes. We visited an old church, which was built, eighty years ago, for a missionary station among the Hurons. Now, not a native is found within two or three hundred miles. There was a district school kept in two departments, one teaching in English, and the other in French.

I accosted two negroes, who boldly avowed that they had fled from Kentucky and defied their masters. They asked whether any one was in pursuit of them. Well-looking colored families were riding from the ferry-boat, in comfortable market carts. Very respectable looking black preachers were seen enjoying all the respect paid even to Catholic priests of fairer hue.

I read the papers with less interest here than at home. Politics are less interesting. I notice that the *Herald* is rapidly letting Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Clay down, and preparing to let Mr. Webster down, so as to come out for Scott. So, at last, the tide begins to turn. Are we to win another victory, to be, for aught I know, useless to the party, the country, and the cause of humanity? Well, as O'Connell said on reaching Genoa, "It is God's will that I shall not see Rome. I am content." I shall be contented to see the progress, not the end.

July 16.

I went with Mr. Miller last night to the Hutchinson's concert. They had a very full house, and I was pleased with the discovery, that, first, they had improved much; and, second, that they had maintained their independence. In the midst of this agitation and commotion, they still sing forth with their melodious voices, the songs of freedom. No one dared to hiss, although there was a holding in of the breath, more than there should, or perhaps once would, have been on the part of the audience.

You have the advantage over me quite, in politics. I never see the *Journal* nor the *Tribune*. I do not know what either paper says. As for the new creed, the Whig party never gave to you or to me the political creed we professed. It has been unwilling, half the time, not merely to receive any creed from me, but even to allow me liberty to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly in my own way. I hate creeds and articles; but I love and honor fidelity to associates, party, and country. We can go along very well. After trying this new creed and wearing it out, they wont blame you and me for it.

August 10.

This everlasting trial, like revolution, seems to have almost banished Sundays. We have examined more than three hundred witnesses, indeed nearer four hundred, and the nights, adjourned days, and Sundays, have afforded too little time to post up the multifarious details of the evidence, and arrange them for use. We shall close the testimony for the defense to-morrow morning. We have impeached the prosecuting informer, by one hundred and twenty witnesses. We have contradicted the testimony given by him upon the vital points of the case.

We shall close the testimony this week, and some time next week the arguments.

September 4.

At last, we are at the beginning of the end. Van Arman is arguing the case for the people; seven or eight counsel (on both sides) are to follow.

We are in a vast room, with a vast audience gathering. Public sympathy is doing its work. Public meetings are gathering in the country. The city is moved and the prosecution is alarmed. Greeley's reporter is here; and we are preparing ourselves as well as we can. If I can seem forgetful of you, remember that I am doing my professional service in the cause of humanity.

CHAPTER XXII.

1851.

European Events. Greeley's Trip. Free Schools. Fugitive Slave Cases. The "Jerry Rescuers." The "Underground Railroad." Chautauqua Affairs. Charlotte Cushman in Buffalo. The State Election. Death of Judge Miller.

At home again, after the long trial, Seward had opportunity to learn what had transpired in the world at large during the summer. The "World's Fair" at London was attracting thousands of visitors. Gold discoveries in Australia were drawing thousands of immigrants. Lopez's expedition had landed in Cuba, but had been overpowered and defeated. He and several of his followers were executed, the rest in prison. Louis Napoleon was creating uneasiness and forcing ministerial resignations by measures looking to prolongation of his term of office. Austria and Russia had demanded the detention of Kossuth for two years. Turkey had refused, and the great exile was on board the United States steamer *Mississippi*. Boston, New York, and Baltimore were engaged in a laudable rivalry in building "clipper ships." New Yorkers were debating whether to enlarge the Battery, or to have "a great up-town park." Raymond had started the New York *Times*, and was conducting it with energy and skill. Greeley had returned from his European tour. A characteristic letter received from him said:

I am very glad to find myself at home. Ruins and antiquities are well enough when taken in moderate doses; but a daily paper with breakfast is preferable as an every-day matter. I grew weary of the passport system of Southern, and the sullen skies of Northern Europe, and was right glad to come home. I am sure my travels cannot nauseate any reader as much as the maritime portion did me. I presume they will be printed this fall if I can ever find time to revise them. The letters were written in a great hurry, but they contain truthful pictures of what I saw, and that is a view quite commonly neglected.

Meanwhile the New York Legislature had held its extra session and authorized the Canal Enlargement Loan. The new School Law, once more confirmed by the popular vote, had gone into successful operation. The *Evening Journal* said of it:

In 1840, Governor Seward recommended a change in the School System. That recommendation was grossly misrepresented at the time, and is still both misrepresented and misunderstood. That plan is now so universally popular that nothing could induce any essential modification of it. Time is the honest man's best vindication.

But of all these topics, none stirred the popular heart so deeply as the attempts which the Administration was making to execute the Fugitive Slave Law. At Boston, early in the year, Shadrach, a colored waiter, was seized, taken before the Commissioner, and duly remanded to custody, when a crowd of colored men rescued him and sent him off to Canada. Thereupon the President issued a proclamation commanding all public officers and calling on all citizens to "aid in quelling this and similar combinations," and to "assist in capturing the above-named persons;" in which business the Secretaries of War and of the Navy directed the army and the navy to help. Later came the case of Sims, who, though defended by some of the best legal talent in Boston, was surrendered to his master, marched to the Long Wharf in a hollow square of three hundred armed policemen, while the militia were posted in Faneuil Hall, and the church bells were tolling as for a funeral. Then there was the romantic story of William and Ellen Craft, escaped slaves from Georgia. Ellen, whose complexion was light, had dressed herself to personate a young planter going north for his health, attended by William, who personated a family servant greatly devoted to his young master. When the slave-catchers tracked them to Boston, Rev. Theodore Parker gave them refuge in his house. He said, "For two weeks I wrote my sermons with a sword in the open drawer under my ink-stand, and a pistol in the flap of the desk, loaded and ready for defense, until they could be put on board a vessel for England."

There was a case at Chicago, another at Poughkeepsie, another at Westchester, and another at Wilkesbarre, each attended with circumstances more or less calculated to awaken popular detestation of what the newspapers called "Man Hunting on the Border." In one case at Philadelphia, a free negro was kidnapped, proved by hired witnesses to be a slave, and sent to Maryland; only escaping because the planter to whom he was delivered had the honesty to acknowledge he was not his "lost property."

At Buffalo, Judge Conkling granted a writ of *habeas corpus* to an alleged fugitive. His counsel, Talcott and Hawley, moved his discharge for lack of evidence. It was granted, and in a few moments he was on his way to Canada. At Syracuse, Jerry McHenry was seized and carried before the Commissioner, but a crowd surrounded the court-room, broke in the doors, rushed in, overpowered the officers, and rescued the prisoner. Among those who participated in this riot were Gerrit Smith, Rev. Samuel J. May, and other leading citizens. Eighteen of them were indicted and summoned to appear at Auburn, to answer for their offense. They were escorted by a

hundred of the prominent people of the place. Being required to give sureties, Seward headed the list, which was soon filled with well-known names.

At Christiana, in Pennsylvania, when the officers and slave-owners, with the Commissioner's warrant, came to a house where a fugitive was concealed, they fired into it. The fire was returned, the owner killed, his companions put to flight, and the fugitive escaped.

The news of these seizures and conflicts alarmed all fugitives, some of whom had been for years residing, in supposed security, in "free States." Canada was the only place of refuge, and they began to pour into it. They crossed at Detroit, and at Niagara, and at Ogdensburg. Of those in New England, some went up through Vermont, some fled to Maine and crossed over into New Brunswick. Settlements sprang up in Canada, composed of negroes escaped from slavery. The one at Chatham was especially well known, and was a favorite point for those fled from Kentucky, through Ohio and Michigan.

It is to the credit of human nature that few men were zealous in executing the Fugitive Slave Law, except those who were paid for it. Even those who thought it ought to be obeyed did not hurry themselves to obey it. Many such would give food and shelter to a casual colored man, and even point out the road leading north, while prudently refraining from asking any questions that might prove embarrassing to both parties. Others devoted their time and money to help the fugitives. Free colored people in the Northern cities were especially active in this work. The mysterious rapidity with which fugitive slaves were smuggled through the States and "across the line," soon gained for the system the name of "The Underground Railroad." The passengers on that road increased every month, and its managers devised new facilities for travel. A poor wretch, with his little bundle, knowing nothing of his route, save that he must hide by day and follow the North Star by night, would find himself urged and helped forward by friendly hands, until he stood, without knowing how, on British soil. Sometimes they came in squads of four or five, or even a dozen. Stories almost incredible were told. One man escaped in a hogshead. One woman had come on in a box, and was nearly suffocated when it was piled among the merchandise on a wharf. One had come in the straw of a farm wagon, another by hanging on underneath the cars, several in the holds of coasting vessels. But the majority had fled on foot, looking hourly behind them for the master and his hounds, and before them for the North Star and liberty.

At Syracuse, in September, were held the Whig and Democratic State Conventions. Both avoided any "slavery agitation," and both invited Compromisers and Anti-Compromisers to unite in support of the party ticket. Each nominated its candidates for State officers. Among the Whig nominations were Forsyth, Patterson, Cook, Ullman, Seymour, Fitzhugh, and Wells. Among the Democratic ones, Randall, Wheaton, Chatfield, and Welch. The campaign was not an animated one, for no great question was at issue. But it began to be evident that, although the Compromise had been proposed by Whigs, it was likely to inure to the benefit of the Democrats. It was not illogical for voters to conclude that, since concession to the South was to be the accepted policy on both sides, such work would be best accomplished by the party which already enjoyed Southern support and confidence.

Seward devoted the fall chiefly to his affairs in Orange and Chautauqua counties. His heavy investments in lands in the latter had entailed a fifteen years' struggle with debt. But at last this was over. Settlers had come in, lands were salable, and instead of a yearly drain upon his pocket, Chautauqua now began to return him an income. With reasonable prudence he would now have an assured competence for the remainder of his life.

He wrote to Weed, who had inquired if he would like to have one of his sons become a journalist:

AUBURN, *October* 3, 1851.

I hoped to go to Albany to-day to see you, but business deranged by four months' absence keeps me fast. Tallman hurries a settlement of the Chautauqua matter, and I have written to Patterson to come here as early next week as he can.

Frederick, having got his lawyer's diploma, on surveying the whole ground, inclines to try the editorial life, for which literary tastes and habits and generous principles qualify him in some respects. He will go down on Monday to offer himself to do any thing for you, while and so long as you shall be abroad, and by the result of that trial, if you take him, he will decide what course of life to adopt.

The Chautauqua business now called him to Westfield. On the way he wrote from Buffalo:

You see that we make slow progress. We arrived here last night at eight o'clock, and after a comfortable sleep and breakfast, left the wharf this morning at nine for Barcelona in the steamer *Fashion*. The sea was in a swell, the passengers were sick and fearful. After going twenty miles the captain consulted his barometer, prognosticated a gale, and turned the vessel about. We returned to the wharf at three o'clock, and here we are waiting for the seas to be stilled. It is provoking, tantalizing, but nevertheless we feel grateful

for what may prove to have been the salvation of our lives. We hope the storm will release us to-morrow mornin

Finding himself in Buffalo to remain over night, he noticed by the placards that Miss Charlotte Cushman was playing at the theater. He went there and found the house crowded, but with a strange audience. Owing to the storm, lake and canal-boats were detained in port, and hundreds of boatmen filled pit and galleries, and even overflowed into the boxes. The play was "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Cushman, with her inimitable skill, personating the impassioned lover, and her sister taking the part of the heroine. It was in the highest vein of dramatic art, but a trifle too high for the uncultivated taste of the boatmen. They had discovered that the lover was represented by a woman, and the glowing metaphors and hyperbole of Shakespeare struck them as excellent burlesque. They laughed, they applauded, they whistled, they shouted, at such capital fun. Every tender sentiment in the balcony scene was greeted with a roar from the pit. Never was "Romeo and Juliet" so much enjoyed. Miss Cushman played on apparently unconscious of her audience. But Seward rose, and went home at the end of the third act — the only time in his life when he was ever willing to leave Miss Cushman's acting, for the audience marred all enjoyment of it that night.

WESTFIELD, 1851.

After putting back into Buffalo and waiting there for the storm to abate, we went at eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning on board the steamboat *Ohio*, but were detained in the harbor by the winds, until eight o'clock on Thursday. We arrived at Dunkirk at two, and came over by land to this place. But next day, Friday, we spent in a journey to French Creek, in the south-west part of the county. It stormed all day on Saturday. On Sunday the Land Office was shut. Mr. Tallman came in last night. Our papers are being prepared, and we may sign them to-morrow and leave for home. The business closes about as well as we expected — perhaps a little better.

At the fall elections some of the Whig nominees for State officers, and some of the Democratic ones, were successful. So far as the result indicated popular feeling, it seemed to show that those candidates were strongest, who favored the enlargement of the canals in the State, and were for "Free Soil" in the territories.

In November, Judge Miller, Mrs. Seward's father, after a protracted illness, was gradually sinking to his end. He was in his eighty-first year, but had retained his mental vigor to the last. After the funeral Seward wrote to Weed, who was now preparing for a European trip with his daughter.

AUBURN, *November* 17, 1851.

Judge Miller's death was sublime. The homage paid to his memory was touching and soothing. I am detained here a few days by the new cares of administration.

I am glad you are going away for Harriet's sake, and for your own. Much as I want Fred with me, I will send him down to receive your instructions and your wishes, in due time. He will be faithful, as Grinnell's clock, to both.

A word about politics. We are always ruined by our own errors, and salvation and restoration come only through the errors of our adversaries. Things are on a poise. No party can long retain power in this crisis. Responsibilities crush any. After General Taylor's death, and the change of policy by his successor, the Whig party could not go through to any triumph, unless it could change back. I feel assured that we are right, and that the right will come up again, I know.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1851–1852.

The New Congress. Fish, Wade, and Sumner Entering the Senate. Linn Boyd Speaker. Arrival of Kossuth. Enthusiastic Welcome in New York. Debates and Doubts at Washington. Weed in Europe. Louis Napoleon's *Coup d'Etat*. Reception of Kossuth. The Hungarian Question. "Intervention and Non-Intervention." Irish Patriots. Kossuth at Mount Vernon. Pulszky. The Japan Expedition. Ocean Commerce. The Kossuths at Auburn.

ARRIVED at Washington, to enter upon the duties of another session, he wrote:

Well! here I am again, after a vacation that has been busier than even the session of Congress, which it followed.

Our house is here, and not a thing in it has been disturbed. Even the rats and mice have been forbearing. Yet who could believe that this thick dust, that has buried every thing, and is as dense as the covering of the streets, has been scattered in through the windows and doors?

We had a hurried and uncomfortable journey from New York. They have come at last to check baggage there, for the through passage. But, as yet, they have not a through train by daylight. So we were obliged to come by night. We left at five, P. M., and arrived at nine yesterday morning.

Of the people, or of politicians, I have seen none. The Democrats are in power in Congress, the Silver Greys in the Administration. I am out of communication and out of sympathy with both; and I feel, in the very air around me, that I am to enjoy quiet, repose, I had almost said, dignity; but if I had used the word, I should have used it in the popular sense, not in my own; for I have had the dignity of real independence. Independent thought, speech, and action in the midst of passion, and in a season of the decline of

political virtue. There are indications of disagreement and contention among our political adversaries; but I do not yet know whether the breach will come soon, and be wide enough to give us any hope for the cause of truth and justice.

On the morning when Congress met, and as soon as the Chaplain had finished his opening prayer, Seward rose and presented the credentials of his new colleague, Governor Fish. He was followed by Chase, who presented those of Benjamin F. Wade, just elected from Ohio. Afterward, General Cass presented those of Charles Sumner, who had been chosen by Massachusetts. The morning was spent by the Senate in discussion over a contested seat from Florida. Presently news came from the other end of the Capitol that the House of Representatives had elected Linn Boyd, Speaker, by a large majority. The Whigs, being in a minority, and hopelessly divided in sentiment on the Compromise question, had scattered their votes between Edward Stanley, Thaddeus Stevens, Joseph R. Chandler, and others. Efforts had been made, in the caucuses of both political parties, to bind their members to support the Compromise measures. Resolutions indorsing them were adopted by the Whig caucus. But half the Whig members stayed away and refused to concur. The Democrats mustered in greater force in their caucus; but ended by laying the disturbing question on the table. Resolutions of similar purport were introduced in both Houses, and led to some debate. Meanwhile, the President sent in his message, which congratulated Congress and the country on the general acquiescence in these measures of "conciliation and peace."

On the night of the 5th of December, Kossuth arrived by the *Humboldt*, at the Quarantine, in New York harbor. Rockets, salutes, music, delegations, and committees greeted him; and, though he went on shore with his family and suite to rest till morning, under the hospitable roof of Dr. Doane, rest for him there was none. The next day he was taken to New York, in a steamer decorated with the Stars and Stripes, the Hungarian tricolor, and the Turkish crescent. His landing and progress up Broadway was an ovation. Cannonades, steam whistles, brass bands, and enthusiastic shouts greeted him at every step. There was a military escort, a reception by the city authorities, and a crowd that blocked the whole of Broadway and the Bowery, till he reached the Irving House. And there, for several days, deputations were calling upon him to proffer welcome. His apt replies and eloquent speeches were the chief topics of newspaper comment and general conversation.

While New York was thus unequivocal in its welcome, Washington

was beginning to think the welcome might go too far. A resolution proposing a formal reception was offered in the Senate, it was understood with the approval of the Administration. Then it was withdrawn. Thereupon Seward immediately offered another, "Resolved, that the Congress of the United States, in the name and behalf of the people of the United States, give to Louis Kossuth a cordial welcome to the Capitol and to the country, and that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to him by the President of the United States." In the debate that ensued, various objections were made, their chief ground being that the proposed reception might "complicate our relations with European powers," might lead to "entangling alliances" or "intervention" in European wars.

Seward replied that he was a "lover of peace" and should never freely give consent to any measure tending "to involve this nation in the calamities of a foreign war." He said that he believed that "our mission is a mission of republicanism," best executed "by maintaining peace at home and with all mankind." He added:

But I see no danger in doing a simple act of national justice and magnanimity. And this is all that we have done and all that we propose to do. We have invited Kossuth, we procured his release from captivity, we have brought him here, and we propose to say to him, standing upon our shores, with his eyes directed to us, and while we know that the eyes of the civilized world are fixed upon him and us: "Louis Kossuth, in the name of the American people, we bid you welcome."

Later in the debate he inquired:

Are you prepared to give to the world evidence that *you* cannot receive the representative of liberty and republicanism whom England can honor, shelter, and protect?

This republic is, and forever must be, a living offense to despotic power everywhere. The days of despotism are numbered. We do not know whether its end is to come this year, or next year, or the year after, in this quarter of a century, or in this half of a century. But there is to come, sooner or later, a struggle between the representative and the arbitrary systems of government. Europe is the field on which that struggle must take place. True wisdom dictates that we lend to European nations struggling for civil liberty all possible moral aid to sustain them.

The resolution was finally adopted, and the welcome was duly tendered. Seward, in his letters home, said:

December 7.

The slave-holders of the South and the "Hunkers" of the North agree in their alarm about Kossuth. You see what I did in the Senate. I have moreover tendered Kossuth, by letter, the hospitalities of our house here and of our house in the country.

To Weed, who was now in Europe, he wrote:

December 26.

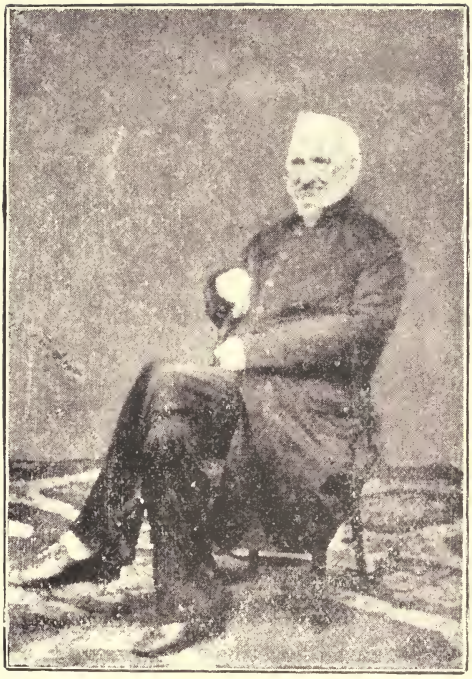
I was here at the beginning of the session. Asperities were worn off by political triumphs. I went into the caucus and found no enemies. I had all that I desired arranged in the committees. Mr. Webster had taken Foote into close confidence, and they had arranged to anticipate me (as they thought) on Kossuth. Foote introduced his resolution; slavery took alarm. Webster advised Foote (he says) to withdraw. I supplied a new resolution, and after all manner of contrivance to displace it, the Democrats were obliged to vote for it. Our Southern Whigs came to the rescue to prevent them from stealing it after the battle was won.

Meantime Kossuth came to New York; and, instead of appealing in general terms, proposed details, "Hunkerism," "Silver Grayism," "Slavery," all took alarm, and now, even before he has reached here, he is repudiated by all the interests except odious "Sewardism." No resolutions can be got through Congress to provide even apartments for him. He comes next week to feast on disappointment.

The "Finality" Compromise Resolution produced an explosion by the Secessionists; and as we have all kept out of the melee, the resolution is severely denounced by the Northern press.

You left revolution behind you to encounter it in front. This usurpation of Louis Napoleon is frightful. We are all disheartened for the cause in Europe.

European affairs were arresting American attention. The news of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'etat,* its details and its probable results in France, and throughout Europe, were eagerly studied. Kossuth's arrival, his eloquence, and his enthusiastic reception in the great cities, was earnestly discussed. He was felt to be a representative of European republicanism, and the demonstrations in his honor were expressive, not merely of sympathy for the Hungarians, but of protest against despotism everywhere. He was greeted and entertained at Philadelphia and Baltimore on his way to Washington. He was formally received by the Secretary of State, Mr. Webster, and presented to the President. Monday, the 5th of January, was appointed for his reception by the Senate. On the morning of that day, galleries and lobbies were crowded. Ladies were admitted to the floor, and they soon occupied every available seat. Among the throng who stood in the lobbies and aisles were Cabinet Officers and members of the foreign legations. At one o'clock, Kossuth appeared at the door, escorted by the committee appointed by the Senate to introduce him, General Shields, General Cass, and Seward. Kossuth's grave and handsome countenance and erect figure, in his fur-trimmed coat, attracted all eyes. His suite, in military uniform, were grouped below the bar. The Senators rose as he entered. The presiding officer formally welcomed him. He was then conducted to a seat. Business was given over and



DR. NOTT.

KOSSUTH.

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the Senate adjourned; and then the Senators were individually introduced to the distinguished exile, who, for an hour or more, held an informal levee in the Senate Chamber. Two days later there was a similar scene in the House of Representatives. In the evening of the same day a public dinner was given him by the members of Congress, at which speeches were made by Webster, Cass, and Douglas, and Kossuth replied with appropriate allusions to American history.

A week later he was welcomed at Annapolis by the Maryland State authorities, and then proceeded on his tour through the different States, pleading the cause of the Hungarian Republic. Popular interest followed him everywhere he went, and enthusiasm was kindled by his oratory. But "sympathy" having been expressed and "welcome" extended, public opinion began to divide and differ upon the grave question of "intervention." Varying theories in regard to it found expression through the press and the public debates.

Seward, replying to an invitation to Philadelphia, wrote:

> Give him, gentlemen, a welcome worthy of Philadelphia to give, worthy of Kossuth to receive — a welcome for his own great military and greater civic deeds, although he disclaims them — a welcome for the glorious but mournful memories of his far-off native land, although she cannot lift her head from the dust to thank you for it — a welcome for his indomitable zeal in her service and his almost spiritual hopefulness of its successful results — a welcome for the sake of our own country, for her own liberties will be in danger when she shall have forgotten her desire to extend them to other nations.

The conservative press of both parties, however, soon began to throw out intimations that there was danger in becoming embroiled in European wars, if any governmental action should be taken. Then it was found that the South was not quite so enthusiastic toward the Hungarian guest as the North had been. While he had carefully abstained from saying any thing in favor of "free soil" or "abolition," it was instinctively felt that, with his views about liberty, he could not be in favor of slavery. Seward, in writing home, remarked:

> The Hungarian question here has settled down into the old worn channel of politics. Whoever has faith in me, is for a protest; whoever has none, is against it. So it will be throughout the States.

The change of congressional temper on the subject was manifested in a senatorial debate before the close of February. Kossuth, who was in Ohio, had written a letter in acknowledgment of the courtesies he had received at the hands of Congress. On a motion to print this, sprang up a discussion in which one Senator spoke of him as "a political agitator." Another said he was in hopes "after the military

appearance which Mr. Kossuth made in this hall, some time ago, that he would not be presented again here in his literary character." Another thought, "we have paid him all the respect he deserved; yes, more than a hundred such men deserve." Another criticised Kossuth's speaking of himself as "the humble representative of my country," and said: "I did not intend by any vote of mine to recognize him as a representative, or that he had any country contra-distinguished from the one that exists under the Government of Austria." Seward came to Kossuth's aid, recalling to the memory of Senators that "Congress had sent a National ship to bring him from Europe; that Congress had bade him welcome and formally received him in the Capitol, and, having received him as a guest, was only performing an ordinary act of hospitality in receiving his respectful letter of thanks." When the vote was taken, the motion to print was adopted, but only by a majority of one.

"Intervention" and "non-intervention" continued for some months to be themes for public discussion. Sympathy and aid to European Revolutionists was urged on one hand, and met by ridicule or abuse of them on the other.

Early in March, Seward made an elaborate speech on "Freedom in Europe." This was in advocacy of his resolutions making solemn protest, in behalf of the United States, against the invasion of Hungary, and the subversion of her national independence. In this he sketched the history of the Hungarian people, and of their struggle for liberty. Then turning to the history of the United States he showed how, on repeated occasions, similar manifestations of sympathy had been made — how Washington had said, on receiving the news of the French Revolution, that "his sympathetic feelings and his best wishes were irresistibly excited whenever he saw, in any country, an oppressed nation unfurl the banner of freedom" — how the Senate, on that occasion, declared that they "united with Washington in all the feelings he had so ardently and sublimely expressed" — how Clay had proposed recognition of the South American provinces in revolt against Spain, asking: "If *we* do not, who will?" And how President Monroe had not only expressed sympathy with the republics, but protested against armed intervention from Europe. He reminded the Senate of the active manifestations of sympathy for the Greeks, and remarked that "even while this slow and languid debate has been going on, we have interceded — not formally — informally indeed, but nevertheless we have interceded — with Great Britain, for clemency to imprisoned Irish patriots."

Finally he said:

Senators and Representatives of America, if I may borrow the tone of that sturdy Republican, John Milton, I would have you consider what nation it is of which you are governors — a nation quick and vigorous of thought, free and bold in speech, prompt and resolute in action, just and generous in purpose — a nation existing for something, designed for something more than indifference and inertness. I would have you remember that the love of liberty is a public affection which this nation has deeply imbibed, and has effectually diffused throughout the world. She cannot now suppress it nor smother her desire to promote that cause, for it is her own. It is righteousness, not greatness, that exalteth a nation, and it is liberty, not repose, that renders national existence worth possessing.

In April, Kossuth returned to Washington for a brief visit. A letter from Mrs. Seward to her sister described his social experiences at Washington, and a trip made with him to Mount Vernon. Neglected grounds and dilapidated buildings and fences there, were, at that period, beginning to call for public attention, but no governmental action had yet been taken for their preservation.

WASHINGTON, *April* 17.

The Kossuths have come and gone. When they left us before, Kossuth was the orator who won our hearts by his genius. He was surrounded with a large suite of followers, who seemed to regard him as a superior being. He had hope and confidence in the professions of men who had power to assist him; his rich habiliments attracted the gaze of the multitude; he was going to make new friends and did not know that our attachment was more reliable than that which he might meet elsewhere. He returns from the South, where he has met little favor, to the politicians of Washington, whose favor has grown cold; with his hopes diminished, his followers reduced from seventeen to four, his own dress even changed, with the change of prospects. The Kossuth who has left us to-day is a gentle, brave man, who returns with warmth the affection which he feels to be true and enduring. Though subdued, he is not utterly cast down, and will toil on for Hungary. I need not tell you how Henry has appeared throughout these changes. I would you could have seen them yesterday, as I did, standing together, two slight forms among a crowd of large and strong men, talking of their hopes for the ultimate triumph of liberty. "If we do nothing more," said Henry, "we can make a bridge for others to cross." "Yes," said Kossuth, "and by me it may be made over a sea of blood."

Monday Evening.

When we came home at ten Kossuth was here; we all went in and spoke to him, then left him alone with Henry. He engaged to fill a vacancy in our dinner party of Thursday, and said the ladies would come and see me the next morning. The next morning Mesdames Kossuth and Pulszky came. They said they had thought a great deal about us, while at the South, and Madame Pulszky added in a whisper, "we think you are right about slavery."

They engaged to come that evening and take tea with me — very glad that I was to have no other company. Another vacancy having occurred in our dinner party, Mr. Pulzsky was invited. Thursday evening I went to the table. We had, as usual, a singular combination of ultra-Southern men, "Free Soilers" and Democratic members of Congress, Messrs. Mangum and Hale of the Senate, Mr. Fisher, editor of the Southern *Press*, Mr. Morehead of North Carolina, New York members, etc. A very sociable time they had. Kossuth sat at my right and Mr. Morehead on my left. Kossuth did not talk much, and when he did, addressed his conversation chiefly to me. Mr. Fisher, who is called a "disunionist," and who, I believe, is *honestly* opposed to human freedom, said across the table: "Governor Kossuth, don't you think that some portion of the human family is decidedly inferior to the other?" Kossuth replied, with his usual gentle gravity: "If that is the case, I think it should teach us humility and make us more strenuous in our endeavors to assist the weaker portion." Mr. Fisher then alluded to the African race. Kossuth disclaimed any particular allusion to them, but said he spoke for the oppressed generally. It was nearly eleven o'clock when our guests departed, previous to which Henry had arranged that he and Mr. Fisher should accompany the Governor to Mount Vernon the next day.

As the children were to be of the party, I concluded to go too. So, at nine o'clock, we all met at the wharf, with nearly a hundred other persons going in the same direction. Madame Pulszky, who is a very charming person, was not well enough. Madame Kossuth summoned up resolution to go once without her interpreter. I was glad to see her once alone. She has learned a little, very little, English, which, with the little French I could command, enabled us to have some conversation; besides, we could both understand more than we could talk. She looked very pretty with her white muslin bonnet and green veil. We went to Fort Washington. I sent a card to Lieutenant Wilcox, who soon appeared in military costume, happy to be introduced to Kossuth; he very politely explained all the Governor wished to know about the fortifications and munitions of war. He was particularly inquisitive about the dress and quarters of the soldiers, their accoutrements, etc. We stayed until the steamboat bell rang for the third time, and long after the rest of the party had gone to the boat. We soon arrived at Mount Vernon. Mr. Fisher went up to the house to propitiate the proprietor, while we went to the tomb. Kossuth took the arm of his wife and went with her to the door of the vault.

They were considerably in advance of us, and when we came up they were both coming away, with tears streaming from their eyes. Henry walked with them away from the crowd. When I joined them the three were alone. Madame was more excited than I had ever seen her; she caught my arm and hurried me back to the tomb, talking French with great earnestness. It *is* "*très triste*," as Madame said. I must say I felt ashamed of my countrymen. I could not conceive that the place could be so changed. "It is a shame," said a rough-looking young man, "to leave *him* in such a place."

They invited our party into one room in the house which is not usually opened to visitors. It contains the library of Washington, a plaster bust, and some family pictures. Washington's large Bible was on the table; the books

were mixed up with many others of modern date. I could not but remark that most of the old library was the counterpart of our father's. It seemed difficult for Kossuth to make up his mind to go, but again the bell summoned us to the boat, and we joined the other passengers.

Thomas, who had all this time been perambulating the grounds with a basket of provisions, which we brought from home, now spread some napkins on some chairs and produced the cold ducks, bread and butter, oranges and champagne. As there were only plates sufficient for the ladies, Kossuth, Henry, and Mr. Fisher took theirs in their fingers, so we made a picnic for the edification of numberless spectators. We were joined in this by young Calhoun, son of John C. Calhoun, a very gentlemanly and agreeable person, who was one of the passengers. Had not the Kossuth party absorbed us so much, we should have found other interesting company. There was Dr. Bellows of New York and his sister and Grace Greenwood. We parted at the wharf, intending to go and see Mrs. Pulszky in the evening.

We went to the National in the evening; found Kossuth had gone out with the intention of coming to our house. Three or four gentlemen came in, and I took my leave, promising to go to the cars this morning to say good-bye. Madame Pulszky was still too ill to travel, I thought, but we found her at the depot this morning, looking very ill, but going on, notwithstanding. We had only time to take a hurried leave, a kiss from the ladies, and a warm grasp of the hand from the gentlemen, and they were gone. When and where, if ever, shall we meet again? Mrs. Horace Mann, who had walked over to the depot with her little boys, was the only other person who came to pay them the compliment of taking leave.

Except in our own house and the day at Mount Vernon, Kossuth has always appeared to me grave and reserved; but I want you to see him, because he is a noble, generous, humane, devoted man, ready at any time to lay down his life for his country.

Seward had now been placed on the Commerce Committee. The numerous petitions and projects thus brought to his attention led him to new studies in this direction. He presented resolutions and participated in debates in regard to improvement of light-houses; methods of measurement of tonnage; the registry of ships, and reduction of duties; introduced a bill to prevent delays in discharging cargoes; advocated the St. Mary's ship canal, aid to the Hamburg and Collins lines of ocean steamers, the survey of the China seas, the expedition to Japan, etc., etc., and made a speech on American steam navigation, urging congressional aid to its development.

He wrote, on his return, to Mrs. Seward at Auburn:

WASHINGTON.

The New School General Assembly is here in great force. Dr. Barnes preached the opening sermon, and gave offense by maintaining that the Presbyterian Church was an anti-slavery body. The present Moderator balances

the account, he having preached against the heresy of consulting the "Higher Law" in questions of political duty and obligation. A large number of the clergy are very kind and courteous to me.

It gives me pain to record that, as our Convention approaches, there is a giving way among our best men; and they begin to talk of being obliged to submit to the passage of Compromise resolutions of some sort. It makes me sick of politics, and I am about inclined to propose to Kossuth some far off retreat, where we can look out upon the world, not in anger but in pity.

I perceive that Kossuth went to Niagara Falls. I suppose you will have a visit from them on their way eastward. Assure them, if they need it, that I was faithful and hopeful. The tapering down about Kossuth is painful to think of. But it was natural. May God bless and save him and his! I hope that he will let me know where and when I can see him and his family. I love him the more as the world loves him less. I will write to him to-morrow.

Here is a beautiful pink rose, from which I drove off a huge bumble-bee, and I send it as a token of my love for Fanny. There is a woman waiting on business below, and I must leave you for her.

May 26.

This morning I was with the Committee of Commerce at an early hour, then in the Senate. Sumner made a very pretty and creditable demonstration on the Fugitive Slave Law, by way of promise. Dawson raved at him, and Mangum behaved like a Christian. Chase attacked the Collins Steamer amendment, and I replied. No question was taken.

May 29.

We got the Collins Steamers through the Senate. I had Mr. Fletcher to dinner. Went from table to saddle; rode till nine; found a note from Lord Wharncliffe inviting me to spend the evening with his family: went out with them at eleven to see a fire, and came home at midnight.

Sumner reminds me that it is on their place, Wharncliffe Park, that the tale of "Ivanhoe" opens.

May 30.

This being what I call a summer day, I have spent it *a la* summer. I went first to church; from church to see Governor Fish, who is quite ill, and seems lonesome; thence to dine at two with General Scott. He is happy, hopeful, and confident, and remains fully conscious of the great immodesty, even imprudence of candidates writing letters; thence home, at four o'clock, under a hot sun. I have slept an hour, and now I am going to dine *en famille* with Mr. Crampton.

Meanwhile his friends and neighbors at Auburn gave Kossuth a hearty welcome when he arrived there. A committee went to Rochester to meet them. Bells rung, cannons fired, while a procession escorted them. Mayor Hall made a speech of welcome, to which Kossuth replied. Alluding to Seward, he said he had wanted "to spend a few hours in your beautiful city, out of respect to the distinguished citizen who had shown me so much kindness, in setting on foot the movement

which relieved me from an Asiatic prison, and in commending me, since my arrival, to the favorable consideration of the people."

He, with Madame Kossuth and Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky, then went to Seward's house, where they received a throng of visitors in the evening. Madame Pulszky, in her diary, wrote:

To-day we are at the pleasant home of Governor Seward. He was detained at Washington City, but Mrs. Seward has welcomed and entertained us with her own amiable cordiality. The mansion, furnished with comfortable simplicity, is adorned by the elegant neatness which pervades it, in every room, in every corner. An ample and carefully selected library, family portraits, with a striking likeness of John Quincy Adams, cover the walls. Nothing in this house is luxurious, nothing superfluous; but every want is provided for with good taste, and every object offers immediate use, or presents interesting associations. The foliage of ancient trees shades our windows, and allures us to step down into the garden, whose fragrance fills the rooms. Well-kept arbors line the walks, the air is perfumed with narcissus, hyacinths and syringas, around which cluster rich garlands of tulips and lovely cupid-arrows. In these pleasant grounds we meet the members of the family who are now staying at Auburn, the little daughter of Mrs. Seward, and her nephew, to whom she has been a mother, his sweet young wife, and Mrs. Worden, Mrs. Seward's sister.

Seward wrote from Washington:

The Senate has adjourned for two days and I have taken my arm-chair to try to bring up my arrears of labor and prepare for the summer's work.

I gather the general features of Kossuth's visit from the *Tribune*, but, of course, shall be more interested in your details. I thank you with all my heart for this last tribute you have paid to justice and humanity, in his person.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1852.

The National Convention. Pierce and King, Scott and Graham. Kossuth's Fund. Pulszky. Lola Montez. Platforms and Principles. Death of Henry Clay.

In June the politicians began to gather again in Baltimore. Both the great parties had called their National Conventions to meet there. Halls were swept and garnished for their sessions, and hotels were awaiting their arrival. Seward wrote:

WASHINGTON, *June* 2, 1852.

I am alarmed by manifest indications of indecision among our Northern Whigs. One gentleman has a pocket full of letters, from among which he

claims that General Scott must adopt one, or something like it, for a reply to his nomination. Either of these would put our noble cause back, and I would not write, print, or publish it on any account. But the "Barn-Burners" and "Free Soilers" of New York have surrendered and are now following Douglas: and so the tone of a large mass of the American people is lowered. I fear that the demoralization will overcome us.

June 3.

There is a great crowd and great confusion, at Baltimore, among the Democrats. Slavery is exorbitant. We shall soon see how firm the resistance of freemen is.

June 4.

We are kept on the *qui vive* by Baltimore Conventions. There is reason to fear a "Silver Gray" explosion of the Whig Convention. But I am unmoved. The Whig party cannot just now bring itself to rise fully up to the position I have taken. I shall take care not to go down from it.

June 5.

Yours of Wednesday supplies what I wanted — information of the private sentiments and feelings of Kossuth on the present position of his affairs. Hungary and Kossuth have passed from the memory of all men here, except myself. They have been like an exciting novel, and the people, like the reader, want a new one, not a reproduction of what has been read. I shall go to meet him and them when he notifies me where. Mr. Pulszky telegraphs that he will be here next Wednesday.

The Democratic Convention soon concluded their labors. They pledged their party to "the faithful observance of the Compromises of 1850, including the Fugitive Slave Law," and "opposition to any agitation of the slavery question." The "Free Soil" element was powerless or silent. Numbers of those who had taken part in the Buffalo movement of 1848 were now "back in the ranks," acquiescing in what they had then denounced. General Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, and Senator William R. King of Alabama, were nominated for President and Vice-President. That the candidate for the highest place was little known, was believed to be a great element of strength. A leading statesman has followers to reward, and enemies who know how and where to strike at him. But the less known has no record to explain. Nobody has a grudge against him, and all may hope for favors at his hands. The party had tried this policy once with Polk, and had succeeded in 1844. They would try it again with Pierce and succeed in 1852. Such was the exultant belief among the delegates, as they dispersed from Baltimore. Seward wrote:

June 6.

The Democratic nomination is as yet imperfectly understood. Whether it is one of weakness or of strength cannot be seen until the Whig party indicates the antagonistic leaders.

Still, the change made in the attitude of that party, by a nomination, is full of relief to me. For three years, I, in the ditch, have been struggling with seven or eight Presidents in full armor. All of the Democratic ones are reduced at once to the common level, and I think all the Whig ones will come down to that level next week.

To-day I was favored with visits for consultation. I saw General Scott yesterday. The Whig delegates are coming in, and we shall have a busy week in studying how to get through the passes of the Convention.

Could any thing be more pitiable than the contemptuous manner in which Cass, Marcy, Douglas, and Buchanan are thrown aside? All except one, perhaps, thrown aside forever. This conclusion has taught me anew the absurdity of living and working for the Presidency. These gentlemen have given up every thing and got nothing in return.

Mr. Pulszky has telegraphed that he will be here on Wednesday, and Fred writes that Kossuth says that Mr. P. will arrange an interview with me, before his departure to England. Kossuth's indomitable spirit is seeking new means of agitation.

June 10.

It is one complete whirl here this week; Governor Fish is sick, and I need to visit him often. Delegates are coming here, and debates and wrangles and consultations, dragging me in, are around me. Mr. Pulszky has come. I dined on Tuesday at Mr. Calderon's — Mr. Webster, Mr. Bell, Dawson, Gwin, etc. We left at eleven.

Yesterday, Wednesday, I had delegates and others with General Scott, and we rose, after very long stories, at eleven. The Southern men all demand a platform of "finality" of the Compromise, and Northern men are preparing to go for it to avoid a break up of the Convention. If I advise against it I am denounced as a Dictator. If I listen and refer the subject to the Convention, lo! I have agreed on a platform. I want to go to Auburn and be out of the affair. And all factions protest against that. They can neither live with me nor without me. They have found out Compromise resolutions, and penned Compromise letters, and tried to argue me into approval, privately, while they save themselves by denouncing the very idea of yielding an inch.

June 12.

It is a Saturday, a day of rest, and the politicians are everywhere, but in my room, at this moment. I improve it therefore. Mr. Pulszky left me this morning. He stayed with me while here. He and Hanick came here to submit the accounts of Kossuth's Hungarian fund raised in the United States, to General Cass, General Shields and myself, preparatory to Kossuth's departure to Europe. The fund amounted to $90,000, and of it only $1,000 remains in Kossuth's hands. The rest had been expended in the chariest personal expenses, in the support of Hungarian refugees, until they could be placed in employment, and in expenses for organizing in Hungary. It is to the everlasting honor of Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky that not a cent went to their use. She supports them by her books.

Mr. and Mrs. P. sail next Wednesday to London. Kossuth and Madame re-

main until his mother and sisters shall have arrived and been placed in some suitable way of living, probably in the West. Then he goes to London to make influence in Parliament; and then, if there be a revolution, to go to Hungary, and if there be none, to return to America.

Of politics I will say nothing, for nothing certain is known, and events will travel faster than speculations and predictions. I cannot go home without subjecting myself to misconstruction. I shall try to work next week.

Last evening I went with Westcott to see Lola Montez act on the stage her own eventful history. It was new to me, for I had never attended to the details of it as it was transpiring. After the play she danced. Artists say she does not excel in that line, but I could not detect the failure. She has never been an actress, and her performance was very faulty, yet she interested me much, for her acting was like real life and conversation. After the performance ended, I went behind the scenes to converse with her. She is evidently an intellectual and very eccentric woman. Her beauty has passed away. Her spirit, her ambition, and her energy remain. She seems to me to be by no means a sensual person, but a woman of high ambition to mingle in and control the affairs of society, a politician, and, of course, now a disappointed and restless one. Flattery and notoriety have made her egotistical.

June 15.

I need not tell you that you are right in supposing that no consent of mine will attend any sacrifice of principle. It is quite another thing to say that I shall be able to prevent it. I look for some humiliation from the influences which have done so much. Still I trust that we shall be able to prevent its going far enough to do serious injury or inflict lasting disgrace.

All is confusion here. Delegates from everywhere are everywhere.

June 17.

Congress has adjourned till Saturday. Mr. Sumner sends to you the *Globe* with Mr. Gentry's speech. The Whig delegates from all parts of the country heard it, and it operated favorably toward General Scott. My house is full of them, from morning till night. I can do nothing, scarcely write to you. General Scott, of course, is badgered out of patience and almost out of his senses. Everybody has schemes for compromise and harmony, and everybody thinks everybody else wrong. Everybody is jealous of everybody's influence. I shall be thankful when it is all over. I do not know whether he will be nominated — but I am sure that prejudices against myself are giving way under this intemperate cannonade against me by the factionists. This city has sent Scott delegates to Baltimore. It is useless to speculate about what will be done there, and I dare not trust to the mail, details of preliminaries, which would interest you.

You need have no fear of my being compromised in this affair at Baltimore. I shall, of course, be overruled, which I shall regret, but I shall not be found consenting to any sacrifice of principle. It cannot appear how much of such sacrifice I may be able to prevent.

The Whig Convention met on the 16th. Like the Democrats, they

took a leaf from their past experience to guide them in making their nomination. In 1848 they had chosen as their candidate, the victorious General of the "Army of Occupation" in Mexico, and had triumphantly elected him President. In 1852 why should they not take the equally victorious General of the "Army of Invasion," who was also the "Hero of Lundy's Lane," and elect him? So they nominated General Scott for President, and with him William A. Graham of North Carolina, for Vice-President. In making the platform, however, they showed less wisdom. The "Silver Gray," or "Administration" delegates were strong enough, when joining with the Southern ones, to defeat and overrule the representatives of the anti-slavery wing. But in order not to drive these off, and so lose their votes, the indorsement of the compromise was more cautiously worded than the Democratic one, while practically amounting to the same thing. The result was a platform equally distasteful to the anti-slavery men at the North, while less satisfactory to pro-slavery men at the South. Seward wrote:

I spent yesterday in receiving and replying to communications from Baltimore, and in the midst of a throng of anxious friends. The North, the free States, are divided as usual, the South united. Intimidation, usual in that quarter, has been met, as usual, by concession, and so the platform adopted is one that deprives Scott of the vantage of position he enjoyed. Even those who gave way, feel, and deplore this, while all our enemies, in and out of the party, proclaim it with exultation. I see now no safe way through, but anticipate defeat and desertion in any event. We must be content to look to a distant future for the reaction. For myself, I shall forbear until I see how the party takes position, and then when all is known I shall find occasion to let those know, who may care to know, how far I am overruled, and how far responsible.

To Weed the same day he said:

June 18.

I received your note this morning, and am glad to see that you brought back two sound legs from your long European excursion. I shall be at Albany in July, then at Saratoga. We can there talk over all matters affecting the canvass. But I wish you to remember that I am entirely weary of this place, and that I should be so glad to get out of it, that, personally, I should hail as a pleasure, what others would regard as a sacrifice, the necessity of giving it up for any reasons of party or of public good.

I see the outburst of a spirit that comes periodically to mar the hopes of wise men. I never before was so well content to get out of its way, and certainly never less willing to compromise with it. I shall say nothing, however, to anybody else. But it seems to be right that you should be assured of it.

June 25.

This wretched platform, contrived to defeat General Scott in the nomination, or to sink him in the canvass, comes to him like the order of a superior power, and he is incapable of understanding that it is not obligatory on him to execute it. Honor, he thinks, requires that; and you know that freedom and humanity are sentiments which the soldier subordinates under the demand of what is called honor and duty. I am yet aloof.

On the 29th of June, when the two Houses were assembling in their respective chambers, news came that Henry Clay had just breathed his last at his lodgings. Both Senate and House immediately adjourned. On the following day, the anticipation of the formal announcement and eulogies brought large crowds to the Senate Chamber. His former cotemporaries and associates, Webster, now Secretary of State; Crittenden, now Attorney-General; Reverdy Johnson, and others were among them. Due and feeling tributes to his memory were paid by Senators, irrespective of party.

Seward, who was among the last to speak, alluded to him as "not merely a Senator like one of us, who yet remain in the Senate, but filling that character which, though it had no authority in law, and was assigned with no suffrage, Augustus Cæsar, nevertheless, declared above the title of Emperor, "*Primus inter Illustres*"—"the Prince of the Senate."

Adverting to his long career of fifty years in the public service, he remarked:

Henry Clay, therefore, shared the responsibilities of Government with not only his proper contemporaries, but also with survivors of the Revolution, as well as with many who will now succeed himself.

Alluding to his influence upon the character of the Senate itself:

He wrought a change in our political system, that I think was not foreseen by its founders. He converted his branch of the Legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium between the Executive and the House of Representatives, into the active ruling power of the Republic. Only time can disclose whether this great innovation shall be beneficent or even permanent.

The honors paid in the Senate were echoed throughout the land. Regret at Henry Clay's death was general and sincere. He had the respect of his political opponents, the love and admiration of thousands who found in "Harry of the West" their very ideal and type of a party leader. Even those of the Whig party who dissented from and opposed his "Compromise" did not question his consummate skill and his patriotic intent.

CHAPTER XXV.

1852.

Harbor Defenses. Catlin's Pictures. Commerce of the Pacific. Sumner in Debate. Governing the Nation. Theodore Parker. A Steamboat Disaster. The Presidential Canvass. Official and Private Life. Rantoul. Webster and the Fisheries. A Political Heresy. Conflict of Freedom and Slavery. Address at Rutland. The American Farmer. George E. Baker. "Seward's Works." "A Waterloo Defeat."

In the midst of the political turmoil this summer, Seward found time to debate in the Senate Chamber various commercial and scientific questions. One was a bill in the interest of American inventors. Another was the building of war steamers for harbor defense. As this had not yet been tried, it was declared to be "impossible." Seward replied:

I remember that all the scientific men in England maintained that it was impossible to navigate the ocean between the two continents with steam. This was settled as an established principle of science, by the *savans* of Europe, the very day when the *Sirius* and *Great Britain* arrived simultaneously from England in the harbor of New York. There is no way of knowing what cannot be done in science but by trying. I remember to have met a gentleman who told me that in the year 1804, 1805, or 1806, when he was visiting Paris, at a dinner party at the American Minister's there was a young man exceedingly loquacious and offensive, because he engrossed too much of the conversation, and he confined his remarks to a single topic — the subject of navigation by steam power alone. He was voted "an enthusiast." That young man was Robert Fulton.

Catlin's collection had just been offered to the Government. Seward, in advocating its purchase, told the story of Catlin's adventurous career among the savages in the recesses of the continent, painting these views of forest and prairie scenes, with portraits of the various characters found there, and illustrations of the political, social, and religious customs, ceremonies, and costumes of the race,—a collection of inestimable value as an aid to the philosopher and historian.

But his chief and most important speech was that on the survey of the Western coast, and the examination of those parts of the Pacific and Arctic oceans frequented by American whalers and fishermen. He narrated the history of the rise and progress of this branch of American industry and trade, from the day the first settlers of Nantucket took "right whales" in open boats, long before the old "French War."

Summing up the great results, he said:

Dr. Franklin cheered the fishermen of his day with the apothegm that whoever took a fish out of the sea always found a piece of silver in his mouth, and

our experience has confirmed its truth. We are the second in rank among commercial nations. Our superiority over so many results from our greater skill in ship-building, and our dexterity in navigation, and our greater frugality at sea. These elements were developed in the fisheries, and especially in the Northern fishery. We think we are inferior to no nation in naval warfare. The seamen who have won our brilliant victories on the ocean and on the lakes were trained and disciplined in the severest of all marine service.

Arguing that commerce would quicken activity and create wealth and power in California and Oregon, as it had on the Atlantic coast, he said:

Who does not see that this movement must in turn develop the American opinion and influence, which will remould Constitutions, laws, and customs in the land that is first greeted by the rising sun? Commerce is the great agent of this movement.

After finishing its preparation, he wrote home:

July 28.

I breathe again. That speech was near being the death of me before it got itself ready to be spoken. I don't know, after all, when I shall get a hearing. Sumner tries to-day, and I am not sure that the excitement he will raise will not throw every thing into confusion for some time.

The President has nominated Judge Conkling for Minister to Mexico, and has also nominated Humphrey Marshall for Commissioner to China.

July 30.

You will see my speech in the papers. It was well received. There was more sympathy on the part of the Whigs, and less churlishness on the part of the Democrats, than usual. But you will be amazed to learn that this defense of a measure purely and eminently national, was regarded, by the latter, as a *shrewd, cunning, demagogical* argument for General Scott's election!

When will there be a North? The shutting of the doors against Sumner was wicked and base. Several of our friends voted the same way, and yet they all said they would have voted for Sumner if their votes would have told. Indignation pervaded me to the finger ends. I thank God that I had an opportunity to show how little I care for the alarms about the Union, sounded by the Southerners, or for the platform erected by the Whigs! Of course, Sumner is mortified and dejected. I told him that the *Tribune* and the *Times* would denounce the wrong done him by the Senate, and I am glad to find that I am right.

His speech will be in order on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, and he will then speak it. It will be worth ten times more by reason of the baffled attempt to suppress it.

August 1.

Even so, this is August. Near a year has been spent by the Congress in the service of the wisest and best people on earth, and one of the greatest; and yet how little has been done, or even attempted to be done, to secure and per-

petuate their liberty, or enhance their welfare: while it is quite manifest that the idea that those who wield the destinies of this nation ought, in any degree, to care for the welfare of any other, has been scouted at and repudiated.

And yet, patriotism has a more real life in this capital, I suppose, than in any other in the world. We talk of "governing the nation," of "self-government." But it is also manifest that nations, like individuals, are preserved by laws higher than those of their own making, and that they are governed by a Providence in spite of themselves.

Did you ever know any thing so shocking, so horrible, as that steamboat conflagration? How great is the loss we sustain in the death of Downing!

The life he led was one of dignity, quiet, and usefulness, with elegance. Mr. Speed of Baltimore, who was lost, studied law in Mr. Kellogg's office at Skaneateles. He was a man of talent and principle. Stephen Allen was in the Senate of New York when I was a member. Mrs. De Wint was a niece of Mr. John Q. Adams. Mr. Crist was a lawyer, and before that time an editor, with whom, in early life, I was intimate.

August 5.

I am hurried with sending off speeches by the thousand. I depend on casual help, and I have not yet begun to think for Vermont. Mr. Webster comes back from Marshfield to-morrow. Hale wants Chase nominated to defeat Pierce. I think Chase does not care which party is defeated.

August 7.

Your "telegram" (so, I think, Fred calls it) has relieved me from anxiety, and now comes your letter of the 3d. Sumner will try to be heard on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, and he has a clear right. But what are rights in the Senate worth, to such as him and me, in this period of demoralization? Yesterday, the Senate raised a committee to investigate frauds and briberies. Not one Northern man, of either party, was put upon it.

General Scott has returned. I have not seen him, and shall avoid doing so. He is pressed by the *Union* and by disaffected Whigs to show that he is not under my dictation. I still remain strongly inclined to give up this place and public life. If the Whig Convention in New York adopt the platform, I think I shall be justified in resigning at once.

Seward had no desire for long continuance in office, believing that rotation of men and parties in power was not only an inevitable result of the Republican system, but a needful and proper element of government. He would never buy a house at Albany or Washington, nor lease one, except upon the terms that he could relinquish it as soon as he was out of office. Auburn was always spoken of as "home," and all arrangements for living at either the State or National capital, had in them the proviso, "until we go home." The house at Auburn was kept always intact, and ready to return to, whenever any of those events, to which all office-holders are liable, should bring his official life to a termination. His theory was, that a public man, while in office, is inevitably fostering influences that tend ultimately to turn

him out; wearying a public that likes change, and by his public course, however wise, continually strengthening the hands of those interested in opposing him. On the other hand, he regarded retirement as a means of regaining whatever merited esteem had been lost during the turmoils of office. But by "retirement" he never meant misanthropic avoidance of a citizen's duties.

Theodore Parker was now a leading participant in the religious and political discussions at Boston. Seward had never met him, but a correspondence had sprung up between them. Parker wrote to him:

I have watched your political and public career with great interest, and, with much delight, have seen that you stand high above the politicians of your State and the Nation, that you seem to endeavor to represent justice and the Eternal Laws of God, in their application to the social and political affairs of America.

Acknowledging the letter, Seward said he regarded its opinions as a confirmation of the hope "that the principles and policy I have maintained here, would abide the only test I can submit to — the ultimate judgment of mankind."

Continuing the correspondence, Seward wrote in August:

I am glad that you are going to follow up your labors, by so timely a work as you propose. You seem to have apprehended things which the anti-slavery men are too slow in learning. One-half of all the effort of anti-slavery men is lost, because it consists of incrimination of other anti-slavery men, for shades of difference of opinion. The field is broad enough for us all, of all parties and of all positions.

Writing home he said:

August 8.

Here is Rantoul suddenly dead — destroyed by the erysipelas. Rantoul was little known to me, yet I respected him. He was a "Democrat" — but then he *was* a democrat. He was earnest, and he was a man of genius.

See how despondingly Theodore Parker pleads for Sumner in the beautiful speech which I send you. I have written to Parker.

Yesterday a woman came here to solicit help to buy a negress and children from slavery. She said that Mrs. Cox gave her $2, and told her to come to me. She told me that my fame was abroad throughout the whole city, for the best man in it. Only think of that! But do not be jealous. The woman, though honest and a lady, was nearly old enough for my mother.

Congratulate me, that yesterday I saw the bottom of my letter-box. Hence this long free note to you.

Sumner came to me last night in great spirits over his eulogy on Rantoul, and over a private message from the President announcing the pardon of Drayton and Sayer. Sumner's eulogy was fine. Horace Mann's was still better.

It was very great. I regretted that illness prevented my adding some words to the memory of Rantoul.

I am studying to defend the Administration and Mr. Webster about the Fisheries.

An attempt had been made, presumably for party effect, to censure the Administration and Secretary of State for not duly caring for the rights of American fishermen in Northern waters. Seward, opposed though he was to their views on the "Compromise," came promptly to their defense against unjust attack. He made a speech in which he remarked, that the statesman thus impeached for want of boldness and firmness in defending his country's maritime rights, was he who replied to Great Britain when claiming, for the last time, the right to "search" American vessels: "The ocean is the sphere of the law of nations; every vessel on the seas is, by that law, under the protection of the laws of her own nation." "In every American merchant vessel, the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag which is over them." He denounced this uncalled-for assault on Webster as one of "the Vagaries of the Presidential Election." Mr. Webster cordially appreciated Seward's course in this matter, and by a note thanked him heartily for his "magnanimity."

As the preceding letters show, the dominant party in the Senate had refused Sumner an opportunity to speak on the Fugitive Slave Law. But they could not prevent his proposing an amendment to the Appropriation Bill, and so getting the floor. When he thereupon delivered his speech, denouncing the "slave-catching" enactment, a torrent of abuse broke forth that would have been discreditable to Billingsgate, much less to the Senate of the United States. His speech was styled "the ravings of a maniac," and "the barking of a puppy." He was charged with not only "panting for the experiment of black-skinned, flat-nosed, and woolly-headed Senators," but "making inflammatory harangues," and "counseling forcible resistance to law." "Bloodshed and murder were inevitable" from such teachings, and "upon your hands, sir, must rest the blood of the murdered men," etc. He was remanded by one Senator to "isolated infamy," and by another to "the nadir of social degradation" — pronounced the "scorn of all," "the sneaking, sinuous, snake-like poltroon," etc., etc.

Seward came in for a share of this outburst. It had been discovered by this time that he had once made even a more appalling speech than the one referring to the "Higher Law," that he had told the people of the Western Reserve in Ohio, in 1848:

There are two antagonistical elements of society in America — Freedom and Slavery. Freedom is in harmony with our system of government and with

the spirit of the age, and is, therefore, passive and quiescent. Slavery is in conflict with that system, with justice, and with humanity, and is, therefore, organized, defensive, active, and perpetually aggressive.

This passage was solemnly read out with tones of horror and gestures of disgust on the floor of the Senate. Seward listened with a smile, placidly remarking to a bystander, "I thought it was a good speech at the time, and I think it reads very well now."

The close of the session was now at hand. He wrote:

Even my friends in Boston complain of my having praised Mr. Webster. They cannot see that I can afford it. How much of the misery of human life is derived from the indulgence of wrath! How one can allow the triumph of such a man in a political question to render him unhappy is what I cannot understand.

August 4.

Solomon Foot says you must meet me at Troy on Wednesday evening, next week, and we will go to Rutland by railroad on Thursday morning — the day I speak there. Bring along as many as you please. We will rest, and travel a little.

There was barely time when the adjournment came for him to hasten to Vermont to fulfill his engagement. This was to deliver an address at the State Agricultural fair to be held at Rutland. It was a relief from long confinement, and a change of scene that brought him among a people of congenial sympathies.

"Longer than I can recollect," he said, in opening his address, "my hopes for my country and mankind have had their anchorage in the ever-widening prevalence of those maxims of political justice and equal liberty, which have been always maintained with unyielding constancy in this State, the Tyrol of America." Taking for his text the query of Horace, "Whether my farm or I be cultured best?" he made the improvement of farms and farmers the theme of his discourse. He combated at some length the prejudice, which, at that time, was still strong among farmers, against "book-learned" farmers or agricultural science and schools. Then pointing out the essentially important part which the American farmer has to play, he said:

In nearly all civilized States, those who cultivated the soil have constituted far the greater part of the population. The chief control of government, it would seem, should have been vested in them. Yet in truth, they have never, since the age of patriarchs, attained such control, except just here and just now. In Great Britain they are overbalanced by merchants, manufacturers, and privileged classes. In France they are ruled alternately by the city population and the army. In Germany by the army. In parts of Italy by the Church; and in Russia they are slaves. It has always been otherwise here. Farmers planted these colonies, all of them, and organized their governments. They were the

farmers who reorganized the several States and the Federal Government, and established them all on the principles of equality and affiliation. In every State, and in the whole Union, they constitute the broad electoral faculty, and by their preponderating suffrages, the vast and complex machine is perpetually sustained and kept in regular motion. The more intelligent and patriotic they become, the more effective will be their control, and the wiser their direction of the Government.

Returning home he found a letter from George E. Baker of Williamsburgh, saying:

It has occurred to me that a great service to the cause of truth, as well as to your reputation, might be done in bringing out a volume containing a selection of your speeches, etc. I do not suggest this publication for any political or partisan objects. My object in addressing you on the subject, at the instance of some friends, was to ascertain whether you would have any serious objections to having such a compilation published.

Having some leisure at command, I would willingly take the responsibility and labor of preparing and superintending the publication. I would have it simply a compilation without comment, and but a brief introduction. I should design it for service in the cause of justice, humanity, and truth, and nothing else.

This was the beginning of the series of volumes of "Seward's Works," preceded by a memoir, which, with Mr. Baker, was a labor of love and patriotism.

When the Presidential nominations were made in June, some hope was entertained by the Whigs of success in the campaign. But as the election drew near, this hope grew less and less. General Scott, the Whig nominee, was the choice of the anti-compromise Whigs. But he was handicapped by the platform, which unequivocally pledged the party's approval and support of that "Great Adjustment." Both wings of the party had acquiesced in the result at Baltimore. But the anti-slavery Whigs were disgusted with the platform, and the Administration Whigs, having secured an indorsement of their "Compromise," cared little about the candidates.

On the other hand, the Democrats were manifestly gaining in popular favor as their prospects of success improved. At the South, they claimed to be more reliable than Whigs could be in defense of the rights of slave-holders. At the North, the great bulk of the "Free Soil" organization had melted away. Some of the "men of '48" stood firm in their doctrines, and held a "Free Soil Democratic Convention" at Pittsburgh in August, where they denounced the Compromise, declared slavery to be "a sin and a crime," and nominated John P. Hale for President, with George W. Julian for Vice-Presi-

dent. But they could count on only a small following in the North, and none at all in the South.

Election day came and passed off quietly. The next morning's news showed that the Whigs had encountered what Weed called a "Waterloo defeat." Twenty-seven States had given majorities for Pierce and King. Only four — Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee — had gone for Scott and Graham. It was said, with truth as well as wit, that the Whig party had "died of an attempt to swallow the Fugitive Slave Law."

CHAPTER XXVI.

1852–1853.

The Interregnum. Honors to the Memory of Webster. Clayton and Taylor. Adams. The "Monroe Doctrine." American Commerce. A Prediction. Inauguration of President Pierce. Everett in the Senate. Mrs. Fillmore. Cabinet Discords.

WASHINGTON, *November* 28, 1852.

On arriving here, we found and took up our lodgings at the National. This great caravansary is quiet as a watering place out of season. We went to church this morning and heard Dr. Butler preaching a very sensible discourse.

At Philadelphia, I called on Mrs. James Watson Webb, who was visiting a sister there, and paid my long-deferred debt of attention to my young namesake — a beautiful, bright boy he is, comely to look upon, and modest and gentle like his mother.

Raymond wrote him from New York:

Was there ever such a deluge since Noah's time! I can see no resurrection for the Whig party *as such*.

I am surprised, but gratified, to hear you say that you like any thing in the *Times* since the election, because I greatly feared that my conviction of the actual state of facts might not jump with either the judgment or wishes of my friends. I shall seek now to navigate the *Times* into a position of independent thought and speech, being moderate and conservative, but making progress always, as I hope, toward beneficent ends. I think it quite likely I shall often need the charitable constructions of my friends, and, therefore, bespeak yours in advance.

Once in four years comes a pause in the political system. The interval between the election of a President in November and his inauguration in March is a sort of interregnum. The issues which have stirred the popular heart during four years are settled; those

that are to come during the next four have not yet been developed. So there is a lull in debate, a truce after strife. The outgoing President has more peace and leisure; the incoming one is already beleaguered by office-seekers. The press describes to eager readers his house, his home, his history, his habits, and surroundings, and speculates boldly in regard to his probable policy. Washington society is tinged with a shade of regret at parting with old friends, and moved with pleasurable excitement in welcoming new ones. "The King is dead — long live the King!"

No grave questions came up in the Senate at its opening in December, 1852. There were two contested seats, those of Dixon of Kentucky and Yulee of Florida. Decisions upon them would establish precedents for future action. Seward participated in the debates on each. The event of chief interest in December was the day of funeral honors to Webster. He died in October, at Marshfield, and Edward Everett had been appointed to succeed him as Secretary of State. The tributes to his memory in the Senate were feeling and eloquent. The Senators of both parties realized that this was the last of those three who for twenty years had been "giants in debate"— Calhoun, Clay, and Webster.

Seward's remarks embraced a sketch of Webster's character that may be in part reproduced here:

Daniel Webster was a man of warm and earnest affections in all domestic and social relations. His conversation, letters, and speeches have made us familiar with the very pathways about his early mountain home. Nor are we strangers at Marshfield. We know, almost as well as we know our own, the children reared there, fondly loved and early lost; the servants bought from bondage and held by the stronger chains of gratitude; the careful steward, always active, yet never hurried; the reverent neighbor, always welcome, yet never obtrusive; and the ancient fisherman, ever ready for the sports of the sea; and we meet on every side the watchful friends whom no frequency of disappointment can discourage, and whom even the death of their great patron cannot all at once disengage from efforts which know no balancing of probabilities nor reckoning of cost to secure his elevation to the first honors of the republic.

They err who say that Daniel Webster was cold and passionless. It is true that he had little enthusiasm, but he was nevertheless earnest and sincere, as well as calm; and, therefore, he was both discriminating and comprehensive in his affections. He was cheerful and, on becoming occasions, joyous, and even mirthful; but he was habitually engaged in profound studies on great affairs. He was, moreover, constitutionally fearful of the dangers of popular passion and prejudice; and so, in public walk, conversation, and debate, he was grave and serious, even to solemnity, yet he never desponded. He seemed to have acquired a philosophy of his own, and to have made it the rule and guide of his life.

That philosophy consisted in improving his powers and his tastes so that he might appreciate whatever was good and beautiful in nature and art, and attain to whatever was excellent in conduct. He had accurate perceptions of the qualities and relations of things. He overvalued nothing that was common, and undervalued nothing that was useful or even ornamental. His lands, his cattle, and equipage, his dwelling, and apparel, his letters, arguments, and orations — every thing that he had, every thing that he made, every thing that he did, was as far as possible fit, complete, perfect. He thought decorous forms necessary for preserving whatever was substantial or valuable in politics, in morals, and even in religion. In his regard order was the first law and peace the chief blessing of the earth as they are of Heaven. Therefore, while he desired justice and loved liberty, he reverenced law as the first divinity of States and society.

Daniel Webster was ambitious, but his ambition was generally subordinate to conventional forms, and always to the Constitution. He aspired to place and preferment, but not for mere exercise of political power, and still less for pleasurable indulgences, and only for occasions to save or serve his country, and for the fame which such noble actions might bring.

Whatever else concerning him has been controverted by anybody, the fifty thousand lawyers of the United States conceded to him an unapproachable supremacy at the Bar. Where others studied laboriously, he meditated intensely. Where others appealed to the prejudices and passions of courts and juries, he addressed only their understandings. He studied no art and practiced no action. Nor did he form himself by any admitted model. He had neither the directness and vehemence of Demosthenes, nor the fullness and flow of Cicero, nor the intenseness of Milton, nor the magnificence of Burke. It was happy for him that he had not. The temper and tastes of his age and country required eloquence different from all these, and they found it in the pure logic, and the vigorous yet massive rhetoric, which constituted the style of Daniel Webster.

Daniel Webster, although a statesman, did not aim to be either a popular or a parliamentary leader. He left common affairs and questions to others, and reserved himself for the great and infrequent occasions which seemed to involve the prosperity or the continuance of the republic. His proper and highest place was here, where there was field and scope for his philosophy and his eloquence — here, among the equal representatives of equal States, which were at once to be held together, and to be moved on, in the establishment of a constitutional power.

Seward's remarks brought him a letter from Theodore Parker, to whom he wrote in reply:

He was for justice and for freedom, but above all for *law*, for authority. While he was for "Liberty and Union," he was for Union more than for Liberty. In conflict with him always, and yet always or generally having his respect or kindness, I was determined while he lived to bear with his impatience; and I could not consent, after the death of the Lion, to seem willing to be ungenerous to his memory.

Among the debates in January, 1853, was one on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Some Senators had accused General Taylor and his Secretary of State of misrepresenting the character of that treaty. Seward, in refutation of the charge, pointed to documentary evidence on the files of the Senate, and closed by saying:

Whatever else might have been the errors or misfortunes of that Administration, want of mutual confidence between the Secretary of State and his distinguished chief was not one of them. They stood together firmly, undivided, and inseparable to the last.

Those who have profited by political changes consequent on that sad event, may listen unmoved to the censures which for two years past have howled, and still are howling equally around the Secretary of State in his retirement, and over the veteran and war-exhausted President in his grave. Let me, on the other hand, who had some humble portion of their confidence, and knew their fidelity to each other, and to their country, perform, though it may be alone, the duty of vindicating them against the clamors of prejudice and error.

A few days later brought an occasion for a similar defense of John Quincy Adams, and a tribute to his memory. His position on the "Monroe Doctrine" having been questioned, Seward proceeded to show what the "Monroe Doctrine," much talked about, but little understood, really was:

There are two propositions arising out of our interests in and around the Gulf of Mexico, which are admitted by all our statesmen. One of them is, that the safety of the Southern States requires a watchful jealousy of the presence of European powers on the American continent; and the other is, that the tendency of commercial and political events invites the United States to assume and exercise a paramount influence in the affairs of the nations situated in this hemisphere against the possible combinations of Europe.

He then quoted from Monroe's message of December, 1823, the memorable passage:

"The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. And while existing rights should be respected, the safety of the United States requires them to announce that no future colony or dominion shall, with their consent, be planted or established in any part of the North American continent."

This is what is called here and elsewhere "the Monroe Doctrine." John Quincy Adams and John C Calhoun were then members, chief members, of Monroe's Administration. John Quincy Adams afterward acknowledged that he was author of that doctrine or policy; and John C. Calhoun, on the 15th of May, 1848, in the Senate fully testified on that point.

Passing from the historical to the prospective question, he outlined his own ideas of a fitting continental policy:

You are already the great continental power of America. But does that content you? I trust it does not. You want the commerce of the world, which is the empire of the world. This is to be looked for, not on the American lakes, nor on the Atlantic coast, nor on the Caribbean sea, but on the Pacific ocean and its islands and continents. Open up a highway through your country from New York to San Francisco. Put your domain under cultivation, and your ten thousand wheels of manufacture in motion. Multiply your ships and send them forth. The nation that draws most from the earth, and fabricates the most, and sells the most to foreign nations, must be, and will be, the great power of the earth.

Among other measures for the advancement of commerce, were revisions of the tonnage duties; the increase of mail facilities with Europe; protection to inventors; the registry of American ships; the ship canal at Niagara; protection of American citizens abroad; improvement of the warehousing system; inspection of steamboats and their life-saving appliances, and the construction of telegraph and railway to the Pacific.

The Committee on Foreign Relations had offered resolutions, impliedly threatening Mexico for an alleged breach of faith in regard to Tehuantepec. Seward, commenting upon these resolutions, said they were "vague in their language. But they look toward, although they do not distinctly point at, some measure of hostility, of reprisal, or of war." He proposed, as a substitute for the resolutions, one declaring that "the United States cannot suspend diplomatic negotiations with Mexico, without tendering that power, or waiting a reasonable time to receive from it, an offer of arbitration, according to the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo."

Adverting to the fact that "the country needed communication with the Pacific," he said:

You want first and most a communication which shall bind New Orleans and Washington and New York on the Atlantic with San Francisco on the Pacific. The safety of our country, the safety of its Pacific possessions, demands such a communication; not over oceans and through a foreign territory, but inland and altogether through your own country. This is the communication across the continent which you want.

A noticeable prediction, at this session, was that in his speech against the proposal to suspend the duty on foreign railroad iron. After showing how the reckless railway extension needed check, rather than encouragement, he said:

What happened in England on a like occasion? A great railway king projected railroads all over the island, and much capital was invested in them. All at once the bubble was pricked, and the whole enterprise collapsed, bringing on general stagnation and bankruptcy. This is the tendency of things here

now. I am not by habit a croaker, but I can see that, unless the National Government shall act so as to restrain, rather than encourage and stimulate, this excessive spirit of speculation in railroad investments, just such a collapse will happen here.

This prediction was verified when the inflation was brought to a sudden stop by the financial crash of 1857.

Among the measures to which he gave hearty support was the appropriation asked for the purpose of bringing water to Washington from the Great Falls of the Potomac. It was his constant habit to favor measures for the improvement and embellishment of the national capital. He deemed it a duty Congress owed to the country at large, since the whole country had a common interest and pride in its seat of government. The feeling was unmixed with any personal interest, for he never owned a foot of real estate in the District.

Two days before the close of the session, he took the floor on the Texas Debt question. Opposed always to any thing like repudiation, he advocated its settlement. His speech was a resumé of the history of the debt, its origin, the action of Congress, and the present obligations resting respectively upon Texas and the United States.

On the same day came up a question, deemed at the time of minor importance, but destined subsequently to convulse the country. A bill had been reported by the Committee on Territories for the organization of a Territorial Government in what was known as "the Platte Country," to be called the Territory of Nebraska. Mr. Douglas made an unsuccessful motion to proceed to its consideration. The next day he again proposed it, but the motion was laid on the table by a majority of six. It was defeated by the votes of Southern Senators, whose ground of opposition was understood to be that they apprehended such a Territory might ultimately become a free State.

Now came the 4th of March. With it came the expiration of the Thirty-second Congress, and of the Administration of Mr. Fillmore. The new Democratic Administration was duly inaugurated, Franklin Pierce taking the oath of office in the presence of assembled thousands of eager and enthusiastic partisans. Washington was full to overflowing. All the offices of the Government were now at the disposal of the dominant party, and applicants for all of them flocked to the capital. For a few days it seemed as if no public business could be transacted. The White House and the departments were overborne by the tremendous rush. A special session of the Senate was called, in order to take action on the President's nominations. Among the new Senators who now took their seats, were two of the ex-Secretaries

of State — Massachusetts having sent Edward Everett and Delaware John M. Clayton.

Seward wrote:

March 17.

This morning I have read Clayton's speech. It is a powerful one. I think that Clayton would have done wisely by leaving the whole subject until next session. But I shall *say* no such thing here. I have seen enough of fault-finding to be well cured of it.

Mr. Baker brought me his last proofs in New York, and I have revised them. It is a fine book. The view of the house is admirable, and so is the memoir, as revised by Mr. Ripley.*

March 18.

The blue birds are gathering the seeds and crumbs in our court-yard, and we are in the very burst of spring.

I have not yet seen President or Cabinet, nor have I seen the Whig here that has. The pressure of office-seekers is reported as crushing Mr. Pierce's health. To-day Mr. Everett speaks, and he will speak well, of course.

March 30.

Mrs. Fillmore died of pneumonia this morning. Within her circle at Willard's, this was apprehended several days. But the intelligence broke upon the public with surprise. So soon are even the tenants of the White House forgotten by society-at-large, when they have given place to new-comers. I heard of the event on the street, and went immediately to Willard's, where I sent my card to Mr. Fillmore. They told me Mrs. Fish was there doing all that she could. I went to the Senate Chamber and examined the records to ascertain what custom or propriety required to be done.

I found the proceedings on the death of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, and I moved the adjournment of the Senate, in words nearly the same with those on that other occasion. Meantime Mr. Fish came in and informed me that he had been at Willard's. Mr. Fillmore's wishes were that there might be no parade or ostentation, but that the friends of the family would gratify them by attending their departure with the remains from Willard's to the depot at six to-morrow morning.

I went from the Capitol, taking Sumner along, to introduce me to President Pierce, who graciously condescended to receive us, on our names being taken up by Edward, as an exceptional case and on his own responsibility. I shall say at once that the President has a *very* winning way in his manners. And when I reach home I shall tell you what else I think of him. I will barely say now that Sumner is by no means sure that there is not a *deep* depth under the graceful exterior. The President gave us the agreeable information that we should be detained here all next week.

April 1.

The troubles within begin to leak out and confirm what was expected about Cushing and Marcy — that the relations between those two members are those

* The first three volumes of "The Works of William H. Seward," edited by George E. Baker, and published by Redfield, are here alluded to.

of rivalry and ill-will. I was slow to believe that a Cabinet could have been constructed with a certainty of such division to occur so soon. Yet what else could we expect? The quarrel begins to reach Senators.

April 3.

The President is intent on fusing all the factions of his party, and the Senate, after a brief struggle of opponents, has concurred. It leaves our "Silver Grays" in a forlorn condition. They are now the only faction who stand on the principle of proscribing men for having disapproved the compromises. I think it will result in opening anew and wider than before the strife between the "Hunkers" and the "Barn-Burners" in New York.

When the "Free Soilers" were assailed in the Senate, and Dix sought to be proscribed, they had not a word for him. I spoke for his confirmation. The debate may be published.

Mr. Pulszky is here yet, wanting to see Marcy and the President. He will get soothing words, but nothing else. The Administration will go on in the way of its predecessor.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1853.

Summer Life at Auburn. Colonel Bowen. A Visit to Scenes of Andre's Capture and Execution. The Crimean War. Address at Columbus. "The Destiny of America." Letters to Theodore Parker. Address before the American Institute. "The True Basis of American Independence." Democratic Factions. "Hards" and "Softs." Rise of the "Know-Nothing" Party. "Have You Seen Sam?"

After the winter's confinement at Washington, Seward found the summer life at Auburn especially enjoyable. He rose usually at six, and liked either a walk in the garden or a canter on horse-back of a mile or two before breakfast. Then meeting the family at table he would tell them what new flower was in bloom, what fruit had ripened, what birds had come, and how they were occupied, what change or improvement he found in the village streets or on the country roads. After a cigar and the morning paper, he would go to his old writing-chair in the bay-window of the tower, and here write his letters and study law-cases or public addresses. When visitors called, they were shown in here. If the day was raw and cool, there would be an open fire to sit by. If it was bright and warm, he would invite them to walk with him to the vine-covered seat at the end of the long garden walk and continue the conversation there. Sometimes the visitors would be so frequent, and the visits so long, that he would find it necessary to

supplement his day's work by continuing his studies till late at night. The papers in his cases would be sent to the law-office to be copied. His personal correspondence he would conduct, sometimes with his own hands, sometimes with the aid of a copyist or secretary.

He liked to push his work vigorously and with dispatch, so as to finish whatever might be on hand, and then take a day for recreation by some excursion. With his family, or some friend or neighbor, he would drive to the Owasco or Cayuga lake and spend the day in boating or fishing. Or he would take a longer drive to Skaneateles, Aurora, Elbridge, or some other village in the vicinity,—call upon acquaintances there, and return at night-fall. In the evening, when not at work, he liked a rubber of whist and conversation or reading till bed-time.

Auburn was rapidly taking on the dimensions and habits of a city; but it still retained enough of rural character to be an attractive summer residence. It had a very agreeable social circle, and friends from New York and Albany would stop over a train or a day on their way to Niagara or the West. Western acquaintances would make like pause on their eastward journeys. Though having little leisure he contrived to find time, in the course of a season, for a good deal of reading. Old and standard authors he preferred to any literary novelties. He would devote his spare moments, for a week or two, to some poet, philosopher, or historian, and then take up another. Chaucer and Spencer, Ben Jonson and Ariosto, were among his favorites at this period. Of the English essayists he liked Sidney Smith, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Jeffrey, and Carlyle. Prescott's histories he read as fast as they came out. Brougham's Political Philosophy, Lieber's Political Ethics, Burke's Speeches, and Tooke's "Diversions of Purley," he read over more than once. The volumes contain many passages marked by him in pencil. Usually they are philosophical truths in relation to government. Occasionally there is a passage in them marked by Charles Sumner, with whom frequent conversations occurred on this class of topics.

On Sundays, when at home, he always went to the morning service at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, of which he had long been a member. Rev. Dr. Cressey was at this time the rector. "Fort Hill," the wooded height overlooking the town and containing the traces of an ancient Indian fortification, had now been made a cemetery. A family burial-plot had been selected under the shade of some great trees on the western slope. Here Judge Miller was interred, and the remains of other relatives were brought from the old church-yard. To this spot was a customary walk on a Sunday afternoon. About this period he

began a new enterprise destined to occupy much of his subsequent time and attention. Judge Miller had left to his two daughters an orchard and some meadows on the outskirts of the village. The establishment of factories near by, on the Owasco, had created a demand for houses for the operatives. Seward looked over the ground, and after some thought, matured a plan which would give them cheap and comfortable homes, while at the same time it would gradually render the Miller property valuable. He had the land surveyed, bought a similar plot adjoining it, and then divided the whole into village lots, each containing a quarter of an acre. These he offered for sale — advancing to the purchaser money to build a house, and giving him fifteen years in which to pay the loan, in monthly installments. These installments would be no more than the rent he would have to pay for inferior accommodations in a tenement-house. The plan looked attractive, yet it was some time before the first man could be found bold enough to embark in so novel an enterprise. After the first, others came rapidly. The houses, at the outset, were plain, square, wooden buildings in the center of a grass-plot or potato-patch. But the owners soon began to improve them. Trees and flower-beds, porches, verandas, and vine-clad bay-windows began to appear on one after another. Those of the purchasers who had thrift and health, were usually able to pay off their debt long before the allotted time and so became owners in fee-simple of property that would sell for twice what it had cost them. The project was one that exactly suited his business habits. It was not at all speculative, but a safe real estate investment; and at the same time, one that benefited his neighbors and beautified the town.

During this summer he wrote home:

June 10, 1853.

Cheerful and well, thanks to the relaxation of a visit to Bowen's quiet home on the Hudson. On Friday morning we rode up the Albany road to Tarrytown, and there we stopped and examined the place by the road-side where the captors of Major Andre lay when they were disturbed by the trampling of the horse on which he was escaping toward the *Vulture*, on the bridge across the rivulet, that is now conveyed underground. With maps and descriptions in our hand we traced the progress of the unfortunate man and of his captors.

After dinner Bowen was inspired to execute with me a long-cherished purpose of visiting the scene where the romantic career of Andre came to its sad and painful close. Taking young Miss Oothout with us, we went down to Dobbs Ferry and signaled to the opposite bank for a boat, which came over, and after an hour, landed us on the western bank, just at the place where the wall of the Palisades lifts itself above the water. A boy, a covered wagon, and a horse of twenty years' experience were at the door after some delays, and we set out for Tappan village. A narrow, winding road gradually sur-

mounted the rocky banks of the river, and we found ourselves on a plain, rich but rudely cultivated.

Riding through jungles and meadows, we saw a little village situated at the foot of a long range of hills with a single spire. On the bank of a brook was a long low house of brick, stone, and wood, evidently very ancient, but in good preservation. This was Washington's head-quarters while the army lay at Tappan. A loquacious landlady sixty years old, with a daughter-in-law fair to look upon and pleasant to talk with, met us at the door, surrounded by a group of half a dozen as pretty children as ever I saw, each of whom came up to be kissed, and presented lips and faces as clean as the china ambitiously displayed in the closet. We saw relics of Washington so numerous and so profuse that we were obliged to doubt their authenticity. The old lady was a lineal descendant of the family who occupied the mansion when it was the temporary home of the most illustrious man the world has yet seen.

After leaving the house and crossing the brook, flushed from the open gate of a small mill, we turned an angle in the road and came into a winding street on which were, perhaps, some thirty or forty simple dwellings. Most conspicuous among them was the tavern of the place, a long and low stone house, before which was a square sign-board bearing the inscription, "76 House." It had been the prison of Andre while he was detained for trial and execution. Although it had been repaired and in part renewed, yet the bedroom he occupied was still preserved in the same state that he left it. A few rods onward at the head of the street was a small red brick church. In 1834 it was built to replace one of great antiquity that stood on the same site and in which the Court of Inquiry sat, of which General Greene and General Knox were members, and who conducted the trial simply by receiving the written statement of Andre without other evidence. Here then was the scene of that solemn investigation as to what should be the punishment of the captured Briton, and there in that "76 House" he had awaited the result of Hamilton's interposition with Washington, aided by the solicitations, sophistry and threats of Sir Henry Clinton and of Arnold, to obtain if not a pardon, at least the substitution of a soldier's punishment for the ignominious one of a spy and a felon.

Again taking our wagon we moved along a narrow road that ascended the hill that covered the village on the east. Fields were on one side and forests on the other. Half a mile brought us to near the summit. There was a gate opening into a field covered with a thrifty peach-orchard, and a grassy lane led along a rude stone fence.

In this lane, just at the crown of the hill, we found a huge boulder-stone covering a hole in the ground filled by cobble-stones and bearing the inscription, cut without art or skill, and without having the stone chiseled or smoothed: "Andre, Executed October 3rd., 1780." Here was the grave in which his body was deposited as a felon in the crisis of the war, and from which forty years after it was taken up and conveyed, when peace had returned, to rest as the remains of a hero, in Westminster Abbey. Some thirty or forty feet in front of the grave, in full view of a broad plain stretching away for miles and bounded only by the Palisades, was the place of execution. I mused on the

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memories of these things that history supplied and tradition embellished, gathered a rose, a stone, and slips from a tree that stood near by and descended the hill, wound our way through the opening of the Palisades to the river, entered a boat, and at eight o'clock was again at Bowen's.

This summer had some events of popular interest. The Crystal Palace Exhibition or "World's Fair," had been opened in Reservoir Square, New York, and thousands flocked to the city to see the wonders of foreign and domestic art. Jullien's "Monster Concerts," the pioneers of the great musical festivals, were delighting the towns by their novelty. Mrs. Stowe's story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was touching a chord in the popular heart that no compromises could still, and the book was running through successive editions, was read and re-read, quoted and dramatized.

From the Old World were coming portents of a great conflict. The war-cloud had been gathering blackness all summer, and by October the French and English fleets had sailed for the Dardanelles, and hostilities had begun between the Sublime Porte and the Czar.

Seward had promised his Ohio friends to attend the dedication of their new "Capitol University" at Columbus, and to deliver an oration. He fulfilled the promise on the 14th of September. The address had for its subject, "The Destiny of America," and embodied the results of long thought upon his favorite theme. He began by alluding to the marvelous growth of Ohio and the West, adding:

> Nevertheless it is not in man's nature to be content with present attainment or enjoyment. You say to me, therefore, with excusable impatience, "Tell us not what our country is, but what she shall be. Shall her greatness increase? Is she immortal?"

Proceeding to consider all probable or possible dangers from within and without — attempts at disunion, foreign wars, social decay, etc., etc., he drew the conclusion that the nation's strength and stability were not likely to be overthrown and that its material progress would continue. Then he pointed out that material, and even intellectual progress was not all that Americans must aim for — they owed a duty to the world at large. He quoted the solemn injunction with which the Revolutionary Congress closed its existence:

> Let it be remembered that it has ever been the pride and boast of America, that the rights for which she contended were the rights of human nature.

On this point, he showed that the highest and most important function of the republic among the nations of the earth was, by practice, precept, and example, to ameliorate the condition of mankind,

improving systems of government, and maintaining and extending human rights.

In his letters to Theodore Parker, he said :

I thank you very sincerely for your kind expressions of approbation of the tone of my discourse at Columbus. It seems strangely hard that I should be working in my way, while you are working in your own bolder and more energetic way for the same great principles, and yet, that I should never meet you. I hope it will not always be so.

I took my latitude and longitude first from Massachusetts. If I sometimes seem to be less directly in the right way to the port, I pray you to remember how the lights of Massachusetts have been obscured, and what violent gales I have had to encounter from that quarter. Of one thing be assured, that while I am quite confident of progress, I look to you and your associates in Massachusetts to open the way where masses can follow.

As soon as he had returned from Columbus he found there was another oration to be prepared. This was an address before the American Institute in New York at the annual exhibition. The address was delivered in the evening of October 20, at the Tabernacle on Broadway. There was a crowded, and as usual on such occasions, an intelligent auditory.

His topic was "The True Basis of American Independence." He said:

We are bound to recommend republican institutions to the acceptance of other nations. Can we do so if we are content to be no wiser, no more virtuous, no more useful to humanity, than those to whom such institutions are denied? Neither man nor nation can be wise or really virtuous or useful, when dependent on caprice or favor. Is there one among the thousands of inventions in the Patent Office that was made by a slave? Peter the Great, master of so many millions of slaves, resorted to the shop of a free mechanic of Saardam to learn the mystery of ship-building. His successor, Nicholas, employs Whistler, a Massachusetts engineer, to project his railroads; Ross Winans, a Baltimore mechanic, to construct his locomotives; and Orsamus Eaton, a carriage-maker of Troy, to construct his cars. Do you wonder that loving freedom for such fruits, I also have set my face firmly against slavery ?

Contrasting then the policy of encouraging inventions, protecting manufactures and elevating the condition of the laborer, with its reverse, he closed by saying :

Persevere then, gentlemen of the Institute; for you, by lifting labor to its rightful rank, are elevating the republic to true and lasting independence.

Discord in the Democratic party in New York now entered upon a new phase. It was no longer a strife between "Hunkers" and "Barn-Burners" but between "Hards" and "Softs." The new factions reflected the doctrines of the old ones in a modified degree, but both

claimed to be the true representatives of "Democracy," and neither was anxious to seek martyrdom by acting outside of the "regular organization." On questions of Canal Enlargement and Finance, the "Hards" were usually in sympathy with the Whigs. On some other questions there was more affiliation with the "Softs." But no continued alliance with either party could be counted on, so much depended upon the changing current of public events. At the fall election this year, the Whigs elected Elias W. Leavenworth to be Secretary of State, James M. Cook, Comptroller, E. G. Spaulding, Treasurer, and all their candidates for State officers, besides a majority of the Legislature.

But a new and unexpected phase of affairs was beginning to surprise the politicians, not only in New York, but in other States. The wise men who had so zealously labored to induce the National Conventions of the two great parties in 1852 to indorse the "Compromise," and "finally terminate" all "slavery agitation" — overlooked a cardinal impulse of human nature. Public opinion "abhors a vacuum." If it cannot have the slavery question, it will have some other question. Without the least intention of doing so, the "Compromisers" had paved the way for new issues and a new party. And a new party had sprung suddenly into existence. It was a mysterious power. Apparently without labored effort or public display, it carried local elections by surprise. Towns and counties that had for years rested in the comfortable assurance that they were Whig or Democratic strongholds, suddenly made complete change of front. That the organization which was achieving these successes was a secret one; that it held its meetings in unknown places; that its members were bound by oaths to do its bidding and not to reveal its secrets, added to its fascination, especially for young men. It was a mystery, and like all mysteries its capabilities were magnified in popular apprehension. When its supposed members were interrogated as to its acts or designs, they merely responded that they "knew nothing" on the subject. The organization, therefore, speedily obtained the name of the "Know-Nothing" party. One of the pass-words by which members recognized each other was said to be the casual inquiry, "Have you seen Sam?" This soon acquired currency, and newspapers, in chronicling an unexpected defeat, had only to remark: "Our city has seen Sam!"

The new party had no hesitation, however, in declaring its principles. They were summed up in such phrases as "America for Americans," "Put none but Americans on guard," etc. It was a native American organization, formed avowedly to check foreign influence in political affairs. Both the great parties, it charged, had pandered to

the foreign vote, had given naturalization and offices to men who were foreign born and still foreigners at heart. It was urged that the newly-landed foreigner had no more right to a vote than the newly-born American, and that he ought to wait the same period — twenty-one years — before attaining it. It was asserted that thousands who were allowed the privilege of citizenship confessed their chief allegiance to be due to the Pope of Rome, and that their political action was determined by the orders of the Catholic Church, instead of the interest of the American Republic. To exclude foreigners and Catholics from places of trust and honor, and to change the naturalization laws, were the purposes which the new party was to accomplish. Its rapidly-increasing strength gave its followers reason to hope that, before long, they would obtain the control of the State and Federal Government, and engraft their policy on the Constitution.

Similar political doctrines had before been advocated, and local elections in cities had been occasionally carried by "Native Americans." But there had never before been any great or formidable party organized upon that basis. As a matter of fact, the dangers complained of seemed not to be imminent. There was no great increase of immigration; no special banding together of foreigners; no new "bull" from the Pope, and no new policy adopted by any foreign prince, potentate, or church. However, the times were ripe for a new party. Thousands were heartily disgusted with the policy of the old ones. Many turned "Know-Nothings," not because they believed in the new proscriptive policy, but because they wanted to rebuke their old leaders. Then the names and watchwords and paraphernalia of the new party were well calculated to appeal to patriotic feeling. It claimed the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "American Eagle" as its especial emblems; Washington, Franklin, and Adams as its patron saints. It celebrated Revolutionary anniversaries, and appealed to "Americans," North and South, East and West, to again "rally" and "make common cause" against "foreign oppression."

The ranks of the "American Party" were recruited from both Democrats and Whigs. Nearly all the prominent Democratic statesmen were denounced for showing too much favor to foreigners. Of the Whig leaders, Seward and Weed were pronounced especially obnoxious in this regard.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1853.

Washington in the Session. Business and Society. Election of Printer. Bachelor's Life. A Dull Xmas.

On the first Monday of December the flags were floating over the Capitol. The people's representatives were again "in Congress assembled." This time it was to be a session of unusual significance and interest. The Democratic party had full sway in both Houses and in all the departments of the Executive Government. In the Senate, they had three-fifths of the whole body. In the House, they had two-thirds. New York, however, still had her two Whig Senators. Her delegation in the House contained many whose names were then or afterward prominent in political annals. Among the Whigs and "Free Soilers" were Edwin B. Morgan, Benjamin Pringle, Gerrit Smith, Caleb Lyon, Russell Sage, O. B. Matteson, William Murray, George A. Simmons, and Henry Bennett. Among the Democrats were Hiram Walbridge, Mike Walsh, William M. Tweed, Francis B. Cutting, T. R. Westbrook, Rufus W. Peckham, and Reuben E. Fenton.

Organization was effected on the first day; Senator Atchison taking the chair as President *pro tem.* of the Senate; Linn Boyd being re-elected Speaker, and John W. Forney Clerk of the House.

Seward wrote, describing his life under the new regimé:

Washington, *December* 2.

Here at last I am in my lonely home. I left New York yesterday morning. The cars were filled with M. C's and their families. I then threw myself down upon my bed at eleven o'clock, wearied as one always is with the tedious journey from New York to Washington.

This morning I have strolled to the Capitol, found my letters and papers, visited the *National Intelligencer* office, received a visitor who came to communicate with me on the Darien canal, and am now to begin my services to correspondents as soon as I shall have reported my arrival and proceedings to you.

Washington is little changed in appearance. The wings of the Capitol have risen to the height of the *above ground basement* and the first story is now begun.

December 3.

Our house-keeping grows into the old form. Breakfast will not come on the table until half-past eight or nine, and my servants, both of them, like breakfast all the better for this perverseness. One falls into the ways of the "first families" without effort and without singularity. I have a carpen-

ter who is transferring my book-cases from the basement to the new study, and on Monday I shall have my library all arranged here.

If I may judge from the experience of the day I have little reason to fear solitude. My visitors have been numerous. It is evident that the *quidnuncs* have forgotten the last election and are thinking on the next one.

You know Mr. Baker was coming to spend some weeks with me. Greeley has employed him to write for the *Tribune*. He came in this morning, and so did Sumner. They both stayed until dinner, and so we had a pleasant time. I called last evening at Mr. Seaton's.

December 9.

To-morrow evening I am to *receive* the Whig members from New York, the Whig Senators, and such other Whigs as choose to come — say forty or fifty. William brightens up with the importance of the movement, and even Mary seems animated with new spirits as she looks on the turkeys, hams and oysters that are awaiting the application of her skill. I doubt not that you are thankful for being out of the way; and, indeed, in the present state of your health, I am glad that you are.

December 12.

Saturday and Sunday filled up with business and with society from which I could not escape for an hour, except when I took refuge in church. My party, of about fifty Whig Senators and Representatives from all the States, North and South, East and West, was entirely successful. It was gratifying to see how passion had subsided.

In the Whig caucus, on appointment of members of the committees (the Democrats having for that purpose adopted Chase) I moved, for that purpose, that the Whigs, to the same extent, include Sumner. Nobody sustained me.

December 14.

Mr. Baker and I have had our coffee and eggs and read the newspapers. The morning round of business calls has begun.

I saw the President yesterday. He is care-worn, and the embarrassments of his Administration are obviously oppressing him and his ministers. The election of Tucker, as the Printer to the Senate, is felt as a direct assault. The "Hards" serenaded the successful candidate on the night before election, and in New York they fired a hundred guns over the victory. The *Union*, of course, complains, and accuses and denounces Democrats. How like to this was the course of the Whigs in General Taylor's time!

There is a new demonstration against the State of Sonora, in Mexico, evidently designed to cover the establishment of a slave State there. And what a condition has Compromise left us in there!

December 16.

I wrote to you, and also to our good little girl, yesterday. I dined at Governor Fish's yesterday with a party of Senators, exclusively, except Governor Graham of North Carolina. There were Atchison, Mason, Hunter, Bell, Smith, Dawson, etc., etc. A dull time it must have been for Mrs. Fish. The conversation turned, of course, on senatorial things, election of printers, etc.

In the evening I dropped in with the crowd at Mr. Guthrie's. It was like

all such things that you have seen so often. People were there from all parts of the country.

December 18.

Mr. Samuel Blatchford arrived yesterday. He is in the Supreme Court for his *début*.

Rev. William E. Channing arrived on Friday, and preached to-day in the Unitarian Church. I was there for the first time. He delivered a very excellent discourse. I recognized well-known faces throughout the congregation, and among them by special regard, Mr. Chase and Dr. Bailey. Mr. Everett was not there. Mr. Channing came home with me and we had a very pleasant conversation for two hours.

December 22.

Things go along quietly in the Senate. The fiery debates between "Hards" and "Softs" are postponed over the New Year.

The *Tribune* likes Mr. Baker so well that they want him to come here and stay permanently with his family as a branch of the *Tribune* establishment. I like it too. Gerrit Smith has opened the anti-slavery debate in the House, and the Compromisers rush into it blindly. So the old question comes back. Who will compromise it down the next time?

December 24.

This is levee day, a day of many visits, and very long ones. How little you know of the experience I have here! I wish you were well enough to bear your share of it. I dined Jones and Dixon of Tennessee and Kentucky, yesterday. They were very kind, but wanted to talk about slavery all the time, and to convince me how wrong I am and how I persist in ruining great prospects. I have learned something. Henceforth I will never talk at dinner with more than one slavery man at a time! One will always agree with me, or at least agree to tolerate me, but where there are more than one they watch each other.

This is Christmas Eve. House solitary. How poor I am! I shall wake up to-morrow and there will be no beaming faces around me, no children, no friends. Well, I am tired of this, and I have but one more Christmas after it to spend in Washington.

Christmas.

Will you believe me? I have risen this morning into the light of as bright a day as ever honored St. Nicholas with its rays, and yet there is neither doll, riding-whip, watch, or watch-dog, bon-bon, or sugar-plum in all this vast house, from kitchen to garret. Indeed, we are a singularly constituted family. I am a bachelor, without wife or children. William has a wife and child, but they dwell three doors off. Mary has a husband in the town, but I have not seen him since I came back. We have compared notes on our peculiar and respective isolation, and the result is that I am fully instructed and empowered to convey to you and Willie, and Fanny, and Aunty, and Aunt Clara, and Abby, and Dennis and Nicholas, and Watch, not forgetting Trip also, the joyous compliments and proper wishes of the season. For my part, it is to be any thing but a home Christmas. The entire mail fails, and so, if there are

letters from you on the way I lose them. I go to Dr. Butler's church to hear a sermon, thence to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Fish.

December 28.

It is noon in a day devoted by Congress to a funeral, at which I suppose my absence will not be felt. I have just answered all my letters and am going to my studies.

Mr. Simonton tells me that "spirit rapping" is much in vogue. Last evening two friends, one a medium, came to converse with and convert him to the new faith. He was immovable. When on the point of refusing to yield, he distinctly heard rappings by some unseen agent, in the corner of the room. The medium said that he was *impressed* at the same moment with the attendance of spirits. Simonton dismissed his visitors, visible and invisible, and came incontinently here to be sustained in his infidelity. He was so earnest that I thought that I should at least be disturbed with dreams of the other world. But I wrote until twelve and slept quietly and soundly.

December 29.

Yesterday, I remained within all day and made some slow and toilsome progress in my report on the commerce of the Pacific. I have seldom, if ever, attempted to grasp a greater subject, or to perform a more herculean task. To-day, I am to dine with Mr. Crampton. He has removed to Georgetown.

A wretch last week got up a pretended subscription for the poor of the city, and fortified himself with forged letters from Mr. Corcoran, by which he obtained contributions from all of the wealthy and liberal members of Congress, amounting to many hundred dollars. I was a loser with the rest; but what is worse, the cause of the poor was prejudiced.

December 30.

Thank Heaven I have only half a dozen letters to answer to-day; although I doubt not some Erie mob or Jack Frost has stopped the mails only to inundate me to-morrow.

What an awkward blunder I made! I had ordered a carriage yesterday to take me to dine with Mr. Crampton at Georgetown, when I stumbled accidentally on Charles Sumner, who is the very opposite of the "Know-Nothings," and learned from him that Mr. Crampton's dinner had come off on the day before! That the table waited, and the guests whispered what was the cause and who was the delinquent? That I was exposed; that apologies were invented; that I had lost the way; was sick; that you were worse and I had gone home! And that, at last, the lady who was to have honored me with her hand was handed over to another, probably some slave-holder, and my role was played by a dummy from the spiritual world in an empty chair. I have apologized as well as I could, and Mr. Crampton has soothed me by an invitation for next Wednesday, which I have, of course, accepted.

December 31.

It is the last day of the year — of a year that has been more pleasant and genial toward me than any one of the three that preceded it, if I except from its freights the interruptions of your health, which I habitually try to represent

to myself as only temporary. Old hatreds have worn down, old friendships have revived in some degree, and old debts have rapidly diminished. Another year will probably bring me to the end of my public life. If my affairs shall be as prosperous as they promise now, they will enable me to quit my professional labors, and then I shall be at peace. I hope it may be in my power to remain so, if I am to live longer, which I wish to do for yours and the youngling's sake, and do not wish to do for my own.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1854.

New Year's Visits. The Beginning of a Great Struggle. Douglas' Nebraska Bill. Colonel Benton. Public Attention Awakened. The Debate. Speech on "Freedom and Public Faith." An Appeal to the Authors of the "Compromise" of 1850. The Rising Storm. Wade, Sumner, Fessenden, Everett, and Toombs. The Vote in the Senate. Protest of Three Thousand New England Clergymen. Henry Ward Beecher. A Presidential Dinner. Wreck of the "San Francisco." Closing Speech. Passage of the Bill. "Freedom's Eclipse." A Challenge.

On New Year's day, Seward wrote describing its experiences:

The snow-storm held the mails up yesterday. To-day, they come down upon me in an avalanche. The snow here, even here in Washington, is more than a foot deep.

Rose at eight, ill enough to confine myself all day, but thought I ought to go out and make recognitions in your name, and my own, to some of those who had not been ashamed of us in the great trials through which we had passed here. Now I give you my *diary of one day* in Washington. Went at half-past ten to Mr. Fletcher's; too early; left cards. Rode up Capitol Hill to Mr. Beal's; ladies in the country. John M. Clayton at breakfast; left cards. Down again to Miss Carter's for Judge and Mrs. McLean; they stayed at Brown's; cards. Then to Jackson Hall to see John C. Rives, printer to the *Globe*. Long table set for collation. Mr. Riggs dressing; cards. Up "4½ street" to Mrs. Williams; Mrs. George Jones of Tennessee and Mrs. Senator Dixon of Kentucky came down after fifteen minutes. Mr. Ewbank, Mrs. Ewbank, and daughter surrounded by clerks in the Patent Office, who had not forgotten him. That was refreshing to see. Mr. and Mrs. Simonton; cards. Mrs. Washington and Miss Washington all were in. Mrs. Lee would be at one o'clock. I will go there to-morrow to see her. Colonel Benton's; two daughters; all surrounded by Democrats fierce for his return to the Senate. I joined heartily, to their surprise. Mrs. Fremont, two doors above, not quite ready; cards. Mrs. David A. Hall, gone to Baltimore; cards. Mrs. Cox, delighted. Louisa Weightman will come to see me to-morrow to send message to Fanny. Mrs. Rice; don't receive; cards. Mrs. Judge Daniels (across the way); don't receive; not quite settled; cards. Mrs. Seaton and daughter.

Conscience-smitten that she had seen so little of you while you were to be seen. That was nice. Mrs. Fitz-Henry Warren; "Seward's Works" in calf reconciled me to wait her toilet-making. Mrs. Sartiges; don't receive; cards. Mrs. Carroll and three young Carrolls. I liked the young ones very much. Mr. Everett, in Boston; card. Mrs. Fish; house full; handsome table. Mrs. Bayard Smith; pretty. Captain Stockton; don't receive; cards. Mrs. Hodge and daughter; polite; very agreeable. Mr. Corcoran's; magnificent. Why would I not eat and drink? Mrs. Hamilton, ninety-five years old lacking seven months. Must oblige Mrs. Holley by sipping punch from Washington's silver camp-bowl. Of course I did, though she gave me a sentiment against "Free Soilism." Don't talk to me of women's rights! Commander Morris; very kind reception. Thomas S. Smith; Mrs. Smith was the lady that I was to hand in to table at Mr. Crampton's. Mrs. E. B. Morgan; sick Miss Cass; don't receive; cards; General Cass out; cards. Mrs. John Bell; dispirited and sad, mourning the death of a son-in-law. Mr. Marcoleta; out. His wife didn't receive. Mrs. Peale; pretty and tidy. I am to go there to spend an evening. They count upon it. I will go. Mrs. Dr. Bailey, Truman Smith. No answer to bell. Cards.

Well! I am through, not being able to recollect some half dozen calls forgotten so soon. Came home at three, found Mr. and Mrs. Winslow. Stacks of cards that I have not yet taken from the basket to look at. Visitors came in until dinner. General Cass and Charles Sumner came in during dinner. Blatchford — Simonton — Truman Smith. Eleven o'clock. New Year finished.

I would not have you think that I did not call at the old mansion of John Quincy Adams. I found Mrs. A. and her daughter Lousia. I called also at Mrs. Guthrie's and at Jefferson Davis', etc., etc.

January 4, 1854.

We had in the Senate to-day the preliminaries of a controversy, that is to come off in a week or so, between General Cass and Mr. Clayton, on the Nicaragua Treaty.

Mr. Sartiges called in this evening and spent an hour with me alone. He is a very pleasant and well-informed Frenchman.

Mr. Douglas has introduced a bill for organizing the Nebraska Territory, going as far as the Democrats dare, toward abolishing that provision of the Missouri Compromise which devoted all the new regions purchased from France, north of the line of 36° 30', to freedom. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay went for the Compromise of 1850, upon the ground that the "Wilmot Proviso" was established in Nebraska, and all the region I have mentioned, while the climate would protect Utah and New Mexico. I shall do my duty in this matter. Everett was on the Douglas Committee, and says he objected. *I* would not have been allowed to be there.

I am heart-sick of being here. I look around me in the Senate and find all demoralized. Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont !!! All, all in the hands of the slave-holders; and even New York, ready to howl at my heels, if I were only to name the name of freedom, which once they loved so much.

To-night I went home with Colonel Benton, and from his house over to Mrs. Fremont's. She occupies the house in which Secretary Stewart lived last year. Her husband is exploring the California railway. She is a noble-spirited woman. Has much character. I am sure you would like her. She is very outspoken.

We have news to-night of the illness of Edwin Croswell, of hopeless paralysis. I feel for his family. Do you know that I had apprehended this? Edwin Curtis too! Such events admonish me that I have lived a good and reasonable life-time.

As these letters indicate, the cloud was beginning to appear in the political horizon, at first "no larger than a man's hand," but rapidly gathering blackness and destined soon to overspread the heavens. The bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska was subsequently amended so as to provide for two new territorial governments, instead of one. Its discussion and modification in committees and caucuses, and the casual allusions to it in the newspapers, had as yet aroused no popular feeling, but Seward already perceived its drift and purpose. He wrote to Weed:

You see this infamous Nebraska Bill. It is an Administration move. The "Hards" fall into the trap, as is quite too customary. Is it not possible to put the "Hards" in New York, on some better or different ground? Rusk and Houston will oppose the bill on the ground of the danger of its turning the Indians of Nebraska down into Texas. The clause in the bill protecting Indians in their *rights of property* is an equivoque, to cover the slaves the Indians own, and so to sanction slavery by implication.

January 8.

I have just had a long conversation with Colonel Benton. He says we can save ourselves from Douglas' bill if the Northern States will remonstrate in public meetings and in legislative resolutions, and he desires that such proceedings shall be had. I submit it for your consideration. I have a hope that we may get up a division in the South on the subject, and perhaps draw Clayton out to lead an opposition to "the repeal of the Missouri Compromise." That is the word.

January 13.

This Administration goes in for Cuba, cost what it may, and within its own life-time. So slavery is wrapping us in its black folds, and yet the Northern people are wrangling about foreigners and licenses and street preaching.

Writing to Mrs. Seward, he said:

January 29.

Last evening I dined at Colonel Benton's with his daughters and other ladies and the representatives from Missouri. It was a genial party.

The great news of the day I suppose you have anticipated. The "Hards," finding fault with Douglas' equivocations in his first bill, insisted on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Douglas conferred last Sunday with the Cabinet

and the matter resulted in an unanimous agreement to concede the demand, and to put the bill right through, before the country could be aroused, and so silence agitation of freedom by leaving no more ground for slavery to demand. A week's delay or postponement was conceded in the Senate, and within that time the Whig and Administration ("Soft") press throughout the State of New York rebelled altogether. The "Hards," while pushing on the measure for the purpose of ruining the "Softs," equally repudiate the iniquitous scheme, and so New York presents an undivided hostility, and in this Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Ohio concur. I dare not speculate yet on the consequences.

Public attention was beginning to be aroused, now that the bill in its modified form had been reported by Mr. Douglas from the Territorial Committee. It was gradually dawning upon the public mind that this bill "to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas," was in reality a bold attempt to open to slavery the whole region between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains which had been formally and "forever" secured to freedom. Evidently the Administration and the Congress which had come into power as the especial defenders of "Compromise," would treat "Compromises" as binding in favor of slavery, but as null and void against it.

Seward wrote on January 28 to the New York meeting, held in accordance with his suggestion, "to protest against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise." In his letter he recalled the history of the Compromise of 1850, and said:

It is quite clear that if we had maintained our ground on the laws of freedom, which then protected New Mexico and Utah, we should not now have been attacked in our stronghold. Nebraska is not all that is to be saved or lost. We who thought only, so lately as 1849, of securing some portion at least of the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and all the Pacific coast to the institutions of freedom, will be, before 1857, brought to a doubtful struggle to prevent the extension of slavery to the shores of the Great Lakes and Puget Sound.

February 4.

I am hearing a speech from Mr. Dixon of Kentucky, on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which presses very hard, by means of its argument, that it is *not* the *South*, by its representatives here, that demand this concession. He has closed at two o'clock on Saturday, and the Senate refuses to adjourn, to give Wade time to speak on Monday.

February 6.

I am well. Just begun to prepare my speech on Nebraska amid a thousand cares. They mean to force the debate through without allowing time for preparation. Excuse me, for perhaps three or four days, for brevity.

February 9.

I have omitted to write you one or two days, having been pressed by this Nebraska outrage.

Truman Smith is making a very fine speech, with a good many happy hits. What a beautiful article that is in the *Journal*, of Fred's, "The Nebraska Allegory."

February 12.

This nefarious Nebraska Bill is a mighty subject. It has required research and meditation, while this is no place, nor is there time here for either. I have had to marshal opposition and to prepare for my own work at the same time. Yesterday I hoped to have to myself. The street door-bell rang every five minutes, and there were friends and associates at all times who could not be put aside. I am not through yet, but I see through. It will be some days before I break cover, and then there will be one long howl, or I mistake the hounds much.

February 14.

We have spring here. The snow-birds have left their P. P. C's. The shad offer themselves for a dollar.

It is a fact that the Rochester "Silver Gray" paper is abusing me for not speaking against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. I like that!

Sumner has a magnificent speech which he thinks he will get off on Monday next. It is uncertain when I shall take the floor. I wait until I am wanted.

February 16.

We have exhausted all our force now, except a speech from Sumner, and one from myself. Mr. Badger is pleading specially for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and alas! John M. Clayton is preparing to follow.

I think Sumner will have the floor on Monday, and I may have to wait my turn later in the week, perhaps the week after. We have no longer any bond to Southern Whigs.

On the following day he gained the floor and made his argument "for Freedom and Public Faith." The first portion of it was devoted to a history of the gradual development of slavery, and of the successive Compromises, including that of 1820, which it was now proposed to abrogate. Of this he said:

Slavery and Freedom were active antagonists then seeking for ascendancy in the Union. Both Slavery and Freedom are more vigorous, active, and self-aggrandizing now than they were then. The contest between them has been only protracted, not decided. It will be a great feature in our national hereafter.

He then proceeded to consider in succession the arguments advanced in support of the bill; that it was only preserving a proper equilibrium between free and slave-holding States; that few slaves would go to the new region; that the Missouri Compromise was already abrogated by the Compromise of 1850; that it was not abrogated by it, but was inconsistent with it; that those who opposed Compromise in 1850, ought not to object to the abrogation of a Compromise now; that the free States had already forfeited their rights under the Missouri Com-

promise by refusing to extend the line of 36° 30′ to the Pacific; that the bill abolished an arbitrary geographical line, and submitted the question of free or slave to the people of the Territories; that this was the true democratic principle of "popular sovereignty;" that slave States could not be expected to stand by the rights of free States when the free States refused to stand by them themselves; that they ought not to be expected to refuse concessions offered by Northern men; that public opinion had not expressed any disapprobation of the measure, etc., etc. He combated these various pleas, and endeavored to show their fallacy.

There was a scene almost dramatic when he answered the theory about the Compromise of 1850, by appealing directly to its authors:

I appeal to the honorable Senator from Michigan (Mr. Cass), than whom none performed a more distinguished part in establishing the Compromise of 1850, whether he so intended or understood. I appeal to the honorable and candid Senator, the senior representative from Tennessee (Mr. Bell), who performed a distinguished part also. Did he so understand the Compromise of 1850? He is silent. I appeal to the gallant Senator from Illinois (Mr. Shields). He, too, is silent. I now throw down my gauntlet at the feet of every Senator, now here, who was in the Senate in 1850, and challenge him to say that he knew, or thought, or dreamed, that by enacting the Compromise of 1850, he was directly or indirectly abrogating, or in any degree impairing, the Missouri Compromise? No one takes it up!

If it were not irreverent, I would dare to call up the author of both the Compromises in question, from his honored, though yet scarcely grass-covered grave, and challenge any advocate of this measure to confront that imperious shade, and say that, in making the Compromise of 1850, Henry Clay intended or dreamed that he was subverting or preparing the way for a subversion of his greater work of 1820? Sir, if that spirit is yet lingering here over the scene of its mortal labors, it is now moved with more than human indignation against those who are perverting its last great public act.

And that other proud and dominating Senator, who, sacrificing himself, gave the aid without which the Compromise of 1850 could not have been established — the statesman of New England and the orator of America — who dare assert here, where his memory is yet fresh, that he intended or dreamed that in consequence of that transaction the Missouri Compromise would or could ever be abrogated.

A murmur ran round the galleries, and significant looks were exchanged on the floor when no one rose to reply. A smile was excited by his description of the various and conflicting pleas, preambles, and apologies with which the bill had come before the Senate. He said:

Look at any other bill now on your calendar. Examine all the laws on your statute books. Do you find any one bill or statute which ever came bowing, stooping, and wriggling into the Senate, pleading an excuse for its clear and

explicit declaration of the sovereign and irresistible will of the American people?

As to the pretense that the measure was in the interest of "peace," and to finally end agitation, he said:

Senators from the non-slaveholding States: You want peace. Think well, I beseech you, before you yield the price now demanded, even for peace and rest from slavery agitation. France has got peace from republican agitation, by a similar sacrifice. So has Poland; and so, at last, has Ireland. Is the peace which either of those nations enjoys, worth the price it cost? Is peace obtained at such cost ever a lasting peace? Senators from the slave-holding States: You, too, suppose that you are securing peace, as well as victory, in this transaction. I tell you now, as I told you in 1850, you buried the "Wilmot Proviso" here, then, and celebrated its obsequies with pomp and revelry. And here it is again, to-day, stalking through these halls clad in complete steel, as before. Even if those whom you denounce as factionists in the North would let it rest, you, yourselves, must evoke it from its grave.

And in conclusion, again reiterating the doctrine by which he had given such offense:

The slavery agitation you deprecate so much is an eternal struggle between conservatism and progress; between truth and error; between right and wrong. You may sooner, by act of Congress, compel the sea to suppress its upheavings, and the round earth to extinguish its internal fires. You may legislate, and abrogate, and abnegate, as you will, but there is a Superior Power that overrules all; that overrules not only all your actions, and all your refusals to act, but all human events, to the distant, but inevitable result of the equal and universal liberty of all men.

He wrote home on the day following:

February 18.

I do not know how well or ill I have done this necessary work, for I have not yet read the speech as a whole. But the measure of success which shall crown our exertions must depend, now, as heretofore, on the fidelity with which the people, whom we represent, shall adhere to the principles which are the foundation of their own greatness.

An appeal to the people by the independent Democrats in Congress was published, signed by Chase and Sumner of the Senate, Giddings, Gerrit Smith, and others of the House, entering their protest against the measure. Soon the whole press of the country was engaged in animated discussion of the subject. Meetings were held North and South. The "agitation" spread rapidly. Already there began to be signs that it would lead to the loosening of party ties and the melting away of party lines. One Southern Whig Senator declared, "Upon the question of slavery, I know no Whiggery, and I know no Democracy. I am a pro-slavery man." Others uttered similar sentiments.

On the other hand at the North, anti-slavery Whig and "Free Soil" Democrats found themselves not only drawn but driven together. "Nebraska" and "Anti-Nebraska" men soon began to be recognized terms of distinction. The bill had a pretense of "Popular Sovereignty," and was defended by its advocates as merely intending to leave the slavery question to be settled by the inhabitants of the Territories themselves. But even this pretense was dissipated when it was seen that the slave-holders on the border of the new Territories were already organizing an armed "emigration" to go in and take possession, keeping the "Free Soilers" out by force of arms. Douglas, as the introducer of the bill, made an aggressive speech in its favor, and was followed by Chase in earnest opposition to it. Seward's letters home adverted to incidents of the debate:

So far the friends of the measure do not affect to despise my attack upon it, and all my friends seem very sincere in speaking well of it. I may venture to tell you that some happy spell seemed to myself to have come over me and to have enabled me to speak with more freedom and ease than on any former occasion here.

February 19.

I find the reports of the reception of my speech at the North all I could have desired. I have letters from Draper, Ruggles, and others, and among them, how strange! Edward Croswell, written with a hand recovering from paralysis. The remonstrances are coming down upon us as if a steady but strong North wind was rattling through the country. What you have so long wished for has come around at last. The Whigs of the North are separated from the Whigs of the South, and happily, by the act of the latter, not of the former. The storm that is rising is such an one as this country has never yet seen. God grant that it may leave us a united, and a more free and virtuous people!

Seward's remark as to the outcry his speech would rouse was not mistaken. The "loud and long howl from the hounds" duly followed his "breaking cover." The vocabulary of vituperation was again ransacked for adjectives and epithets strong enough to denounce the "treason" of the New York Senator who persisted in believing that there was "a Superior Power" that overrules acts of Congress, and an "eternal struggle" between freedom and slavery, notwithstanding it had been voted at the election that there was not any. But the echo from the other side was also loud. Remonstrances, letters, petitions, and resolutions against the Nebraska Bill came pouring in by every mail. They came from New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, and all the minor cities of the State. They came from the counties in the Southern tier and on the Northern border, from meetings held in village school-houses and in country churches. Many were sent to Seward from States or districts repre-

sented by Democratic Congressmen. Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin contributed their remonstrances. Hardly a morning passed that he did not rise and, pointing to accumulated piles of such protests on his desk, present them to the Senate which, on motion of some pro-slavery Senator, summarily laid them on the table. The Legislature of New York sent him its resolutions, dignified and emphatic, but they shared the same fate. New England Senators received similar missives from their constituents.

Mr. Everett presented a memorial from Worcester, headed by Governors Davis and Lincoln, besides a number from clergymen, colleges, and Quaker meetings.

Seward's letters continued:

I am in the Senate listening to a terribly scathing speech from Wade. I wish you could be here. It is rich in the extreme. I hope that Wade will draw out a fire from the sullen adversary.

February 21.

We are snowed under. The ground is covered with a mantle eighteen inches thick.

Mr. Sumner's fame has gathered a bright array of ladies in the gallery; and we are waiting for him to begin.

February 22.

Sumner's speech was very brilliant, magnificent, and effective. He came to dine with me after it. I am at work on my arrears of correspondence. The letters constitute a great heap.

February 24.

Mr. Fessenden, a new Whig Senator from Maine, has arrived, and strengthens our little corps of slavery-opposing Senators. Mr. Toombs of Georgia "annihilated" me yesterday, so that which is addressing you to-day is only my shade. It was "no go." The times are changed. The *galleries* in Washington, and the conservative influences here, and in Baltimore, are with us. Kindness beams on a thousand faces which were once rigid as iron.

February 25.

The debate in the Senate has passed over to the Democrats, and, as usual, it has turned into a protracted meeting, in which each Senator falls to, and lustily abuses *me*, as if I had not a right to oppose this absurd and atrocious party measure, or as if I had assailed its friends, instead of combating their arguments.

I listened on Thursday to Toombs' violent harangue, and yesterday to Butler in a similar one. To-day I remained at home, to attend to my correspondence, and now I learn that two Senators, of whom I have never taken any notice personally, have been haranguing against me, from one till six o'clock. Well, let them go on. The whole city is in a wild state of idle speculation upon the fall and fate of Pierce and Douglas, and, of course, upon what I am to *be*, to

do, and to suffer. I shall suffer without fear, whatever comes. I shall *do* no more, and I shall *be*, hereafter, just what I have been, and what I am.

The probability of his becoming a presidential candidate was already a theme with the newspapers and politicians. It was a subject, however, that he was always unwilling to write, or talk about. He wrote to Weed:

I send you A. B. Dickinson's letter. All that concerns this subject belongs to your province, and I leave it there, not expecting nor desiring that you shall consult me about it at all. I have quite forgotten to care about a future.

February 28.

We have had a dull day in the Senate, two dull speeches from Northern Senators in favor of the Nebraska Bill. The fire-eaters have been abusing me personally in debate, for the last two or three days, and are very much disappointed that I am not disturbed.

Early in March, the Nebraska Bill was pressed in the Senate to a third reading, and a vote. Seward wrote on that day:

March 3.

Heaven be thanked that since this cup of humiliation cannot be passed, the struggle of draining it is nearly over! We sat yesterday till nine o'clock. It was a painful and disgraceful scene. Southern men were imperious, and Northern men abetted them. Personalities disgraced the advocates of the bill. There is no longer dignity or honor in serving our country in the Senate of the United States. This triumph of slavery, the greatest and the worst, is the consummation of thirty-four years of compromise. The struggle will go on, but it will be a struggle (after a little) of the whole American people. Southern men begin to talk about repealing the prohibition of the African slave trade. It would be no more surprising to me to see that done than it is to see what I am now seeing. We are told that the Nebraska debate is to close to-day.

March 5.

We sat in the Senate on Friday night until five o'clock on Saturday morning, and you know the sad result. It was humiliating.

When the vote was taken it stood 37 for the bill and only 14 against it. All the pro-slavery men and many of the Compromisers of 1850, Whigs and Democrats, voted to abrogate the Compromise of 1820. The opposition was small in numbers, but significant in character. Made up of divers hitherto incongruous elements, it foreshadowed the re-adjustment of parties which followed soon after. Six were Northern Whigs — Fessenden, Fish, Foot, Seward, Smith, and Wade. Four were Northern Democrats — Dodge, Hamlin, James, and Walker. Two, Chase and Sumner, had been chosen as distinctively anti-slavery men. One Southern Whig and one Southern Democrat, Bell of Ten-

nessee and Houston of Texas, made up the fourteen. And then, after a continuous sitting of seventeen hours, the Senate adjourned.

It was noticed that Mr. Everett and Mr. Clayton did not vote. Had they been present, the former would have voted against, the latter for, the bill. Seward wrote:

March 9.

Mr. Everett is very unhappy. He thought that the Senate would not come to a vote on Saturday morning, and went home to bed. The press everywhere charge him with dodging. He came into the Senate when it next met (yesterday), and made an explanation and asked leave to vote. A single objection prevented. He appealed to me from the *Tribune*. By arrangement with him, I drew up a statement, and had it signed by all the Northern Whigs for publication.

March 10.

It is a bright and balmy spring morning, and the crocus has gilded the borders of the flower beds in the Capitol gardens.

There is nothing new here. Mr. Everett looks sad and melancholy. John Bell is anxious and Clayton is silent. It begins to be realized here that the great issue between slavery and freedom is to be hurried into a trial in '56, and slavery is not certain to prevail.

March 11.

The elections at home tell, but not yet very strongly, against Nebraska. Would that good men knew how much importance is attached here to any sign that is given by the country!

March 12.

Yesterday the Senate did not sit. I wrote until four o'clock, slept till five, and walked to Mr. Corcoran's to dinner.

There are hopes and misgivings about the fate of the Nebraska Bill in the House, and hopes and misgivings about the action of the country upon it. Mr. Everett is worried about his mishaps and the uncharitableness of the press.

Mr. Everett's opportunity came a few days later, when he rose to present a solemn protest against the Nebraska Bill, signed by New England clergymen. He remarked, in doing so, that there were 3,800 of all sects and denominations in New England, and this memorial had been signed by 3,050 of them. This protest brought an angry outburst from the Nebraska side. Irate Senators seemed to have no other reply than to abuse the clergymen, which they did roundly. They were accused of "atrocious falsehoods," "atrocious calumny," "desecration of the pulpit," "prostituting the sacred desk," and plunging into the "turbid pool of politics" in exchange for the "stagnant waters of theology." Seward, of course, defended the memorial and the memorialists. He wrote home:

March 15.

I shall send you the *Union* containing Charles Sumner's tilt at the *Union*.

He took my advice as usual, and as usual followed his own. He owns up, however, that he was wrong. So there is some hope of him.

The news of the New Hampshire election indicates that the Nebraska Bill is very odious.

March 19.

Friday night I spent with the Bowens at the White House. It was a great crowd, filling up the east room.

Yesterday, I devoted the morning to a ride with the Bowens to Georgetown Heights. Then I came home to find Sumner. He brings letters of congratulation on his speech for me to read.

April 10.

Dr. Gwin, amid much noise and confusion, rose to speak on the Pacific Railroad Bill. I went near and took a seat, but finding that he was reading from printed slips, I have thought that I could wait until the same slips should be joined together in the columns of the *Globe*.

I attended church yesterday morning at Dr. Butler's, and met many friends. Truman Smith came to see me, and we went together to visit Wade, whom we found profanely engaged in franking speeches. I went in the evening to the Congregational Church, where I heard Henry Ward Beecher, whom I had never heard or even seen before. It was a noble, mighty speech — *sermon* it was not. But I cannot describe it or him in brief. He is a man who seems, in going through a discourse of an hour, to act a dozen different parts, from the deepest tragic to the broad comic. To-night, I am to see Mrs. Stowe, as well as Mr. Beecher, at Dr. Bailey's. I do not know when I shall get to study, or on what. I have many letters to answer. Many which must be answered, chiefly from the clergy of all denominations.

April 12.

It is a bright morning here. The tulips and hyacinths are in perfection in the Capitol grounds.

Mr. Beecher called yesterday, and he is to come to dinner to-day. The congressional business is dull. The topic of the day is Mr. Everett's reclamation of the Hulseman letter.

He wrote to Theodore Parker :

April 14.

I congratulate you on the awakening of the spirit of freedom once more in the free States. I do not see when or how, or by whom, it is to be drugged, to sleep again. I hope that you recognize in this awakening the fruit of your own great and unwearied labors. If you do not, I am sure that I do, and not only I, but thousands more.

It is among what I reckon my misfortunes, that I seem prevented from being acquainted with you, and comparing opinions with you concerning the state and prospects of the cause in which we are laboring, not far apart, but with difference of temperament, perhaps, and perhaps of hope.

To Mrs. Seward again he wrote :

April 21.

I met at the President's, himself, and Mrs. Pierce, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Toombs, Mr. and Mrs. Brown (new Senator from Mississippi), Mr. Cooper,

and others. Mrs. Toombs was honored with the President's arm, and they led the way. I was honored with Mrs. Pierce's, as she entered the room. The great dining-table and dining-room were discarded, because of the failure of so many of the guests. The President scarcely spoke at all, and never aloud, so as to be heard across the table, although he seemed well enough pleased. Mrs. Pierce is a very delicate, and, in all respects, a most intelligent and lovely woman. I believe this is all the dinner afforded worthy to be remembered or told.

April 23.

Truman Smith wants you to think of Mackinaw and Lake Superior for your summer sojourn. Lyman thinks Mount Seward in Clinton county, the place. All Nantucket, I am assured, would be open to you.

April 24.

The Senate are engaged on the everlasting Gadsden Treaty. The speeches are repetitions of the old rehearsals, and so it seems to me that this is just the best time in the whole day to write my daily note to you. Colonel Benton, they say, is making a great Anti-Nebraska speech in the House. I would rather be there than here. I am to-day to have at dinner, Fish, Truman Smith, Wade, Collamer, Hunt, and the Anti-Nebraska Southern Whigs, with Peckham and Cutting, New York "Hards." Is not that a party? It is very warm and the maple trees are almost in leaf.

I have a long sad letter from Kossuth, discussing the revolutionary hopes and prospects in Europe.

The attention of Congress and the country was now so engrossed by the Nebraska Bill, that other measures received little notice. Seward lent the aid of his voice and vote to the bill for granting lands in the different States, for the relief of the indigent insane (which was a favorite project of the benevolent Miss D. L. Dix), and also to postal and other administrative reforms. They, however, failed to become laws.

A marine disaster had roused public sympathies a short time before. The steamer *San Francisco*, which had been chartered by the Government, and was carrying United States troops, was wrecked on the Atlantic coast with great loss of life. Through the efforts of the officers and crews of some merchant vessels, that happened to be in the vicinity, five hundred of the passengers of the ill-fated steamer were saved and brought into port.

Public meetings were held in the cities, and liberal contributions were made to testify the popular appreciation of the bravery of the rescuers. Finally it was proposed that Congress should bestow upon them medals of honor, besides a suitable pecuniary reward. This latter proposition was opposed by the more rigid economists, on the ground that the money raised by taxation ought not to be expended in works

of benevolence, no matter how meritorious. Seward warmly advocated the passage of the whole resolution, saying :

Let us sustain our own character and encourage our own seamen, and those of all nations, to emulate the achievements of the rescuers.

He wrote home:

April 25.

Solitude absolute in the house is a relief against the eternal publicity of my vocation abroad. The inquiries about what I want, and what I am to be next, or hereafter, annoy me, but I will try to bear with them. I want to go home and rest, and repair and strengthen up my bark, and have it in order for the time when I must leave it to be navigated by other hands.

They are going to spring a trap on the Nebraska question.

April 26.

Here is a warm April day. The trees in the Capitol gardens are in leaf, the ground is covered with fallen blossoms, and the air is rent with vivid lightnings and hollow thunders.

I send you Colonel Benton's speech. It is quaint, and yet very powerful.

May, 1854, was destined to be a memorable month in the history of slavery. The House of Representatives passed the Nebraska Bill by a majority of 13. Seward wrote:

May 25.

We have now commenced the last day's debate in the Senate, and are to sit it out. I have need to have my thoughts about me for my last *vindication of freedom*, which must be pronounced to-day. John Bell is replying in a vigorous manner to Mr. Toombs.

I attended Mr. Crampton's *fete champetre* in honor of the Queen's birthday yesterday, but have no time now to tell about it. It was a very beautiful affair. Lord Elgin is here, and I am going to dine with him.

On the 26th of May there was an almost total eclipse of the sun. That happened to be the day when the Nebraska debate, having lasted through the morning and into the evening, now drew to its close. When Seward took the floor, he began by saying :

The sun has set for the last time upon the guaranteed and certain liberties of all unsettled portions of the continent that lie within the United States. To-morrow's sun will rise in dim eclipse over them. How long that obscuration shall last is known only to the Power that directs and controls all human events. For myself, I know only this, that now no human power will prevent its coming on, and that its passing off will be hastened and secured by others than those now here.

The Senate floor is an old battle-ground on which have been fought many contests and always, at least since 1820, with fortune adverse to the cause of equal and universal freedom. We were only a few here who engaged in that cause in the beginning of this contest. All that we could hope to do — all

that we did hope to do — was to organize and to prepare the issue, and to awaken the country, that it might be ready for the appeal which would be made, whatever the decision of Congress might be. We are no stronger now. Only fourteen at the first, it will be fortunate, if among the ills and accidents which surround us, we shall maintain that number to the end. We are on the eve of the consummation of a great national transaction which will close a cycle in the history of our country.

He then proceeded to refute the various arguments adduced in support of the bill. Again referring to the conflict between slavery and freedom, he said:

Slavery and freedom are antagonistical elements in this country. The founders of the Constitution framed it with a knowledge of that antagonism and suffered it to continue that it might work out its own ends. There is a commercial antagonism, an irreconcilable one between the systems of free labor and slave labor. They have been at war with each other ever since the Government was established, and that war is to continue forever.

But the closing part of this speech, though made in the very hour of the triumph of slavery, startled and surprised both parties by its confident predictions. After describing the impending influx of slave-holders with their "chattels" into the new Territories to compete with free emigration of white men, he added:

Come on, then, gentlemen of the slave States! Since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of the cause of freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side which is stronger in number, as it is in the right! Through all the darkness and gloom of the present hour, bright stars are breaking that inspire me with hope and excite me to perseverance. They show me that the day of compromises has passed away forever, and that henceforward all great questions between freedom and slavery shall be decided, as they ought to be, upon their merits.

Finally, he admonished the Administration party, that from this day it would gradually begin to lose the power it had held so firmly and so long. He said:

That power will not be restored until the principle established here now shall be reversed, and a Constitution shall be given, not only to Kansas and Nebraska, but also to every other national territory, which will be a Constitution securing equal, universal, and perpetual freedom.

General Cass, and Senators Mason and Bayard followed in support of the bill; Chase and Sumner in opposition to it; and then the vote was taken. The bill was passed, 35 to 13. As the news spread abroad throughout the country, it roused North and South alike to prepare for new contests.

CHAPTER XXX.

1854.

Fugitive Slave Case at Boston. "Nebraska" and "Anti-Nebraska." Old Parties Breaking Up. Presidential Gossip. Projects and Conferences. State or National Action? Birth of the Republican Party. "Emigrant Aid Societies." Discrimination Against Adopted Citizens. Address at Yale. "The Development of the American People." At Saratoga. Chancellor Walworth. The "Hook-Headed Spike Case." Summer Hotel Life. "Ballston Spa." A Visit to Bemis' Heights. The Elections.

WHILE the Nebraska Bill was renewing "agitation" at Washington, the Fugitive Slave Law was lending effective aid in the same direction, in Boston. In the case of Anthony Burns, the Fugitive Slave Law was enforced literally "at the point of the bayonet" in that "cradle of liberty" and stronghold of anti-slavery opinions. Intense indignation pervaded the community. Public gatherings were held in the streets. The best legal talent was proffered for his defense, but failed to effect his release. An unsuccessful attempt was made to rescue him, and in the *melee* a deputy marshal was killed. The Commissioner having declared that Burns was a slave, he was marched from the court-house to a revenue cutter at the wharf, by a detachment of United States troops, assisted by Boston militia. At several points in the streets, cannons were planted to fire upon those who should attempt a riot or rescue; and as further precaution, the court-house was surrounded by chains and guarded by an armed police. This successful enforcement of the obnoxious statute in Boston elated its supporters; but throughout New England it was regarded as a humiliation that only served to imbitter and strengthen the popular sentiment.

Seward's letters continued:

May 28.

This morning, Lord Elgin went with me to church, and made me a pleasant visit.

The tables, under the Fugitive Slave Law, are beginning at last to turn against the law, and in favor of humanity. There is deep and painful suspense here. Perhaps, we may have a scene to-morrow in the Senate.

May 31.

Our dinner-party went off very merrily. I wish I could tell you all about it. But such things will not bear minute description. Mrs. Fish honored me by presiding. On her right was Lord Elgin, on her left Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State. On my right Mr. Sartiges, on my left Mr. Crampton.

The Boston slave case is making excitement among a certain class of people here, and they are indulging in menaces.

Washington is full of Presidential election politics. Everybody is full of it, but I hardly know what to write you of all I hear, even if it were prudent to write at all. I have letters and communications of all sorts about it; the amount of all which is, that insomuch as I am too much of an anti-slavery man to be proscribed by anti-slavery men, and yet too much of a Whig to be allowed to lead, that I am in the way of great movements to make a Democratic Anti-Slavery party, under Colonel Benton or somebody else, which would revolutionize the government out and out, through and through, and all at once.

Then, again, I am so important to the Whig party that it cannot move without me; but that party (*i. e.*), the Webster part of it, is so jaundiced toward me that I am expected to decline being a candidate, right off, and go in for some other Whig candidate, and so carry the election, incontinently, for the Whig party. These different parties agree in one thing, of course, that whoever shall, by means of my magnanimity, be elected President, must have me for his chief counselor, and that I am surely to succeed him. Here is a peep behind the curtain for you. Is it not a pretty view?

To Weed he wrote:

May 29.

The "Free Soilers" here are engaged in schemes for nominating Colonel Benton, and dissolving the Whig party. We are to have all manner of absurdities practiced, and there are not less than half a dozen parties coming to negotiate with me, as if I were a vendor of votes. I hope to get through without doing or saying any indiscreet things, but it is hard to escape, when there are so many gossips.

It was now becoming evident that neither the Whig party, nor the Democratic party, could be relied on to resist the encroachments of slavery. Men of various parties and factions, Whigs, and "Free Soilers," "Hards" and "Softs," and "Independent Democrats" found themselves acting together as "Anti-Nebraska men;" but without organization or coherence. The times were ripe for a new party. A new party, indeed, had already stepped into the political arena, and was growing in prominence and power. This was the "American" or "Know-Nothing." But it avoided the vital issue upon which men were dividing, and proposed to follow tamely in the wake of the two old parties, "acquiescing" in slavery extension and ignoring "Free Soil." Instead of grappling with that question, it invited voters to consider another one, which, however well calculated to stir national feeling or prejudice, was not one that was pressing in any practical form. Hence the crude projects and frequent conferences, alluded to in Seward's letters:

Theodore Parker wrote frequently and earnestly to Seward, discussing the political outlook. In one letter, he said:

The nation must rouse itself. I want to have a convention of all the free States, at Buffalo, on the 4th of July next, to consider the state of the Union, and to take measures, first: to check; second: to terminate the enslavement of men in America. I wish you would advise me in this matter, for I confess I look to *you* with a great deal of confidence in these times of such peril to freedom.

In his answer, Seward said:

Your letter met me on my return to this city, the day before the passage of the Nebraska Bill in the Senate. Since that letter was written, great events have occurred, but they were (all of them) the consequences of the great demoralization of 1850, and the action of an Administration, and a Congress, elected under its influences. I do not know, indeed, that we are at the end of such actions, and consequences, for the Congress has another year, and the Administration has yet almost three years to live. But I am quite sure that we are at the beginning of a reactionary period in favor of freedom, and that we shall go on strongly, for a while. Let us have, hereafter, as we have had hitherto, your vigorous powers in exercise, to stir up the fountains of public virtue, in their lowest depths. No harm, and only good can come from it. Just so fast as you can awaken the public conscience, just so fast shall I be willing to coöperate in the reforms it shall demand, until this crime and curse of slavery shall cease.

I deplore the return of that poor slave to bondage. I would not have the crime of participating in it rest on me for all the power that President or Emperor ever held. But since it is done, I can find satisfaction for it, in the humiliation it has brought upon Boston and Massachusetts. It is a severe cure for their misconduct in 1850, which betrayed us all throughout the Union. I trust that the cure will be radical and permanent.

We are watching here the development of the further designs of the slave power. That is all we can do. But you can do more; you can prepare the public mind to resist them, and to sustain us in doing so.

We are not yet ready for a great national convention at Buffalo, or elsewhere. It would bring together only the old veterans. The *States* are the places for activity, just now. They have elections for Senators and Congressmen coming off in the autumn. I vote for State gatherings this year, preparatory to national ones another year. Let us make our power respected, *as we can*, through the elections in the States, and then bring the States into general council.

The day after the passage of the Nebraska Bill, some thirty members of the House, chiefly Northern Whigs, held a meeting, at the instance of Israel Washburne of Maine, and agreed that the time had come to begin the organization of a new political party. As the summer went on, signs began to multiply that it was not merely at Washington that men were thinking of party reconstruction. After the passage of the bill, the feeling rapidly spread among all "Anti-Ne-

braska" men. It seemed to be recognized, as by common consent, that, if a new party was to be formed, none of the names in recent use would answer for it. Fortunately there was one, which in the early part of the century had been a dominant factor in politics; but during twenty years had fallen into disuse; and old questions, with which it had been associated, had almost died out of popular memory. That was the name "Republican."

As soon as it was suggested that this old name would be a good one for the new combination of political elements, it was pronounced unobjectionable, even by those who doubted the expediency of as yet attempting a new organization. Soon there came news of meetings, in widely separated localities, where the name was proposed, or adopted. The Michigan "Anti-Nebraska" men, who were already combined, and organized, adopted the name of "Republicans" at their Convention.* A "Republican" Committee was formally organized in Wisconsin, and a State Convention called. A "Republican" Convention was held in Vermont, and another in Ohio. The "Whigs" of New York, who were in hearty sympathy with these movements, decided that it would be best to go through their approaching election, under their old name, and with their old organization, rather than risk defeat with a new and necessarily imperfect one. Equally gratifying was the response to the challenge to a contest between free emigration and slave labor, for the soil of Kansas. Immediately after Seward's speech, and the passage of the bill, an "Emigrant Aid Society" was formed in Washington. A "New England Emigrant Aid Society" had already been incorporated in Massachusetts under the lead of Eli Thayer. Other similar societies were organizing at different points in the North. Before the end of July, some of the "Free State Emigrants" were already on the ground.

On the other hand, the Pro-Slavery party were not remiss in endeavoring to promptly avail themselves of the new opportunities thrown open to them. Slave-holders in several States, especially Missouri, very early commenced preparations both for going to Kansas with their slaves and for checking the emigration of settlers from the free States. In Congress, elated by their triumph in carving new slave States out of the free North-west, they began to arrange for bringing in more new slave States at the South-east. A plan was set on foot to obtain the island of Cuba. As a preliminary step, resolutions were introduced looking to a suspension of the neutrality laws. These Seward opposed, and introduced a bill for checking the African slave trade.

*July 6 is claimed as the birthday of the Republican party, at Jackson, Michigan. It was celebrated, after twenty-five years, in 1879.

June 20.

The prospect is that we shall adjourn about the last of August. The slavery propagandism of the Administration develops itself so steadily and boldly as to excite intense pain in me; but I try to forget it and wait and labor on, unsustained by sympathy, among a people who cannot be recalled from trivial subjects to look deliberately and sternly in the face the means adopted for their own undoing by their own agents.

June 22.

I think, sometimes, that you are very fortunate in being safely moored in a harbor where the waves are undisturbed. Here, after a month's debate and delay, the "Anti-Nebraska" members have got out a manifesto addressed to the people, and certainly it is expressed with the utmost moderation. And now the Southern Whigs are deeply excited by it, and so, to-morrow or next day, they are to define their positions and announce the dissolution of the Whig party. I am watching for this demonstration, and hoping to so guide the reply as to save to the right side the advantages of it.

June 23.

Our friends here are becoming more reliant on my advice and help, and more tenacious of my appearing with them in my votes. How do you like my address of the "Anti-Nebraska" men?

June 27.

Massachusetts, which struck me down in 1850 for advising that the Fugitive Slave Law should not be passed, because it would prove intolerable, has raised a great commotion now, only four years later, in the Senate, by demanding its repeal.

I hope to-morrow to present a brief argument for the establishment of mails between the United States and China. The weather is very hot, and study is almost impossible. Yale College urges me to go there on the 26th, and I hardly know how to avoid it. And yet I have not a word prepared for them.

When the Homestead Bill came up in the Senate, amendments were offered in accordance with the theories of the "American" or "Know-Nothing" party, to prevent foreign immigrants from participating in its benefits. This called out Seward, who opposed the amendments, and the whole line of political action of which they formed a part. He said that, in his judgment, instead of being distinctively "American," "every thing is un-American which makes a distinction of whatever kind between the native-born American" and the one "who renounces his allegiance in a foreign land and swears fealty to the country which adopts him." He inquired: "Why should I exclude the foreigner to-day? He is only what every American citizen or his ancestor was at some time or other."

An address which he had promised to deliver before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College now demanded attention. He wrote:

July 26.

Here I am in classic shades, waiting for night to come, when I shall "speak a speech," and then go back to Washington. I have lodgings at Dr. Woolsey's, the President of the College, and many kind friends and partisans around me. The uprising of the free spirit of the North manifests itself on all occasions.

The theme of his discourse was "The Physical, Moral, and Intellectual Development of the American People." In it he traced the growth of ideas and systems of government during the colonial period, the revolutionary era, the Confederation, and the Union, showing the origin and progress of each. He pointed out the marvelous strides by which the young republic had achieved its greatness. He showed that while no man had "planned or could have foreseen them all, yet they were the legitimate outcome of the early adoption of sound public policy." He remarked that, even making allowance for favoring conditions of space, climate, and resources, "still the phenomenon is chiefly due to the operation here of some great ideas, either unknown before or not before rendered effective. These ideas are, first, the equality of men constituting a State: secondly, the equality of States constituting a Nation." He contrasted this with the practice of other empires, showing that in none had these great ideas been adopted. "Colonists and subjects of conquered realms could not hope for an equal share in the privileges of the parent State." So it has happened that heretofore nations have either repelled or exhausted or disgusted the colonies they planted and the countries they conquered. The United States, on the contrary, expand, not by "force of arms, but by attraction."

The native colonist no sooner reaches a new and distant home, whether in a cleft of the Rocky Mountains or on the sea-shore, than he proceeds to found a State in which his natural and inalienable rights shall be secure, and which shall become an equal member of the Federal Union, enjoying its protection and sharing its growing greatness and renown.

Reminding his hearers, in conclusion, of Bolingbroke's remark, that "every nation must perpetually renew its Constitution, or perish," he pointed out that just so far as the United States departed from these principles, they would encounter dangers and disorders, and just so far as they adhered to them, would they continue to grow in greatness.

On the 7th of August, the long session came to a close. Seward hastened North to enter upon his professional labors at Saratoga, where Chancellor Walworth was now holding court.

The Chancellor's office at "Pine Grove," his residence in Saratoga, was the scene of the protracted proceedings in the "Hook-headed

Spike Case," in which Seward was engaged. It was a case in which Burden, the great iron manufacturer of Troy, had claimed damages for the infringement of a patent, by Corning & Co. of Albany. The Court had decided the claim to be valid. But now came the more complex question: "How much are the damages?" This question had been referred to Chancellor Walworth for adjudication. It involved, of course, inquiry as to how many hook-headed spikes Corning & Co. had made; what it cost to make them; how many had been sold, and what they had sold for; how many Burden could have made, and would have sold, if Corning & Co. had not, etc., etc.

As the transactions of both firms were enormous, this involved the examination of voluminous accounts, and of "a cloud of witnesses;" and a consequent attempt to reconcile a mass of conflicting testimony. A writer in *Harper's Magazine*, describing the Chancellor's office, and the counselors and clients therein gathered, relates that:

> Mrs. Walworth, once, in conversation with Governor Seward, said: "I wish you would explain what this everlasting spike suit is about; I don't understand it."
>
> "Indeed, madam," he replied, "I should be very much ashamed if you did. I have been engaged in it for several years, and I don't understand it yet."

Meanwhile the Whigs had held their State Convention, adopted "Anti-Nebraska" resolutions, nominated candidates, and invited the coöperation of all who shared their desire to resist the encroachments of slavery. This brought together many, who though not yet prepared to shake off their connection with the "Democratic," "American," "Temperance," or other political organizations, yet were ready to support the "Fusion ticket," as it was styled, put forth by the Whigs. A distinctly "Anti-Nebraska" Convention was held at Saratoga, and adjourned from there to Auburn. Resolutions were offered, approving the action taken in the other States toward the formation of a new party. It was deemed advisable for New York, however, to maintain the Whig organization during the pending election. The "Know-Nothing" presses and meetings were denouncing Seward's recent speech, which, however, was only a new enunciation of doctrines for which they had assailed him before. The fact that his senatorial term would expire in March, and that the Legislature to be elected this fall would choose his successor, lent additional vigor to their efforts in the various districts.

He wrote:

> The Convention has done wisely, and hastened the success of our principles, in this State, and in all free States, I think. The signs of the times

are most cheering. The "Know-Nothing" bubble is the only occasion of alarm; and that alarm threatens only *me*. To that I am indifferent.

Seward's letters home described his other occupations, and the "busy idleness" of the gay crowd around him:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *August* 20.

Apprehensions about you had kept me all the week outside of the social circles here, and so, yesterday, I looked a little more freely within. There are the usual displays of dress and equipage; but I do not inquire, and so I am ignorant of the owners. Many have fine carriages; but all those who are known to me as rich and fine, and fair and fashionable in their own houses, are eclipsed by somebody who is accounted richer, fairer, and more magnificent in the world of fashion, so that they are quite plebeians after all.

September 3.

Yesterday I had a professional visit to make at Ballston Spa. The "Sans Souci" was there; and had been newly burnished. But that was all there was of Ballston, as we knew it, now nearly thirty years ago. The springs have altogether failed, and the village has only the prestige of a common country town. Still there are traces of a day of more pretension. Several vast taverns, now tenantless, were struggling against the elements, especially the Aldrich Place, whose piazzas and shady walks remain; but the ruthless Railroad King had raised a huge embankment across the court-yard, and left the occupants of the old caravansary no other way of egress than by an arched viaduct. What was more cheerful, were rows of maple trees, each a foot and a half in diameter, that stood proud sentinels before ruined villas erected in better days.

Blatchford and I this morning took a carriage and rode to Bemis' Heights, the scene of the battle that in 1778 determined the surrender of Burgoyne, the turning event of the Revolutionary War. Our road led eastward from the village to the foot of Saratoga lake, and thence on directly eastward to the Hudson. A long terrace stretches north and south, parallel to, and two miles distant from, the river. This terrace rises up to a height of two hundred feet, and this is what is named "Bemis' Heights." From the top you see the valley of the Hudson stretching southward to the Helderbergs, and northward far away toward Lake Champlain. Behind you are the Sacandaga mountains, and eastward, it is said, that the army on the Heights saw the smoke of the battle which shattered the British army at Bennington and rendered its defeat by Gates inevitable.

On the Heights we found an intelligent old gentleman named Charles Neilson, who occupies, by inheritance, the grounds which formed the center of the American camp. We could trace some of the structures, and with the aid of Mr. Neilson for a guide, we found the place where Morgan's riflemen shot down the gallant General Frazer in the midst of the battle, and the spot where the bold and dashing Arnold forced the Hessian camp, and gathered wounds which were healed with a Major-General's epaulettes, not long afterward to be tarnished by the vilest treason. Here, too, we saw the spot where the brave

Ackland, lying disabled by a ball that had shattered both his legs, implored General Schuyler passing by, to save him from the leveled musket of a raw American boy. Here we followed Madame Reidesel in her painful and anxious journey. We saw the place where Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Frazer and her husband were to dine with her after the battle's close, and where, instead of the dinner festivities, the dying Frazer was received on a litter. And we saw the burial-place where his remains were committed to the earth, while the balls of the American artillery raised the sod and sprinkled it over the chaplain and mourners. Indeed, it was a day to be remembered, and I feel the wiser, if not the better, for it. We adjourn now for two or three weeks.

October 3.

We are here again. The Chancellor, and the cause, and the parties are the same, and all the rest is changed. The United States and Congress Hall are closed, their piazzas are deserted and covered with fallen leaves. Sheep are feeding in the park, and the statuary that was there has fled, and the music is silent. Instead of broad-skirted ladies with fans and parasols surrounding the fountains, old men and women, in great-coats and shawls, are seen here and there in knots, within the glass inclosure which shuts out the cold rains and winds. Even the lawsuit has lost its magnitude. Blatchford, who was industrious, Seymour, who was assiduous, and Burden, who was strenuous, are absent, and poor Sam Stevens is dead. There is no life left in it. A child could almost do all that I have to do in it, and yet it goes on, and it must not go on without me.

After this he went to Albany to make an argument in the Circuit Court of the United States, in the "McCormick Reaper Case." Thence he proceeded homeward to cast his vote on election day. When the election was over, and for several days afterward, it seemed impossible to tell what the actual results were. There had been such a breaking up of party ties and organizations that none could be said to have gained the victory. Who had been chosen Governor and Lieutenant-Governor was not certain for a fortnight. And when at last it was proved that the Whig nominees, Myron H. Clark and Henry J. Raymond, were elected, their slender majority seemed to indicate that the combined "Fusion" of Whigs, "Temperance men" and "Free Soilers" was not as strong as the Whig party had been alone. On the other hand, the Democrats certainly had made no gains, and in many localities their vote showed heavy losses. The new "K. N." or "American" party had displayed a sudden accession of strength. But as the party was non-committal on the "Nebraska" question, and its candidates divided in opinion on the subject of slavery, various and conflicting inferences were to be drawn. However, as returns from far and near were corrected and compared, it became manifest that the policy of the "Nebraska Bill" had received a decided popu-

lar rebuke. In New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and throughout the West, so many "Anti-Nebraska" members had been elected to the next Congress that the Administration would lose its control in the House of Representatives. A minority of seventy-nine Administration men would be confronted by one hundred and seventeen avowedly "Anti-Nebraska" men. There were thirty-seven "Americans" or "Whigs" who were supposed to be pro-slavery, but who refused to be considered "Administration" men.

The new Legislature in the State of New York would be decidedly "Anti-Nebraska." But the "Know-Nothings" confidently predicted that it would not re-elect Seward to the Senate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1854–1855.

Returning to Washington. Greeley's Letter. Ominous News from Kansas. Emigrants and "Border Ruffians." Governor Reeder. Battles in the Crimea. Siege of Sebastopol. Opening of the Session. Family Affairs. The Question of Re-election to the Senate. Business Depression. The Poor of New York. The Homestead Bill. Regular and Volunteer Soldiers.

After a visit to Albany to attend the wedding of his son living there, Seward returned to Saratoga, to resume his professional work. He wrote:

Saratoga Springs, *November* 12, 1854.

Here we are yet, ciphering the cost of hook-headed spikes and of political victories. It has been nearly a drawn battle for all the belligerents. We shall probably have a year or two of "No Popery" extravaganza; and then the contest between freedom and slavery will be resumed, all the worse for the interlude, but yet with full certainty of the ultimate triumph of the right.

To Weed he said:

Has Greeley written to you, or do you see him now-a-days? Just before the election he wrote me an abrupt letter. I did not think it wise to trouble you about it. Then, when he thought all was gone, through your blunders and mine, he came out in the paper and said as much, in a chafed spirit. To-day I have a long letter from him, full of sharp, pricking thorns. I judge, as we might indeed well know, from his, at the bottom, nobleness of disposition, that he has no idea of saying or doing any thing wrong or unkind; but it is sad to see him so unhappy. Will there be a vacancy in the Board of Regents this winter? Could one be made at the close of the session? Could he have it? Raymond's nomination and election is hard for him to bear.

I think this a good letter to burn. I wish I could do Greeley so great a kindness as to burn his.

The letter here referred to was the one destined to become a theme of popular comment, seven years later. Acquainted with, and tolerant of Mr. Greeley's eccentricities, Seward knew him to be firm and sincere in his political principles, and believed him not unreasonable in his ambitions. He regarded the letter as the petulant complaint of a friend, not as the menace of an enemy. Even if he had regarded it as foreshadowing opposition to his own political fortunes, it would have made no difference with him, for he was not seeking his own advancement, or even counting upon continuance in public life.

Arrived at Washington on Saturday night preceding the opening of the session, he wrote to Weed:

WASHINGTON, *December* 2, 1854.

I went over to the *Tribune* office on Friday night, and Dana came back to the Astor with me to see Fred. When he had left, and Alvah Hunt had retired, you were not found. I looked for you in the morning, but you had not come down. I had little to say that would not keep.

Greeley's despondency is overwhelming, and seems to be aggravated by the loss of subscribers. He says he is going in April to Europe, and talks of his debts as troublesome. But below this is chagrin at the failure to obtain official position, which he now admits could not have been secured if he had been nominated.

A letter to Mrs. Seward said:

December 3.

Here we are again in a very comfortable home, refreshed by a long sleep in a rainy night, shut out from church for want of umbrellas, and rendered domestic by stress of weather without, and yet lingering fatigue of body and mind. The family above stairs, as you know, are myself, Frederick and Anna — all of us, if not satisfied with ourselves, at least well satisfied with each other. The family below stairs consists of Mary, and Robert Boston and his wife, all very proper people. The house is clean and tastefully ordered. There are some breakages to be restored.

On the whole, although it is not the home that I promised myself five years ago, when I came here, I am glad to believe that, take it all together, it is the most suitable and most comfortable quarters possessed by anybody of my class, and I am sure that its quietude is as little impaired as that of any other, by vanity and ambition.

December 4.

We have been at the Senate and heard the namby-pamby message, have dined, and are doing up our correspondence. We have glazed the windows and got a new cooking stove, and so we are getting at ease.

December 9.

Business goes on much as usual. The basket fills up and is emptied; the newspapers gather and are distributed; the documents come in heaps and go out in parcels.

Yesterday, by way of entertaining our young folks, I had Mr. and Mrs. Fessenden, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Foot, and Mr. Rockwell at dinner.

His eldest son had now been ordered off to distant duty on the Coast Survey. The second was an associate editor of the *Evening Journal* at Albany. The third and youngest was still a boy of fifteen. To him his father wrote:

December 4.

My Dear Willie — Here we arrived at seven last evening. I never made the trip so comfortably before. We found the house comfortable and warm, but it needs some of your handiwork in repairs.

You see, my dear boy, that your older brothers are both on the world, and we have little to expect from them in keeping things straight and right at Auburn during the long absences that politics and my profession impose upon me. I shall, therefore, rely upon you to see that nothing goes to waste, and that every thing is done that can be done to make your mother and your aunt and your little sister comfortable and happy. I am beginning to feel the want of a secretary who can take care of my correspondence. The duties of such a secretary cannot be performed without producing self-improvement, more useful to him that renders them than even to me. Will you not qualify yourself for these duties? I hope so.

His little daughter was not yet nine years old. But it had been her ambition, as soon as she could hold a pen, to write to her father, and an active correspondence was always in progress between them. He would snatch a few moments from his business to write her a few lines, usually adverting to childish topics, but encouraging those habits of study and taste which she acquired very early.

Already there began to come ominous news from Kansas. The "Free State" immigrants who had gone to the new Territory with their families had done so openly, publicly, and peacefully. But, as soon as the first colony had pitched their camp and were beginning the foundation of the town of Lawrence, they had been confronted and threatened by a hostile camp of pro-slavery men, on the opposite side of the ravine, who ordered the "Abolitionists" to take down their tents and immediately quit the Territory. The order was coupled with the threat that if it was not done "in ten minutes" they would be moved "at the point of the bayonet."

The "Free State" men, however, stood firm, and their opponents retired with oaths and threats of coming vengeance. Then it came to light that Missouri pro-slavery men had been secretly arranging, with

official help, to thwart and resist "Free State" immigration, even by violence if necessary. Treaties with the Indians had been quietly made, unknown to the public, by which a large part of Kansas, lying near the Missouri border, had been opened to settlement, and thither armed bands of Missouri "Border Ruffians" were arranging to go, to take possession for "slave soil" and keep out Northern immigrants. "Blue Lodges," "Sons of the South," and "Social Bands" and other secret societies were organized, meetings were held, and sanguinary declarations made. At one it was "resolved that we recognize the institution of slavery as already existing in this Territory, and advise slave-holders to introduce their property as early as possible." At another, "that this association holds itself in readiness to remove any and all emigrants who go there under the auspices of the Northern Emigrant Aid Societies." A journal published in their interest contained the threat: "We will continue to lynch and hang, tar and feather, and drown every white-livered Abolitionist who dares to pollute our soil!"

The news of the arrival of these "Free State" men and the threatened onslaught of the "Border Ruffians" upon them created a profound sensation throughout the North. It lent new zeal to those who were forming "Emigrant Aid Societies" in New England, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. It stimulated the "Anti-Nebraska" men in every Northern State. General sympathy was felt for the hardy immigrants who were periling their lives in an attempt to establish freedom in Kansas.

Meantime, a Governor, Andrew H. Reeder of Pennsylvania, and State officers had now been sent out to establish a regular government in the Territory. Both sides watched their action with intense eagerness. The "Border Ruffians" felt assured that violent measures would have official sanction. The "Free State" men, though expecting little help from officers appointed by the Administration which had aided the passage of the Nebraska Bill, were not yet prepared to believe that men legally charged with the duty of preserving law and order would abet riot and violence!

While the Kansas troubles were stirring up popular discord in the United States, a great war was convulsing Europe. The alliance of France and England against Russia; the armed neutrality of Austria; the occupation of the Black Sea by the allied fleets; the landing in the Crimea; the bombardment of Sebastopol; the battles of Inkermann and Balaklava, distant as they were from America, were themes of daily comment and attention, as their scenes were vividly reproduced by the illustrated papers or the pen-pictures of the war correspondents.

The conference recently held by the American diplomats at Ostend was a topic of popular talk. It was understood to have been held with a view to the acquisition of Cuba, as a slave-holding State. But resolutions of inquiry as to how far it accorded with the views of the Executive were summarily tabled.

A letter from a New York friend, adverting to the doubts that existed as to the probable action of the Legislature on the question of his re-election, informed him that "Weed says there is very much peril about the Senator question."

Seward wrote at once to Weed:

December 8.

I am sure it is not necessary for me to say that I wish you to do, in this emergency, so far as I am concerned, just what you think is wise and right. I see probably only a small part of the embarrassments that attend it. But I would not have you suffer one moment's pain, on the ground that I am not likely to be content and satisfied with whatever may happen.

Astor House, *December* 19.

I received last night your note. From all I learn you cannot leave home to come here. And I have been near enough to Albany to find out that it is not best for you, myself, or anybody that I should go nearer to it just now. Time is beginning its instructions. Perhaps I can read them, but I shall expect you to keep me advised of your own course.

In New York during the holiday recess, and writing home, he said:

New Year's Eve.

High times are expected at Albany. Mr. Weed says that the prospect of my return to the Senate is doubtful. Bowen and Blatchford say it is certain. I am sure that I have the least possible anxiety about it.

January 7.

You see that I am yet here. I avoid as much as I can all kinds of people, but my own political affair is the great affair of the day. Mr. Weed came down last night from Albany on his way to Washington. There is about as much infidelity among Whigs there as was expected; perhaps a little more. But there is also a counteracting agency in the other party, it is said, which promises to be an equilibrium. Our friends are in good spirits and reasonably confident. Our adversaries are not confident, and are out of temper.

Resuming his participation in the debates, he spoke on various questions of Administration, salaries of judges, election of chaplains, affairs of the Smithsonian Institute, pensions, and claims. Two speeches, however, had especial significance. One was on the Homestead Bill, which he advocated on the ground that it would enable the unemployed workmen to move to, and to enter into the occupancy and cultivation of homesteads on the public domain.

Another bill, modifying the Bounty Land Laws, being under discussion, amendments were offered to confine such distribution of land to soldiers of the regular army. This brought Seward to his feet in defense of the volunteers. In the course of his remarks, he said:

There are two classes of soldiers in all our wars. One, professional soldiers; the other, volunteers, who are not soldiers by profession, but who are in the civil avocations of life. These volunteers are persons who are moved by a spirit of patriotism, irrespective of compensation. They do not serve generally throughout the whole of a war; but they enlist as volunteers, to resist an invasion of a particular portion of the territory of the United States, and to defend their homes, their firesides, and their families. They are, of the two classes, the most meritorious. Moreover, they never engage in the public service except at some sacrifice — the sacrifice of the profits of the civil occupations in which they have been engaged; and often the engagement, for however brief a period, in the public service, results in disastrous losses to them.

Now, then, to make a discrimination between those who served as regular soldiers, and those who served as volunteers, under such circumstances, is unjust, as it seems to me, and tends to discourage that which is the most important military institution of this country, and of all free countries — that is, the militia. We must always have a small standing army. We have that, only at the sacrifice of some republican principle, and at some risk to republican institutions. But the true military institution of a republican government is the militia; and the true military spirit to be encouraged is the militia spirit of this land.

CHAPTER XXXII.

1855.

The Senatorial Contest at Albany. "Know-Nothing" Tactics. Railroad Building. American Steamers. The Texas Debt. A Slave-catching Bill Hurried through at Midnight. Oregon Rejected. Another House in Washington.

At Albany, the senatorial election was the chief topic. When the Legislature met on the first Tuesday in January, the Assembly organized by electing a Whig Speaker, DeWitt C. Littlejohn. There was no question as to the "Anti-Nebraska" strength in that body, for the Democrats had elected only 42 of the 128 members. But in many districts, the members had been chosen by "fusion," or coalition of the Whigs with "Anti-Nebraska Americans" or "Know-Nothings." Leaders and presses of the latter party claimed that no such member could, or would vote for Seward; and that it would be

"treachery" to the "American Order," for them to think of it. Yet there were many who, however they might dislike foreigners, were not yet prepared to give a triumph to slavery, by rejecting the Senator who had so vigorously opposed it. Debates beginning on other topics, soon ran into discussion of the Senatorship. For a month that controversy was the theme, not only at the Capitol, but in every lobby, hotel, and street in Albany. Its progress, of course, brought up the record of Seward's public life, for keen criticism and sharp comment. But this proved to his advantage, for the more his past acts were recalled to mind, the more consistent they were seen to be. Deep interest was felt throughout the State. The excitement increased, when the Speaker came down from the chair, and on the floor, boldly advocated Seward's reëlection, amid a storm of denunciation from the "Know-Nothings."

Further significance was imparted to it, when one or two of the Democrats avowed their intention to vote for Seward, because of the "foreign sympathies," of which the "Know-Nothings" accused him. When the appointed day arrived, early in February, the two Houses proceeded to vote. The Senate nominated Seward, giving him 18 votes; the other 13 being divided between Dickinson, Fillmore, Allen, Hoffman, King, Ullman, Babcock, and Church. In the Assembly, he received 69 votes against 57 scattered between Dickinson, Seymour, Hunt, Dix, and Fillmore. Meeting then in joint session, in the Assembly Chamber, the two Houses compared nominations, and Lieutenant-Governor Raymond announced, with visible satisfaction to the densely-packed auditory, that "William H. Seward was duly elected a Senator of the United States for six years, from the 4th of March, 1855."

Salutes, bonfires, and gatherings for congratulation followed in different localities, as the news spread abroad. A pamphlet containing the speeches of Messrs. Littlejohn, Leigh, Petty, Baker, Rickerson, O'Keefe, and others, with the editorials of leading journals, was published, and widely circulated.

Seward wrote to Weed:

February 7.

I snatch a minute from the pressure of solicitations of lobby men, and congratulations of newly-made friends, to express, not so much my deep, and deepened gratitude to you, as my amazement at the magnitude and complexity of the dangers through which you have conducted our shattered bark; and the sagacity and skill with which you have saved us all from so imminent a wreck. The principle of secret combinations had been recovering vitality and vigor and had secured practically an oath-bound majority of the Legislature, and concentrated all its energies upon the purpose of defeating and undoing all

our achievements and hopes for the benefit of our State, our country, and mankind.

To Mrs. Seward he said:

February 9.

I have waited so long after the great event in Albany in expectation that you would speak first. But either you do not speak, or else the words have frozen on the way. Was there ever any thing more decisive than the result? Was ever any verdict more comprehensive? Was ever any thing more curious than the fact that this result is scarcely more satisfactory to my truest friends, than, as it seems, to so many life-long opponents? We have nothing but salutations and congratulations here. How strange the mutations of politics!

February 13.

The session is flying along with seemingly unusual rapidity. Committees at ten or eleven. Senate till five or six. Dinner, and reading congratulatory letters, till nine, and then a party, or a long sitting until twelve, in the hopeless task of clearing my letter-basket, and my table, of congressional papers.

February 18.

I have received your letter in which you discourse both so eloquently and wisely about the strange election through which we have just passed, with so happy and marked a deliverance. It is a result such as would have happened if there had been no fraud or circumvention practiced. But it does seem wonderful, indeed, that such a result was attained after such frauds were so recklessly practiced upon a people so much disposed to be the victims of imposition.

February 20.

The "Know-Nothings" are spreading a net over the Democratic "Free Soilers." One of the ultra has written a letter to the "Know-Nothing" organ here which, although harmless in itself, gives comfort to the slave interest. How strange! This is now the hope of the "Silver Grays" and "Compromise" men against me.

Toward the close of the session various measures were pressed. Seward took part freely in the debates, reiterating his views in favor of internal improvements, and for the protection of American manufacturers and products. He advocated the bill for carrying the mails in American steamers, both on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the Collins line being at the time the special competitor with the foreign-built steamships to Liverpool. He introduced bills for the improvement of the Hudson river, the removal of the rocks from Hell Gate, and supported the bill for improvement of St. Clair flats, the improvements on the Mississippi river, the construction of fortifications at San Francisco.

There was a disagreement between the two Houses on the bill for paying the creditors of Texas. Seward, in his speech on the ques-

tion, recalled the fact that he had been among the earnest opponents of the policy of incurring this liability. But having deliberately incurred it, the nation was now, in honor and honesty, bound to pay it.

He opposed the bill granting three years' credit for duties on foreign railroad iron, and again called attention to the fact that the enterprise of railroad building on credit was already too widely extended, and needed checking rather than stimulating. He said:

> You propose to add fuel to the flame that is consuming us. Let us look backward for instructions. In 1834, by excessive importations, we had brought on great fiscal embarrassments. The embarrassments of 1834 returned in 1837, aggravated ten-fold. And then came that fearful convulsion which carried distress and ruin throughout this broad land — distress and ruin from which we have required twenty years to recover. Sir, we, in 1854, have just passed through the premonitory symptoms of a crushing pressure, which is to come on in 1857, or some year not long thereafter.

This prediction was verified by the great "commercial revulsion," and suspension of specie payments in the autumn of 1857.

Shortly before the end of the session, Seward's credentials for his second term were presented by Senator Wade. A few days previously Senator Sumner had presented those of Henry Wilson for the unexpired term of Edward Everett.

The Northern repugnance to the Fugitive Slave Law had grown deeper with every new attempt to enforce it. Some of the Northern States passed "Personal Liberty Laws" for the protection of such of their inhabitants as might be menaced with forcible seizure, and giving them legal safeguards against arbitrary proceedings under the obnoxious statute. While not disputing the slave-holder's title to his "pound of flesh," these bills made it more difficult for him to obtain it. The slave-holding interest determined, therefore, to avail themselves of the power still in their hands in Congress. A bill was accordingly introduced on the 17th of February, and hurried forward to its passage. On the 23d, it was debated in the Senate for twelve hours, and finally passed at midnight. In his closing argument Seward said:

> The scene before me and all its circumstances and incidents admonish me the time has come when the Senate of the United States is about to grant another of those concessions, which have become habitual here, to the power of slavery in this republic. For the second time in a period of nearly three months, the brilliant chandelier above our heads is lighted up, the passages and galleries are densely crowded, all the customary forms of legislation are laid aside. The day is spent without adjournment, Senators foregoing their natural rest and refreshment, remain in their seats until midnight approaches.

Alluding to the similar scenes attending the passage of the Nebraska Bill, he remarked that —

Probably the teeming gun which proclaimed those former triumphs of slavery is already planted under the eaves of the Capitol to celebrate another victory.

Pointing out in succession the tyrannical features of the bill, and the effects certain to follow its passage, he concluded:

If you wish to secure respect to the Federal authority; to cultivate harmony between the States; to secure universal peace, and to create new bonds of perpetual union, there is only one way before you. Instead of adding new penalties, employing new agencies, and inspiring new terrors, you must go back to the point where your mistaken policy began and conform your Federal laws to *Magna Charta*, to the Constitution, and to the rights of man.

Sumner made the last speech, and moved an amendment repealing the Fugitive Slave Law. This was, of course, rejected, by a vote of 30 to 9, and then the new bill passed by same vote.

The 3d of March, the closing day of the session, came on Saturday. As, in previous cases, it had been decided that the congressional day of the 3d lasts till noon of the 4th, both Houses remained in session all night and during the morning. About eleven o'clock Sunday morning an unsuccessful attempt was made to take up and pass the bill for admitting Oregon. It was opposed by some of the Southern Senators, because it would allow Oregon to come in as a free State, and by some of the Northern ones, because such legislation would be a violation of the Sabbath. Seward, in reply, remarked:

I think this is a very good day. Legitimately and legislatively, this is Saturday, the 3d of March. It will be so on the records, and so the world understands it. If, however, the honorable Senator understands this to be Sunday, and if it be so, I think this is a very good deed to be done on this day.

But the slave-holding interest was strong enough to stave off action until, at twelve o'clock, the hammer fell, and the session was over.

Before leaving for home, Seward stayed a few days to close up his correspondence, and to look for a place of residence for the new senatorial term now before him. He wrote to Mrs. Seward:

March 7.

There has been a series of leave-takings, relieved by rambles in search of a house. At last the house, and a very nice one it is, is engaged. I liked Georgetown, but a tramp thither and backward convinced me that I could not fulfill my whole circle of duty while living at such a distance from the Capitol and public departments. I have engaged a house which is so arranged that you can live very retired, while it is new and in good order, which I am sure will commend it to you.

I have your letter about the speech on the "Usurpations of Slavery," and am glad that it satisfies you. I promise myself a long absence from severe study, and certainly from appearing as a politician or a public speaker. I learn by telegraph that those worthies the "Know-Nothings" carried Auburn yesterday. It is well enough. The surest cure for a fever of that kind is to let it burn out.

To Theodore Parker he wrote:

March 12.

The children of this world exact attention to their many material wants from members of Congress. I have had to put my correspondence altogether aside to attend to the hundred cares of my cosmical constituency.

Accept my sincere thanks now for your kind letter of congratulation. I hardly know how you could find time to think of me in the midst of your labors and the persecutions you are suffering. If the change of temperature here is at all indicative of a general one, I feel quite assured that you will pass safely through your trial, and that the cause of truth and righteousness will receive a vindication full of encouragement to the timid and hesitating. May God protect, bless, and reward you!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1855.

Kansas News. Governor Reeder. Attacks on "Free State" Men. Sumner at Auburn Yachting Excursions. New York Friends. Disruption of the "American" National Council. Gradual Growth of the Republican Party. The Presidential Question. Passmore Williamson. The Two Conventions at Syracuse. Their Union. Speech at Albany. "Let the Whig Party Pass." A Lonely House. The Elections. The Triumph of "Sam."

More and worse news now came from Kansas. Bands of armed men had crossed the border from Missouri, avowedly for the purpose, not merely of out-voting the "Free State" settlers, but of "crushing them out" by violence and fraud. Polling-places were seized, ballot-boxes "stuffed" with sham votes, "Free State" men driven from the polls, and warned to leave the Territory. This system of terrorism had succeeded at the fall election in sending a pro-slavery delegate to Congress. Now, at the election held in March, to choose a Territorial Legislature, the invaders had come in parties that were apportioned and distributed to different localities, so as to overawe the actual residents. Thus at Lawrence, where there were only about three or four hundred voters, nearly a thousand Missourians arrived

on the evening before, and the morning of the day of election, in wagons, and on horseback, well armed with rifles, pistols, bowie-knives, and two cannon. Like scenes took place at other points. Threats and violence toward Judges of Election, false votes and returns, destruction of presses and printing-offices, beating, tarring and feathering, shooting and drowning of "Free State" immigrants, were among the incidents of the era of "Border Ruffianism" thus inaugurated. As the details of these outrages were spread abroad in the Eastern States, the "Kansas Struggle" between "Free State" and "Slave State" men became a topic of public discussion. It was one destined to be the engrossing theme of congressional and legislative debates, and of political campaigns for years to come, — convulsing, first the Territory, and then the Union.

New York, *May* 28, 1855.

I have had two days of pleasurable exercise. On Saturday, I went down in the new steamship *Arago*, a Havre packet, and looked out upon the sea. The weather was bright, and the sea calm, and almost glassy. We stretched thirty miles outward; and I feel the invigorating influences of the voyage even till now.

Yesterday morning, I took the Hudson River cars, and went up to Bowen's; went to church with Mrs. Bowen, and her good husband. After dinner, visited my old and fast and noble friend Mr. George Schuyler, who lives in a beautiful cottage on the bank of the Hudson.

While at home, this spring, Seward learned that Charles Sumner was about to deliver a lecture, prepared for New York and other cities. Cordially inviting the lecturer to become his guest, Seward accompanied him to the public hall, and there introduced him to the audience, saying:

A dozen years ago, I was honored by being chosen to bring my neighbors residing here, to the acquaintance of a statesman of Massachusetts, who was then directing the last energies of an illustrious life, to the removal of the crime of human slavery from the soil of our beloved country, — a statesman whose course I had chosen for my own guidance — John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent." And, now, by a rare felicity, I have your instructions to present to you another statesman of Massachusetts, he on whose shoulders the mantle of the departed one has fallen, and who illustrates the spirit of the teacher, whom, like us, he venerated and loved — a companion and friend of my own public labors — the "young man eloquent," Charles Sumner.

In June the National Council of the "American" party met at Philadelphia on the 5th, and almost immediately plunged into an excited debate over the slavery question. The pro-slavery members, or as they preferred to call themselves, the "Conservatives," or "Nationals," sought to have resolutions adopted excusing, or at least

ignoring the Nebraska-Kansas policy of the Government. The anti-slavery members, under the lead of Henry Wilson, resisted.

Earnest argument, pro and con, soon ran into hot words and recriminations. One of the New York members assured the Southern delegates that "the Americans of New York" were "sound;" that they "had expelled 30,000 members from the party for voting for Governor Clark, the Whig nominee, and for supporting the re-election of William H. Seward to the Senate, but that they had 180,000 members left and could control that great State." By superior tact and address, or by superior numbers, the pro-slavery men triumphed. They carried their "platform" both in Committee and in Council. But it was a barren victory. The anti-slavery members refused to acquiesce. They decided that rather than abandon their principles, they would abandon the "order." Meetings were held, addresses made, and resolutions adopted, declaring they could no longer conscientiously act with it. Wilson, Governor Johnson of Pennsylvania, Orth, Colfax, and Cumback of Indiana, and others from East and West, signed protests which were widely distributed. Their action was followed with alacrity, by many whose zeal as "Know-Nothings" had melted away, in the fervent heat of the "Anti-Nebraska" conflict. These formed a new and important accession to the ranks of the still feeble "Republican" party. The main body of the "Americans," though reduced in strength, was still powerful. It was now harmonious in its "conservative" doctrines, and continued for two or three years in connection with the "pro-slavery Whigs," to lend a good deal of aid to the Democrats.

Besides the title of "Know-Nothings," two other nick-names had now crept into common parlance. One was "Hindoos," based on the fancy that the proscriptive doctrines of the order resembled those of the "Caste" system of India. The other was "Choctaws," a term applied to those who, it was asserted, had gained stealthy admission to the "lodges," in order to betray them.

A large portion of the summer was devoted to professional labors at Saratoga, Troy, Albany, and New York. He wrote home:

May 16.

It is my birthday, a bright morning, and for half an hour I have a quiet room. I write to you a note to express to you my joy at your returning health, and my assurances of continued and enduring affection. I would that I were nearer to you. But at fifty-four, one is no longer free. The independence that age and competence bring, at least that they bring to me, are widened spheres of obligation and duty. How happy I am, that they bring no serious and permanent disappointment, to sour and disgust me with family, friends, country, or mankind.

Mr. Sumner is riding the topmost wave. The world is recovering from the panic produced by the "Know-Nothings," to stare slavery in the face. Let us hope that the fashion may not suddenly change again!

George E. Baker, who prepared Seward's life and works for publication, had his entire confidence. Seward placed at his disposal all public and private manuscripts, and spoke and wrote to him without reserve, both as to the past and future. Replying to some queries, he wrote this private letter:

I would prefer to talk, rather than to write of that formidable question, that coming next year, already has thrown its shadow over us. We have inaugurated the movement that will, at no distant day, work the problem out. I wish that we could rest, retire, withdraw, and leave it to work out. I do so for two reasons. First, because henceforth we can do nothing, but what will be set down to the account of an ambition we do not feel. Secondly, that I think it by no means certain, and even hardly probable, that it is to work out completely and safely next year. Rash counsels will probably prevail, and the first assault will be repulsed, not so much because the enemy is strong, but because of the infatuation of the besiegers. I do not want that you and I should bear the responsibility of such a disaster. For while the world is exciting itself into all kinds of passions, about eagerness for the command, I am by no means ready to accept it, if tendered. I do not know that I ever wrote so freely on a subject upon which a wise man ought not to write at all.

During this summer, Seward was enabled to spend more time at Auburn, and visibly improved in health and strength. It was anything but a season of rest, for the days were spent either in studying law-cases in his office, or in long excursions on the Owasco, Cayuga, or Skaneateles lakes. But the studies were congenial, and the active out-door exercise was invigorating. He was always the first to move and the last to grow weary. His studies were necessarily broken by frequent visits from his fellow townsmen, or summer travelers. When an old friend or a new acquaintance appeared at his door, he would cheerfully throw aside books and papers, and stroll out into the garden with him, and there, under the shade of spreading elms, discuss the political outlook, or the social problems then uppermost in the public mind.

As the year went on, the progress of affairs in Kansas tended still further to inflame popular feeling. The Territorial Legislature, elected with such glaring frauds, convened in July, at Pawnee City, and conducted itself in a manner worthy of its origin. One of its first steps was to oust every "Free State" man whose seat was claimed by any pro-slavery one, even though he held the Governor's certificate that he had been duly elected. Then usurping the Governor's authority and in defiance of his protest, this extraordinary body moved itself to

the Shawnee Mission, which was just on the line of Missouri, and, therefore, more convenient for its members, who were mostly Missourians. Here it proceeded to pass laws for upholding and fortifying slavery in the new Territory. Among their enactments was one declaring that no term of actual residence in the Territory should be requisite to qualify any person for a legal voter. Another declared it to be "a felony punishable by two years' imprisonment at hard labor," for any person to speak, write, assert, or maintain that persons have not the right to hold slaves in the Territory. A like penalty was imposed on whoever should introduce into the Territory any written, printed or published book, paper, magazine, pamphlet or circular containing any denial of the right to hold slaves in the Territory. Another section disqualified all anti-slavery men from sitting as jurors. And another declared assistance of fugitive slaves to be punishable with death.

Governor Reeder was a Democrat and a supporter of the Administration that appointed him. But he could not acquiesce in "legislation" that was merely trampling law and justice under foot. He vetoed some of the acts. The "Legislature" summarily passed them over his head and memorialized the President for his removal. From Washington came back the complaisant reply, that the prayer of the Legislature was granted and that the Governor was removed.

Passmore Williamson was prosecuted in Philadelphia for aiding a fugitive mother and her children. Being commanded by the court to produce them, his answer that they were not in his custody or power, was adjudged "a contempt of court," and he was thrown into prison for an indefinite period. Of course, all these efforts to fortify and strengthen slavery roused popular indignation and deepened the feeling which was finding expression in the formation and growth of the Republican party.

As the fall election approached, it was felt that the time had arrived when it would be wise to try to combine the various shades of anti-slavery opinion in New York into one organization, under the "Republican" banner, already unfurled in the other States. Two State Conventions were called to meet on the same day, September 26, at Syracuse — one call being signed by the "Whig," and the other by the "Republican" State Committee — for the purpose of a formal union. Delegates were to be chosen to one, by voters who had hitherto acted with the Whig party. To the other, delegates were to be sent by voters who had hitherto been connected with the "Free Soil," "Hard," "Soft," "American," or "Temperance" parties. Both were largely made up of men of influence and standing. One dele-

gate from Orange county, on arriving at Syracuse, said, "I had intended from the first to come up here, but I wasn't quite sure which Convention I ought to be a delegate to. So I asked Seward, who is at Goshen. He said it didn't make any difference. He said we would go in by two doors, but we would all come out through one."

On the 26th, both Conventions assembled, each in a separate hall, organized, adopted resolutions, and appointed committees of conference. These speedily arranged the joint meeting. This was an imposing scene. The "Whig Convention" marched in procession into the hall where the "Republican" one was sitting. The "Republicans," rising, greeted them with shouts of welcome. Cheers rent the air. Handshaking, mirth, and rejoicing for a while excluded all other business, and when the joint Convention was called to order by its two chairmen, sitting side by side, the acclamations broke out afresh. In the Whig Convention, John A. King and Edwin D. Morgan had presided; in the Republican one, Reuben E. Fenton — each of the three destined to be afterward a Republican Governor of the State. The joint Convention formally adopted the "Republican" name, and nominated a "Union" ticket, at the head of which was Preston King for Secretary of State, the nominations being about equally divided between those of Whig and Democratic antecedents. When the Convention adjourned, the delegates separated with hearty good feeling, and were received at home with thanks and congratulations. Local "Republican" committees and nominations were immediately begun in different counties.

Intelligence of the progress of the "Republican" movement came from other Northern States. Those which had not completed an organization in 1854 did so in 1855. In Ohio, the new party nominated Salmon P. Chase for Governor and Thomas H. Ford for Lieutenant-Governor. In Pennsylvania, they nominated for Canal Commissioner Passmore Williamson, who was still in jail.

Encouraged by the news of these and similar signs of sympathy, the "Free State" immigrants in Kansas determined to maintain their rights. A conference at Lawrence resulted in the call of a Convention, to be held at Topeka, to take steps toward the formation of a Constitution. The Convention met in October, framed a Constitution containing a bill of rights prohibiting slavery, and submitted it to the popular vote at an election appointed to be held in December.

Seward wrote to Theodore Parker:

> I am confident, my dear sir, that our great work is now successfully inaugurated. It is not to be set back again. I would that it might speedily be completed, but I am not impatient, knowing that what matures rapidly

is least enduring. We have conquered the reaction that Whitney's gin produced.

He wrote to Mrs. Seward:

October 8.

Mr. Weed's letter, which I send you, will show why I go to Albany, to be there on Friday night. I dislike this return to political campaigning, but I have no right to be so selfish as to refuse a call at such a time.

At Albany, it had been deemed advisable, and even necessary, that Seward should help forward the new party by a speech at the State Capitol. On the evening of the 12th he found an audience awaiting him in the hall of the Capitol unlike any of the assemblages he had previously met there. The hall, not large, was not more than two-thirds filled, and there was an absence of all the noisy enthusiasm usually attending political gatherings of great parties. Those who were assembled were mainly earnest, thoughtful-looking men, undemonstrative, though thoroughly in accord, who realized that they were voluntarily sundering the party ties of a life-time, and embarking in a new organization which was confessedly a minority. How long it would remain so, and whether it would ever gain prestige and power, must depend upon the justice of its principles and the wisdom of its conduct.

Shortly before this Albany meeting, an old Whig friend and distant relative, who had come to hear the speech, said: "I do hope Henry will not take such advanced ground that it will take us ten years to catch up with him. He will be right, of course, but I am afraid he may go ahead faster than the rest of us can follow."

Standing in the old building which recalled the scenes of his legislative and executive experiences, Seward began his speech, with a salutation to the Capitol, and to the statue of Justice surmounting the dome, "blind, that she may not, through either passion or prejudice, discriminate between the rich and the poor, the Protestant and the Catholic, the native born and the exotic, the freeman and him whose liberties have been cloven down."

Old familiar echoes greet my ear from beneath these embowered roofs! The voices of the Spencers, of Kent, and Van Rensselaer, and Van Vechten, of genial Tompkins, of Clinton, the great, and the elder Clinton, of King, and Hamilton, of Jay, the pure and benevolent, and Schuyler, the gallant and inflexible. The very air that lingers around these arches breathes inspiration of moral, social, and physical enterprise, and of unconquerable freedom.

You, old, tried, and familiar friends, ask my counsel, whether to cling yet longer to traditional controversies, and to dissolving parties, or to rise at once to nobler aims, with new and more energetic associations?

I do not wonder at your suspense; nor do I censure caution or even timidity. Fickleness in political associations is a weakness, and precipitancy in public action is a crime.

Sketching then the history of the growth of slavery as a political power, and of slave-holders as a privileged class, he pointed out how it had grasped, one after another, the new Territories, as they presented themselves for admission into the Union. How it had taken Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, almost at the very outset of the national career; then Florida, when acquired from Spain; then as much of the Louisiana purchase as was possible; then Texas and the Territories acquired from Mexico, — all the while deluding the free States with the specious pretense that each successive seizure of "Free Soil" was a "Compromise," and a final settlement of the slavery question.

Then turning to the question of the future, he said:

Slavery is not, and never can be, perpetual. It will be overthrown, either peacefully or lawfully, under this Constitution; or it will work the subversion of the Constitution, together with its own overthrow.

Saying that it was best to take an existing organization if one could be found, he called up the several parties, and passed them in review:

Shall we take the "Know-Nothings" or the "American Party," as it now more ambitiously names itself? It stifles its voice, and suppresses your own free speech, lest it may be overheard beyond the Potomac. In the slave-holding States, it justifies all the wrongs committed against you.

Let it pass by.

Shall we unite ourselves to the Democratic party? If so, to which section or faction? The "Hards," who are so stern in defending the aggressions, and in rebuking the Administration through whose agency they are committed? or the "Softs," who protest against the aggressions, while they sustain and invigorate the Administration? What is it but the same party which has led in the commission of all those aggressions, and claims exclusively the political benefits? Let the Democratic party pass.

Shall we report ourselves to the Whig party? Where is it? "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where?" It was a strong and vigorous party, honorable for energy, noble achievements, and still more noble enterprises. It was moved by panics and fears to emulate the Democratic party in its practiced subserviency; and it yielded in spite of your remonstrances, and of mine, and now there is neither Whig party, nor Whig, south of the Potomac. Let, then, the Whig party pass. It committed a grievous fault, and grievously hath it answered it. Let it march out of the field, therefore, with all the honors.

As to the new party, he said:

The Republican organization has laid a new, sound, and liberal platform.

Its principles are equal and exact justice; its speech open, decided, and frank. That is the party for us.

Then giving in his own adhesion to it, he added:

I do not know, and personally I do not greatly care, that it shall work out its great ends this year, or the next, or in my life-time; because I know that those ends are ultimately sure.

This speech was listened to with deep interest and attention. General Nye, who had been nominated at Syracuse, as one of the Republican candidates for State officers, then followed as a representative of those who came into the party from the Democratic side. Other speeches followed. The proceedings of the meeting were widely copied, and commented upon. It was felt to have much more significance than its numbers seemed to imply. Similar meetings were held in different counties.

Returned to Auburn to speak at a meeting of his Republican townsmen, on the night before election, and to cast his vote on the following morning, Seward wrote from there:

November 4.

"Reaching home, I found the walks and grounds covered with leaves, boughs of locust, apples, cherries, chestnuts, and poplars, detached by the weight of the snow strewed in the court-yard. Catherine and her baby were in their lodge, and gave shelter to me with the two enormous cats, which sat under the huge stove. The house was locked up tight, so that I could not enter through door or window. But Catherine had the key, made me a fire, and arranged me a bed. I took up my letters and newspapers, and these, together with visits from the town politicians, occupied me until ten, when I found a long, sweet repose.

Watch would not be put off when he found me until he had kissed my face. Every time I come in from outside he goes searching for you and Fanny throughout the house.

I say nothing of the election. The result will reach you as soon as this letter.

November 6.

Last night the "Know-Nothings" gathered a meeting at the court-house, with the stimulants of music, bonfires, and horns, to hear the speakers defame me, which seems to be the capital stock of their party, and of all parties except our own. Their notices were up three days. The Republicans announced me in the morning to speak at Stamford Hall in the evening. There was no stimulant. To the surprise of everybody, the weight of the town was at Stamford Hall. I spoke an hour and a half to the most numerous and most respectable mass of citizens I have ever seen here. I see a returning spirit of sympathy and kindness among the people. I did not spare them last night, but talked directly, plainly, and boldly.

Watch is well and content. The cats are with John Van Buren's party — "nowhere."

On election day the Republicans polled a handsome vote in the western and northern parts of the State, but were overborne by the vote of the cities and eastern counties. The "Americans" and "Silver Gray" Whigs were victorious, electing a majority of the State officers and Legislature. The "Americans" and "Democrats" pointed with exultation to the small vote given to the Republican candidates, claiming that this showed the anti-slavery movement was dying out. Apparently, many who had been willing to express their dislike of the Nebraska Bill and Fugitive Slave Law, were not yet prepared to permanently sever old party connections. Seward said in his letters:

November 8.

In all this part of the State the Democrats are lost in the canvass and the "Know-Nothings" reduced in strength. But the large cities have probably and almost certainly given to the "Know-Nothings" a majority of the State officers. So I am to go to Washington to maintain the cause of freedom, supported by only a minority in the State. Nevertheless, it is something that the Administration and the Democrats are weaker than the Republicans, and that the "Know-Nothings" will inevitably disappear in the heat of the great national contest.

November 10.

As usual, I am oppressed with conflicting claims. The Plymouth oration, Florida cares, and the Spike suit, all demand severally all the time I have. I have not yet decided which to give up. The "Know-Nothings" take the State by a majority a little more than half of their majority in the city. All the west has partially or fully redeemed itself, but New York and the Hudson river country are submerged. Old friends came in yesterday panic struck about the future. But my philosophy is not disturbed.

November 18.

You perceive how I am lingering here. Last night I took up the speech for Plymouth, and I hope in two or three days to make something out of it. The events of the election show that the "Silver Grays" have been successful in a new and attractive form, so as to divert a majority of the people in the cities and towns from the great question of the day. That is all. The country, I mean the rural districts, still remain substantially sound. A year is necessary to let the cheat wear off.

The "underground railroad" works wonderfully. Two passengers came here last night. Watch attacked one of them. I am against extending suffrage to dogs. They are just like other classes of *parvenus*.

The "underground railroad," as the stealthy stream of fugitive slaves across the free States into Canada was called, was now increasing in business. Every new case under the detested "Fugitive Law"

not only called attention to the fugitives, but stimulated the efforts of those ready to assist their flight. The fugitive now found, in nearly every Northern city, people of his own race ready to help him forward, schooled by experience in the ways of eluding observation, and knowing where the benevolently disposed white people were to be found, on the way, who would give money, food, or shelter. Volumes have been, and more might be written, narrating the "hair-breadth escapes" and romantic experiences of the "passengers by the underground."

November 25.

Amid many interruptions, I have brought out a speech for Plymouth. It has been a wearisome work, and I fear the result will be dull and tedious; still it seems to me not unworthy of the theme. When all was done, I sat down and read over Webster's immortal oration on the same subject, to see, if (with my vanity misleading me) I could, how far I had fallen below the highest expectation. All the result I arrived at, was the very natural one, that I could not have written his nor he mine. The world magnifies him exceedingly for his oration. It will curse me bitterly for mine; and yet I cannot see any treason in it.

He wrote to Baker, who was now Governor Clark's private secretary:

It is apparent that we could not, all at once, get the whole public mind engaged. I grieve for the disappointment of so many good friends, and I hang my head with shame for the State ridden over by this pitiful faction of "Know-Nothings;" but I doubt whether any other termination of the canvass would have been better calculated to promote our ultimate success. I fear that those "Know-Nothings" frighten you. There is just so much gas in any ascending balloon. Before the balloon is down, the gas must escape. But the balloon is always sure, not only to come down, but to come down *very quick*. The heart of the country is fixed on higher and nobler things. Do not distrust it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1855–1856.

A New Home. Meeting of Congress. Changes in the Senate. A Dead-lock. The Oration at Plymouth. Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker. The Message. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. A Conference at Silver Spring. Blair, Chase, Fremont, and Preston King. Battles in the Crimea. The Kansas Struggle. An Extraordinary Message.

THE new residence was a pretty and tasteful house on the corner of G. and Twenty-first streets, built by Lieutenant Woodhull of the Navy,

who now leased it for three years to the New York Senator. At that day it was considered far away from the center of the town, and "half-way to Georgetown." A few other substantial and comfortable residences, belonging to Washington families, were in the vicinity, and one of them was occupied by the Russian Minister. Some had gardens or pleasure-grounds. But there was a dreary waste of muddy, unpaved roads, and vacant lots, across which a view of Georgetown was had in one direction, and the more closely-built part of Washington in the other. For once Seward had all his family with him. Books and furniture had been supplemented by other fresh purchases, the old writing-chair stood in the cosy little library, and a newly-engraved likeness of his old preceptor, Dr. Nott, hung over the mantel. There were spacious parlors and a comfortable dining-room, which would enable him to exercise a little more of hospitality.

One of the best of the engraved portraits of Seward is that taken about this period. It shows him still youthful-looking for his years, slender in build, and unchanged in face, except that his features had grown a little more massive with advancing age. His hair had lost its red. tinge and was now brown, with here and there a slight streak of gray He was still apparently as active, cheerful, elastic, and vigorous as he had been twenty years before.

On the first Monday of December, the Thirty-fourth Congress assembled. Seward's credentials for the new term were read, and he renewed his oath of office. Among the other new Senators who presented themselves at the desk for that ceremony, were Jacob Collamer, John J. Crittenden, Lafayette S. Foster, James Bell, Lyman Trumbull, and James Harlan, who now entered the Senate, and John Slidell, who had been re-elected.

Changes had come over the Senate since Seward first came into it in 1849. The old leaders of so many years, Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Benton, had passed away. Two Vice-Presidents had come and gone, and Jesse D. Bright now occupied the chair. Of the sixty Senators who had sat with him in that first session, only fourteen were remaining. One new State was represented on the floor. The Democrats held their preponderance, but the rising "Anti-Nebraska" tide had swept away several of their seats, and Seward, instead of only having Chase and Hale for anti-slavery associates, now found at his side Fessenden and Hamlin, Foot and Collamer, and Bell, Sumner and Wilson, Foster, Fish, Wade, Trumbull, Durkee, and Harlan.

More and better places on the committees now had to be accorded to the minority. Seward found himself assigned to those on Commerce, Pensions, and the Pacific Railroad. Hale humorously re-

marked: "The Chair will recollect that, a few years ago, the state of my political health was such that I was not fit to go on any committee. I think it indicates progress; it shows that I am so improved that I am fit to be at the tail end of the Committee on Public Buildings."

Greater change, however, had occurred in the popular branch. The new House of Representatives, elected during the excitement created by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, had only 79 supporters of the Administration, while 117 were opponents of the Nebraska Bill. It seemed as if the Anti-Nebraska men would easily elect a Speaker. But this hope proved ill-founded. The "Know-Nothing" or "American" party was still coherent. Its representatives in the House were divided about the slavery question, but united in their desire for party success. So it was soon found that the "Nebraska Know-Nothings" were ready enough to indirectly aid the Democrats, while the "Anti-Nebraska Know-Nothings" were not all prepared to go in with the Republicans. The balloting for Speaker, which began on the 3d of December, was protracted through two months — the Republicans generally voting for Banks, and the Democrats for Richardson, while the "Americans" and "Old Line Whigs" divided their votes among different candidates. The press chronicled the progress of the one hundred and thirty-four ballotings, and the public watched the contest.

Meanwhile, there was little that the Senate could do. The President's message was held back from day to day, and legislation was impossible without joint action of the two Houses. Seward introduced a bill for the railroad to the Pacific, and resolutions for weather observations like those afterward inaugurated by the Signal Service.

Fortunately the delay in public business gave him time to study his Plymouth speech, and complete it. Early on Tuesday morning, the 18th, he set out for Plymouth, accompanied by his youngest son, reaching Boston on Wednesday night. On Friday the celebration of Forefathers' Day took place in the town the Pilgrims had planted.

It was more than usually enthusiastic. "The Pilgrims and Liberty" was the title of Seward's address. The theme was a trite one, and yet capable of original treatment, when viewed from the standpoint furnished by passing political events. He said:

> Let us consider now the scope and the full import of the Puritan principle. That scope is not narrowed by any failure of the Puritans themselves to comprehend it, or even by any neglect on their part to cover it fully in their own political conduct. The Puritan principle is the inviolability of all the acknowledged natural rights of man, as well those which concern his duty to

himself and his duty to others, as those which arise out of his direct duties toward God. The Puritan principle further involves the political equality of all men.

One of the journals of the day thus described the scene:

Plymouth was thronged. The celebration was impressive and spirited. The "Rock" was carefully dug out for the occasion. The relics of the "*Mayflower*" and the mementoes of her passage across the ocean, and her priceless freight and great mission were displayed in Pilgrims' Hall. The streets were filled with strangers from the vicinity of Plymouth not only, but from remote States. A procession with music, religious exercises in a church, an oration, a costly and generous dinner-feast, with toasts and speeches, and a ball in the evening, constituted the celebration. The oration, delivered by Governor Seward, is the expression of that statesman's philosophy and policy.

Among the incidents of the dinner table, Wendell Phillips declared that he would not acknowledge the right of Plymouth to the "Rock." "It underlies," said he, "the whole country and only crops out here. It cropped out where Putnam said, 'Don't fire, boys, until you see the whites of their eyes.' It showed itself where Ingraham rescued Martin Koszta from Austrian despotism. Jefferson used it for his writing-desk, and Lovejoy leveled his musket across it at Alton. I recognized the clink of it to-day, when the great apostle of the 'Higher Law' laid his beautiful garland upon the sacred altar." "He says he is not descended from the *Mayflower;* that is a mistake. There is such a thing as pedigree of mind, as well as of body."

Though he and Theodore Parker had so long been in correspondence with each other, they met at Plymouth for the first time. After returning to Washington, Seward, in reply to a letter from him, wrote:

I thought, and I still think, you too just to be consciously partial. So I will set down your praise of my Plymouth effort to the account of your zeal in the noble cause to which it was dedicated.

There are two things that I desired to say to *you*, viz.: First, that I was very anxious to meet you at home, for the purpose of assuring myself that you have the stoicism necessary to enable you to continue to a triumphant end the contest with Boston demoralization, which you have so thoroughly begun. Although I only spoke six words with you, I was abundantly satisfied on that point, and, therefore, I assured Mr. Sumner and Mr. Wilson, on my return here, that I considered Massachusetts at last regained to the cause of human nature. I found you just such a person as I think only can fight the battle against slavery in Boston successfully.

The other was, that the anti-slavery ranks, in New England especially, contain men who have no idea of the principle of a division of labor and of a discriminating cast of parts. These have, for a dozen years, thought it right and wise to censure and cast suspicion on the public laborers, here and elsewhere, who did not at all times and on all occasions, great or small, and even without occasion, act with themselves and exactly in their own way. Mutual bicker-

ings among the advocates of any cause are very injurious to its progress. What I had seen of Wendell Phillips had prepared me to believe that he, more wise than those I have described, could tolerate in me the exercise of discretion which they disallowed. What I had heard of you encouraged me to hope the same from yourself. But I wanted expressly to see you and Mr. Phillips and have a full understanding on that subject. Although I failed to obtain opportunities for these explanations, my visit was nevertheless completely successful in this respect also. Mr. Phillips was just and magnanimous. Your letter even divines my desires and fully satisfies them. I am indeed worth little to the cause of political justice by myself alone, but I hope to serve and advance it by persuading some portion of my countrymen to adopt and maintain it also. When I seem unmoved and inactive, you rightly conclude that it is only because I am keeping steadily in view a coming occasion and opportunity to move and act, as I think, more wisely and effectively. I will not deny to you, my dear sir, the confession that my life is chiefly dedicated to the advancement of a reform which I think cannot be hastily or convulsively made; that the record by which I mean to be tried is one to reach, not to any period or point of elevation, but to the end of my life; and the only earthly tribunal to whom I submit myself is posterity. If this seem to you egotistical, as I confess it does to me, I pray you remember that even if you do not, some other Theodore Parker will survive me; and I fear such obituaries as you have given to a statesman, who, though infinitely my superior in ability, was not subjected to any greater responsibilities than I am.

I am glad that you sent your "Trial" to Auburn, although I failed to receive it there. I went to the book-store in Boston, and was buying one, but my friend, Mr. Ezra Lincoln, insisted on paying for it. I read it all on my way home, and found it just what the exigency of the hour demands, a noble and effective alarm against judicial prostitutions, preparatory to a battle that will come next, after the Kansas question is settled.

Seward was in his seat in the Senate when the President, determining to wait no longer than the end of the year, sent in his message. One portion of the document entered into elaborate argument to refute what the President called the "reiterated but groundless allegation that the South had persistently asserted claims and obtained advantages, in the practical administration of the General Government, to the prejudice of the North, and in which the latter has acquiesced." When this was read, a fellow-Senator leaned over to Seward's desk with a smile, saying: "He's answering your Albany speech."

Immediately after the reading, Mr. Clayton rose to comment on the part of the message referring to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. This brought on a debate upon the relations between the United States and Great Britain, and the proposed inter-oceanic canal. Seward took occasion to say:

I am prepared to stand by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and insist upon its enforcement, if that will do. I am ready to go further, if need be; but not

any further unless need be. That is to say, if we cannot stand and hold the British Government to this treaty, I am ready then for the assertion and maintenance of the "Monroe Doctrine." I co-operated with those who said that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty secured all that we required at that time; that the British Government were held by it. I am for maintaining peace; but at the same time we must maintain the national rights, the continental rights of our position.

On the evening of the same day, he wrote to Weed:

WASHINGTON, *December* 31, 1855.

When I came home from Boston, I found that Governor Chase of Ohio had arrived, and called at my house, two days before.

On Friday afternoon, Mr. Blair sent me a note inviting me to meet some friends at his country seat, the next day, at dinner, to take measures for an organization of the "Anti-Nebraska" force for the Presidential election. On Saturday I wrote to Mr. Blair, approving of his activity, but declining his invitation to the dinner, on the ground of a rule which forbade me from taking part, personally, in plans or schemes for political action. He, however, had before sent Dr. Bailey to urge me to come, and the Doctor had informed me that the party at Blair's was to consist of Chase, Bailey, Sumner, Banks, and Preston King. The dinner then went off, and the conference. To-day, Preston King desired to speak with me about the organization of the party, because he had promised Mr. Blair he would. He added, that measures were in progress to have a convention called from Ohio, to meet at Pittsburgh or Cincinnati, to nominate a ticket. That it was to be on the Ohio plan, half Republican, and half "Know-Nothing." That the thing was acquiesced in, or would be in all the free States except New York; and that while Mr. Blair favored Fremont, Chase was personally a candidate. I answered Mr. King that I took no part, and no responsibility in conventions or organizations. I referred him to you.

I said in reply to his remark, "that you had told him I did not think of being a candidate," that was true; that I had only one answer to give him and others on the subject of the arrangement proposed. That since my opinion was asked, I must distinctly protest against any combination with "Know-Nothings"; and that if, as he assured me, that was inevitable, then at a proper time, and in a proper way, I should let the world know that I disavowed all connection or sympathy with such a combination; and my support of candidates must be placed by myself distinctly on grounds other than, and different from, "Know-Nothingism."

You have the whole of it. You will see the proceedings in the Senate to-day. I had some trouble to keep some of our Republican friends from falling, or rather jumping into the pit, that the President had dug for us so skillfully.

The year now drawing to a close had seen no cessation of the great struggle going on in the Crimea. The accession of Sardinia to the French, English, and Turkish alliance; the stubborn resistance of the Russians; the concordat between Austria and the Holy See; the suffer-

ings of the troops in the trenches before Sebastopol; the successive changes of commanders; the battle of Tchernaya; the storming of the Malakoff and Redan; the evacuation of Sebastopol; the defeat at Kars, had followed in rapid succession, attracting attention and eliciting sympathies among the New World descendants of Old World nationalities.

From the West, as well as from the East, came news of interest. The "Free State Constitution" for Kansas, framed by the Convention at Topeka, had been adopted by the settlers in December. Under its provisions, an election was appointed to be held in January, to choose State officers and Legislature. The "Border Ruffians," to check and defeat this movement, again invaded the Territory, broke up the ballot-boxes, and drove voters from the polls. During the winter, scenes of violence were frequent. "Free State men" were murdered. Armed gangs seemed bent upon inaugurating a reign of terror, with bowie-knife and revolver. Appeals were made, not only to slaveholders in the border counties of Missouri but throughout the Southern States, to help the good work of "driving out the abolitionists." Slave-holding regions were invited to contribute men and money, and forward squads of young men "as rapidly as they could be armed," to the scene. It was realized by the leaders, that if these elections were allowed to go on quietly, a free State would be organized and soon would be asking admission into the Union.

Appeals were also made to the Administration, to lend Government aid in thwarting the movements of the settlers and Emigrant Aid Societies. "If we are defeated this time," said one, "the Territory is lost to the South." Atchison said, "We must have the support of the South. We are fighting the battles of the South."

On the 24th of January, the President sent in to the Senate a special message, beginning with condemnation of the "pernicious agitation on the condition of colored persons held to service," and of the Emigrant Aid Societies of the North, and then arraigning the course of Governor Reeder, indorsing and approving the pro-slavery Legislature, and condemning the Free State Convention at Topeka. Their acts he considered "revolutionary" and "tending to treasonable insurrection." To put this down he should call out the public force; and if necessary, the militia of one or more States. He recommended that Congress should enact a law, delaying the time, and prescribing the steps to be taken, prior to application by Kansas for admission into the Union. Then came the most significant part of the message — a request for a special appropriation to "defray any expense which might become requisite to execute the laws, and maintain public order in the Territory."

When this extraordinary message was received and read it was evident that the pro-slavery majority were not unprepared for it, and were ready at once to carry out its recommendations. It was proposed to send it to the Judiciary Committee, every member of which was an Administration Democrat. The remonstrances of Seward, Wilson, and others only succeeded so far as to get it sent to the Committee on Territories, which had one Republican member, Mr. Collamer. Seward wrote to his son at Albany:

Jan. 26, 1856.

I am attempting to hold the Senate off from the Kansas question until the House can organize.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1856.

Banks Elected Speaker. Kansas in the House. Alvah Worden. The Pittsburgh Convention. The Congressional Caucus. The "$3,000,000 Bill." The Kansas Debate. The Investigation. Seward Advocates Immediate Admission. Presidential Conferences. Caucuses and Conventions. The Assault on Sumner.

LATE on the afternoon of Saturday, the 2d of February, came the welcome news that the long contest in the House of Representatives had been terminated. Banks was elected Speaker. Strangers and officials from all parts of the Capitol hurried into the brilliantly-lighted chamber to see the oath administered to the first Republican Speaker, by the white-haired Joshua R. Giddings, the "Father of the House," and to hear the customary brief address on taking the chair.

Among those who had been awaiting the organization of the House, none had better reason for impatience than the settlers in Kansas, who were crushed "as between upper and nether mill-stones" — between the violence of the "Border Ruffian" invaders and the hostile orders of the General Government. Two candidates, each claiming to have been elected to represent the Territory in Congress, had presented themselves at the bar of the House. One was Whitefield, who had received some 3,000 votes, cast by the Missouri invaders, when there were not 1,500 voters in the Territory. The other was ex-Governor Reeder, who, having been turned out of office by the Administration that appointed him, and stigmatized as a "traitor," for trying to do his duty, had become a "Free State" man, and had been elected by the settlers. Whitefield had taken the seat at the opening

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of the session, and Reeder appeared as a contestant, with a memorial claiming that Whitefield's "pretended election" was "absolutely void." The debate that arose was long continued, and often bitter, calling out the parliamentary talent and skill on both sides.

The Senate, as yet, continued the consideration of questions of diplomacy and finance.

About the middle of February, Seward was summoned northward by news of the fatal illness of his brother-in-law, Alvah Worden, at Canandaigua. Mr. Worden had held a prominent place in the legal profession, and his funeral was largely attended by members of the Bar from Rochester, Buffalo, and Auburn. His remains were deposited in the village cemetery.

Washington's birthday had been deemed an appropriate time to begin the national organization of the new Republican party. On that day a convention, representing "those opposed to the recent repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the invasion of Kansas, and the aggressions of slavery," assembled at Pittsburgh. There were delegates representing each of the free States, besides some from Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland. Among those from the latter State was Francis P. Blair, who was called to preside over the assemblage. A clear and forcible "address to the people," prepared by Lieutenant-Governor Raymond of New York, was adopted and issued. A National Convention was called, to meet at Philadelphia, on the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill (June 17), at which candidates for President and Vice-President would be nominated.

In March after attending a caucus of "those opposed to the Administration on the Kansas question," Seward wrote to Weed:

March 13.

I attended the caucus, and although I left that body evidently somewhat re-inspired, I came away with feelings of my own, sad and unhopeful. I had never before seen strong and virtuous men writhing under the pressure of self-assumed obligations, inconsistent with their sense of duty.

It is manifest that here, the tone of anti-slavery feeling is becoming daily more and more modified, under the pressure of the "Know-Nothing" influences. While we met in caucus and cheered each other with strong anti-slavery speeches, those who advised and got up the affair announce, everywhere, that the object is to let us down to the level of non-committal and questionable nominations. They represent even *me* as advocating their policy. Thus my speech, which was of an entirely different character, is so presented. I cannot remonstrate, dispute, or complain. Yet I feel as if I was already half demoralized. If Kansas comes here soon with a Constitution, I shall make a bold effort for her acceptance, which may present an issue on which we can rally the party.

On the 12th of March, Douglas, as Chairman of the Committee on Territories, had brought in his report on the Kansas troubles. Of course, it took the side of the Administration, condemned the action of the free State men, and denounced the Emigrant Aid Societies. Collamer, on behalf of the minority, or rather being himself the minority, submitted an adverse report, defending and upholding the settlers. Resolutions of inquiry had been answered by the President, with copious documents. Sharp debate had already arisen over them. On the 17th of March, Douglas reported a bill providing that whenever the people of Kansas should number 93,420, they might hold a convention, and form a Constitution, with a view to admission as a State. The bill ignored the convention already held. For this Seward offered a substitute, providing for the immediate admission of Kansas, with the Constitution already made. Thereupon began a long debate.

In the House of Representatives the contested seat claimed by Whitefield and Reeder led to propositions for committees of investigation. Finally a resolution was adopted that a committee should be appointed to go to the Territory, take depositions, examine witnesses, and investigate not only the matter of the election, but the "troubles in Kansas generally." Thus began the celebrated Kansas Investigating Committee, of which William A. Howard of Michigan, John Sherman of Ohio, and Mordecai Oliver of Missouri, were the members.

Seward took the floor on the 9th of April, and spoke at length in favor of the immediate admission of Kansas as a free State. He narrated how Kansas, in 1820, was assigned as a permanent home for Indian tribes, and with a pledge to the American people that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should be tolerated therein forever;" how, in 1854, Congress removed the Indians and "rescinded the pledge of freedom," substituting for it another pledge, that the settlers "should be left perfectly free to establish or exclude slavery;" how, in 1855, this pledge was also broken, when "armed bands of invaders from the State of Missouri entered the Territory, seized the polls, overpowered or drove away the inhabitants, usurped the elective franchise, deposited false and spurious ballots, and procured official certificates of the result by fraud and force. How legislative bodies thus chosen, afterward assembled, set forth a code of laws, created public offices, and filled them, and thus established a complete tyranny over the people of the Territory." He added, that "these high-handed transactions were consummated with the expressed purpose of establishing African slavery by force, in violation of the rights of the people solemnly guaranteed to them by the Congress of the United

States. The President of the United States has adopted the usurpation and made it his own, and he is now maintaining it with the military arm of the republic."

He then proceeded to analyze and answer the various arguments presented on the part of the Administration in support of their policy, and defended the settlers in maintaining their struggle for freedom against such risks and sacrifices. Then describing the existing condition of affairs in the Territory, he said:

There has not been one day or night since the Government of Kansas was constituted, in which either the properties, or the liberties, or even the lives of its citizens have been secure against violence. At this day, Kansas is becoming the scene of a conflict of irreconcilable opinions, to be determined by brute force. No emigrant goes there unarmed; no citizen dwells there in safety unarmed; armed masses of men are proceeding into the Territory to complete the work of invasion and tyranny. This gathering conflict in Kansas divides the sympathies, interests, passions, and prejudices of the people of the United States.

In conclusion he said:

Shall we confess that the proclamation of "popular sovereignty" was not merely a failure, but was a pretense and a fraud? Or will Senators now contend that the people of Kansas are in the enjoyment and exercise of popular sovereignty?

This speech was listened to with close attention. Republicans in Congress and throughout the country read, quoted, and reprinted it.

Meanwhile the conferences and caucuses in regard to the coming Presidential campaign were going on at the capital. Those who were expecting to come over from the "American" party into the Republican one, naturally enough desired that their path into the new organization might be made smooth. Seward, while ready to welcome their accession, was not disposed to lend any aid or countenance to the "Know-Nothing doctrines," and was especially solicitous that no action should be taken which would tend to divert public attention from the issue of freedom in the Territories.

He wrote to Weed.

April 4.

The consultations about organization have ripened here into the general impression that it will be expedient to nominate the California candidate. How long that will be the public opinion here, or how widely it will extend abroad, you can calculate better than I. But a consequence of these discussions requires attention. The Committee on Ways and Means in the House have agreed to report a general appropriation bill for the Territories (including Kansas). This is giving up the *new State*, and, as it seems to me, the Presidential

issue. It is quite important that the press arrest this bad move. Again, we shall have the New State movement inaugurated in the Senate next Monday. Public meetings and petitions for the *immediate admission of Kansas* are indispensable to bring the House up to the point. We are all clear in the Senate. Will you think of this, and if you think best, act?

April 14.

Mr. Blair has just called on me to express his fears that the "Know-Nothing" Convention to be held at Philadelphia on the 12th, may nominate a candidate, and so embarrass the action of the Republican Convention. He expressed a very earnest desire that I would write and urge you to come here, he having an idea that it may be necessary to change the day of holding the Republican Convention.

April 21.

I wish I could report that things here are as satisfactory as you contemplate. But, in truth, this House of Representatives is like the moon. It shines brightest and smoothest at a distance. More than half the majority are "Americans," engaged in demoralizing the Congress and the country. The speech is feared by them almost as badly as by Democrats. The demand for it from the country, all parts, is immense, exceeding what I have ever known. I am giving the copies away by the one hundred, and even the one thousand, to applicants, for distribution in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States. It seems to me, as it does to you, that the whole battle turns on the points involved in the speech, and that with that issue brought home to the people, all can be saved; without it, all must be lost.

April 27.

I am content and quiet on the personal question which occupies and engrosses the public mind. I feel assured that the men are now educated, who will carry forward to the end the policy for which we have labored so long, and under circumstances so discouraging. Public life has no attractions for me, except the possibility of doing good, which another might not be willing to do, if in my place. I am weary enough to leave my work in other hands, as soon as they shall be ready to undertake it. It is a delicate thing to go through the present ordeal, but I am endeavoring to do so without giving any one just cause to complain of indifference, on my part, to the success of the cause. I have shut out the subject itself from correspondence and conversation, and, as far as possible, from my thoughts. When the array of the battle shall be set and fixed by those to whom it belongs, I shall decide upon my own line of duty, so as to save my independence, without the exhibition of personal susceptibilities.

Day before yesterday, Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts brought me a general call of the caucus of the Anti-Nebraska members of Congress. I supposed that it related to some manner of legislative action. It was signed by himself, Fish, Sumner, and others of the Senate. I signed it at once. Yesterday Dr. Bailey came and informed me that the object was to issue a congressional call for a "People's Convention" to nominate candidates. I wrote a note to Mr. Wilson requesting him to erase my name. It seemed bad enough for me, who despise

and deprecate congressional caucuses concerning our party questions, to have to sign such a call, under any circumstances; but still worse to sign a call for a new and different convention, when, as a Republican, I was distinctly identified with the call of another and distinct convention. I am able to conceive something of the perplexities which the "Know-Nothing" faction have created; and, therefore, quite willing and anxious to see every thing done that can be done to remove them.

Last night Mr. Sage and Mr. Morgan came here to consult me about a movement of the Anti-Nebraska members of Congress, or rather of the House of Representatives. Mr. Sage said it proceeded on the suggestion of Governor Johnson of Pennsylvania, that the object was to call a convention of all the opponents of the Administration and of Nebraska, at or about the same time and the same place, with the Republican Convention, so that through that distinct door "Americans" could enter. They said the address was being prepared, and that L. D. Campbell and others would sign it, and thus it would seem to disrupt the "Americans." Sage approved heartily, in the right way, but knowing what you had lately thought, and seeing a possibility of misguidance by dividing counsels, I thought it best to write you. As I learn, there is an expectation of haste, but such operations are never hurried here.

On the 19th and 20th of May Mr. Sumner made his speech on "The Crime Against Kansas," — a speech which Whittier called "a grand and terrible Philippic." Two days later the city and the country were startled by the news of the assault upon him by Preston S. Brooks.

Early in the evening after the assault, all the Republican Senators met at Seward's house and held long and anxious conference as to their own course in the matter. They were but a fraction of the Senate. Four-fifths of that body were controlled by the slave power, and there was little hope of justice or fairness at the hands of the majority.

It was agreed at this meeting that Wilson, as the colleague of Sumner, should call the attention of the Senate to the attack. According to ordinary parliamentary usage and courtesy, one of the majority would then move for a Committee of Investigation. But if none of them did, Seward would make the motion himself. In the expectation that some action would be taken, crowds filled the galleries and lobbies of the Senate Chamber next morning. Immediately after the reading of the Journal, Wilson rose and said:

Mr. President, the seat of my colleague is vacant to-day for the first time during five years of public service. Yesterday, after the Senate had adjourned, my colleague remained in his seat, busily engaged in his public duties. While thus engaged, with pen in hand, and in a position which rendered him utterly incapable of protecting or defending himself, Mr. Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House of Representatives, approached his desk, unobserved, and abruptly addressed him. Before he had time to utter a single word in reply,

he received a stunning blow upon the head from a cane in the hands of Mr. Brooks, which made him blind, and almost unconscious. Endeavoring, however, to protect himself, in rising from his chair, his desk was overthrown, and while in that condition, he was beaten upon the head, by repeated blows, until he sunk upon the floor of the Senate, exhausted, unconscious, and covered with blood.

Sir, to assail a member of the Senate out of this Chamber, "for words spoken in debate," is a grave offense, not only against the rights of the Senator, but the constitutional privileges of the House; but to come into the Chamber and assault a member, in his seat, until he falls exhausted and senseless on the floor, is an offense requiring the prompt and decisive action of the Senate.

Senators, I have called your attention to this transaction. I submit no motion. I leave it to older Senators, whose character — whose position in this body, and before the country, eminently fit them for the task of devising measures to redress the wrongs of a member of this body, and to vindicate the honor and dignity of the Senate.

There was a pause. No one of the Democratic Senators stirred. As the Chair was about proceeding to other business, Seward rose and offered his resolution:

Resolved, That a committee of five members be appointed, by the President, to inquire into the circumstances attending the assault committed on the person of the Hon. Charles Sumner, a member of the Senate, in the Senate Chamber yesterday; and that said committee be instructed to report a statement of the facts, together with their opinion thereon, to the Senate.

He asked for its immediate consideration. However much the majority might desire to overlook, or approve the assault, they saw they could not refuse, at least, the form of an investigation. So they contented themselves with amending the resolution, so as to have the members of the committee elected by the Senate. This enabled them to disregard the ordinary rule, that the mover of a resolution for a committee is made the Chairman of it. Instead of making Seward Chairman, they carefully excluded all Republicans from the committee, and made it up entirely of Sumner's political opponents.

Mrs. Seward's letters home described some of the incidents of this period:

The telegraph and journals have by this time told you of the disgraceful scene in the Senate Chamber yesterday. The Washington papers, of course, make it as smooth as possible for Brooks. Sumner was badly hurt — I think, stunned — by the first blow. He and Morgan were covered with blood, when your father arrived at the house. Sumner was on the bed, recovered from the bewilderment of his faculties, and much in hopes that some benefit to the anti-slavery cause might accrue from the affair.

May 25.

As the Democracy would not allow any "Free Soil" Senator to be of the committee, of course there will be no action of any account. In the meantime, I fear Charles Sumner is suffering more than he admits. I called at the door of his lodgings — in answer to a card of inquiry, was told that the physician did not wish him to see any one, as he was very weak.

The telegraph last night brought the intelligence of the destruction of the town of Lawrence by the "Border Ruffians." What has become of the inhabitants we are yet to learn. I had some visions of all this, at the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It is but the beginning of the rule of slavery, which, when white men themselves become the slaves, as they are becoming now, they will find harder to bear, than they have fancied, when it was only their black brethren who were oppressed.

I am told that the members of Congress from the North are beginning to wear arms for protection in our legislative halls; they are required for self-defense. What a comment upon our boasted free institutions! People here, if they have any sympathy with the wronged, are afraid to manifest it. The press, with one exception, withhold the truth, when it conflicts with the interests of the masters.

I send you the account given of this brutal assault. This is all that the majority of the people in Washington know of the whole affair. Any other version is spoken of as the "story of the Abolitionists," and, therefore, unworthy of credit.

When the Senate Committee reported, a few days later, it carefully abstained from any condemnation of the assault, and cited precedents to prove that the Senate had no jurisdiction of the case further than to make complaint to the House of Representatives, and transmit the papers to that body. So this course was adopted.

In the House, however, there seemed more likelihood of fairness. A committee, consisting of three Republicans and two Democrats, was appointed, and proceeded with vigor and earnestness. Meanwhile the news had spread abroad. At the South, the act seemed to be greeted with approval. At the North, it was received with an outburst of indignation. Public meetings and presses denounced it. Wilson, whose position as Sumner's colleague, was trying and difficult, bore himself with fidelity and courage. He says of this epoch :*

The criminal and his victim were very much lost sight of in the moral and political significance of the act. For the moment Sumner and Brooks were regarded mainly as representative men, exponents of the two civilizations which divided the country; while the scenes of the 22d of May, on the floor of the Senate, were looked upon as typical of what was being enacted on the wider theater of the nation. Mr. Sumner, though confessedly the superior of his assailant in stature and physical strength, sitting and cramped beneath his

* "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power." By Henry Wilson.

writing-desk over which he was bending, with pen in hand, taken unawares and at disadvantage, and his assailant raining blows upon his unprotected head, fairly represented freedom and slavery as they stood at that time confronting each other. Freedom, though intrinsically stronger than its antagonist, was yet practically weaker. * * * This blow at free speech, and personal safety as well, like a flash of lightning in a dark and stormy night, revealed by its lurid glare, the grim facts of the situation; and the people, for good reason, trembled as they gazed apprehensively into the immediate and more remote future.

Resolutions of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Legislatures condemning the outrage as a violation of freedom of speech and debate, led to extended discussion in the Senate, in which Seward participated. Denouncing the assault, he said:

Every one knew that the sufferer in that scene was my cherished friend and political associate. Every one knew that he had fallen senseless, and for all that was at first known, lifeless on the floor of the Senate of the United States, for utterances, which whether discreet, or indiscreet, were utterances made in the cause of truth, humanity, and justice.

He then proceeded to point out that the effects of such an outrage were of far more than personal consequence, since they affected the rights of the States, and the individual rights of every citizen:

We are not merely here in our individual character — we are the representatives of States. Their rights, opinions, and policies cannot be defended and maintained, unless their representatives are perfectly free and secure in their persons, while attending the Congress of the United States. * * *

The Legislature of Rhode Island protests against any proceedings of either House of Congress to screen an offender who has violated the person of a Senator for words spoken in debate. The State thus speaking, speaks, I think, as becomes a State which values her own rights, and at the same time is resolved to uphold and maintain law, order, and the Constitution.

The subsequent phases and incidents of the matter, the long and serious suffering of Mr. Sumner, the report of the House Committee recommending the expulsion of Brooks, and the censure of his assistants and abettors, the resignation of Brooks, and his re-election and return from South Carolina, the Brooks and Burlingame "affair," the personal altercations and challenges, and preparations for street encounters, which grew out of it, all tended to intensify Northern feeling on this subject. Like many another act of violence done in the interest of slavery, it reacted with damaging effect upon those who conceived and those who approved it.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1856.

The Kansas Struggle. "Border Ruffians" and "Free State" Men. The Presidential Canvass. National Conventions. Fillmore and Donelson. Buchanan and Breckenridge. Fremont and Dayton.

MEANWHILE, the Kansas struggle was taking on more alarming proportions. The sacking and the burning of the town of Lawrence, the destruction of the village of Osawatomie, the "battle of Black Jack," ending in the surrender of Pate's Gang, the breaking up of "Free State" printing offices, the attacks upon and murder of "Free State" inhabitants were among its incidents. The wonder was, that the immigration of "Free State" settlers still continued steadily to pour into the Territory, becoming the nucleus of its future population. The "Border Ruffian" invaders were better armed and organized, and were bold and reckless in their attacks. Yet they had neither patient industry to till the soil, nor thrift and intelligence to build up farms and villages. So the ravaged Territory gradually grew up as a "Free State," in spite of them.

Four years had again brought round the time for Presidential nominations. The conservative "Americans" had selected Mr. Fillmore as their candidate, in February. Both the Democratic and the Republican National Conventions had been called to meet in June. The Democrats gathered on the 2d, at Cincinnati. Pierce and Douglas had been the two prominent leaders of the party, in its recent action. But both were closely identified with the Kansas and Nebraska question, the great issue of the day. Buchanan had been three years out of the country, as Minister to England, and was readily seen to be the more "available" candidate. He was nominated for President, with Breckenridge for Vice-President. The Convention then rounded off its labors by a platform, affirming the doctrines and approving the course of Pierce and Douglas, in regard to slavery and "popular sovereignty."

The Republican Convention was to assemble at Philadelphia. Many who were coming into the new party, from the Democratic and the "American" organizations, naturally enough desired candidates and a platform reflecting their own sentiments. On the other hand, a very large proportion of the delegates were made up of anti-slavery Whigs, who had followed the lead of Seward. But these were divided in opinion, as to the wisdom of nominating him. The more cautious and experienced foresaw defeat in November, and were unwilling to

expose him to its hazards. The more sanguine felt, rather than reasoned, that he was their proper standard-bearer: that there was more likelihood of success with him than with another; and that if the new party were to be defeated in its first campaign, he would still remain its leader. Seward's own feelings would have inclined him to this view, but he contented himself with following his usual course in regard to questions about his own candidacy. He left the whole matter to the judgment of his friends, only signifying his readiness to accept the decision whatever it might be. His letters to Mrs. Seward narrated some of the aspects of the question, as they presented themselves to him.

Astor House, *June* 6.

A cannonade of one hundred guns in the Park, was celebrating the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, when I arrived, and Tammany Hall blazes forth in brilliant illumination at this later hour.

Mr. Weed was prepared, in part, to show me that letter which I was to write, and which was to be equally right in the event of a nomination, of anybody, at the approaching convention. The first attempt at discussing its merits elicited the revelation, that Buchanan's nomination at Cincinnati, by a unanimous convention, rendered the nomination of the preferred person at Philadelphia probably impossible — certainly undesirable. This being clearly settled, the question arose next, what then was the use of the proposed letter? This inquiry brought forth the further revelation that the object was to save that preferred, but now unavailable candidate, from being a soured man, by laying an anchor into the vale of the future. Nothing else. This object being fully understood, I was of the opinion, first, that self-respect forbade the writing of such a letter, for such an object; second, that there was no danger of that unhappiness, that was to be thus prevented; and, third, that the remedy proper for the occasion, was withdrawal from public and political life, at the close of the present session of Congress. Without coming to any agreement on these points, the letter was torn up. And here I am, now, writing to you, certainly in no soured spirit, the truthful account of the explosion of the bubble of ambition, and the closing days of twenty years, devoted, from the opening of to the ripening of manhood, to the advancement of the cause of justice and humanity. I trust that the record will not be a trivial one, or one destitute of the power to stimulate others.

Good night.

Washington, *June* 10.

I arrived here at six this morning. My coming was seasonable. The Senate had up the Kansas subject in a new form to-day, and it would have been unfortunate if I had been absent, as you will understand from reading the paper, to-morrow.

Everybody asks me what is to be done, who is to be nominated, etc., at Philadelphia, and whether our candidate can be elected? To which I answer,

that I do not know, I do not inquire. We might succeed, if we do not persevere in demoralizing ourselves. Probably we shall overcome even that.

The temper of the politicians, I see, is subdued by Buchanan's nomination, and indicates retreat, confusion, rout in the election. I listen and lament the *divisions* that produce and continue disasters, that I may not attempt to cure.

June 11.

I seize a few minutes, which are left me, before going out to dine with Governor Marcy. Mr. Crittenden and Mr. Bell and Mr. Clayton broke ground to-day, not in favor of freedom in Kansas, but in favor of modifying the persecution against freedom there. It is auspicious of better times, hereafter, though not, perhaps, immediately. I made a little speech, which pleased me well enough to make me think of sending the *Globe*, which will contain it, to you, to-morrow.

From all I learn, I remain of the opinion that "availability" is to be indulged next week, and that my own friends are to make the sacrifice. Be it so; I shall submit with better grace than others would.

June 13.

Yesterday, Mr. Butler began a reply to Mr. Sumner, which he will finish to-day. The excited sensibilities of the North have served to alarm the Southern politicians in the slavery interest. So, Mr. Butler's reply is more moderate than it would probably have been in other circumstances. The anger of both parties in Congress is cooled; the threats of violence are dying away.

Everybody here talks of nothing but the anticipated Convention at Philadelphia, next week, and the indications are quite decisive of a "compromise," that threatens me with peculiar embarrassments; while I, alone, foresee that it will be even more injurious to the great cause in whose name the compromise is to be made. No word from New York reaches me. I am quite satisfied that I am to be left to look on at a distance, and learn events as they transpire. It tries my patience to read and hear what is said, and to act as if I assented, under expectations of personal benefits, present and prospective! Just as soon as the Convention has done its work, the appeals will come from every quarter to me to bring, into the capital stock, what little of character for independence and firmness I have saved. When I think of this, I turn to Douglas and Cass and Pierce, and see the humiliations they are practicing, in their party, to a similar end, under similar circumstances, and I perceive that I am to be obliged to choose between that, on the one side, or a reserve that will seem selfish and factious, on the other.

June 14.

Mr. Wilson, yesterday, made a triumphant reply to Mr. Butler, and the best possible vindication of Mr. Sumner.

The Philadelphia delegates are passing through here, and the state of things is odd enough. The understanding all around me is, that Greeley has struck hands with enemies of mine, and sacrificed me for the good of the cause, to be obtained by a nomination of a more available candidate, and that

Weed has concurred in demanding my acquiescence. The nomination of either the California candidate or the Ohio judge is regarded as a foregone conclusion; and as a conclusion arrived at with my own approval and consent. But there are continually arriving here one delegate or more, from each of the States, who are suspicious, distrustful, and apparently obstinate in refusing to acquiesce in the bargain. Tied up as I am, I am unable to give them any explanation or consolation. If I were to pursue the course prescribed to me, I should avow myself in favor of the course that they say has been agreed upon. But I have concluded to preserve my own self-respect, by speaking only what I think, so far as I speak at all. I hope that my ingenious tormentors will find somebody else to subject to their screws, when I shall have exhausted myself.

To Baker he wrote:

June 15.

I am glad to see that you had so good a Sumner meeting at Albany. It is not pleasant to see the signs of success in demoralizing the Republican party; but the masses must be allowed to advance toward truth, zig-zag, if they will not go in a straight line. Let us rejoice that they *do* advance.

To Mrs. Seward, he said:

June 15.

There is nothing to be done this week, in Congress, and I would go home, if I could get there and back, without encountering the curious and excited people who concern themselves in politics. As things are, I shall remain here, and dispose of my correspondence, which is too much in arrear — and possibly study something for the Senate.

June 17.

A messenger came through by night, from Philadelphia, bringing Schoolcraft's letter, saying that my nomination now would be unwise and unsafe, on the ground that the election would be impossible; while earnest friends refused to forego my nomination, without my own authority; also a letter from Webb, saying that my nomination and election would be certain, if I would persist. I remitted a peremptory declension, on the ground that the Republican Convention was not prepared to adopt all my principles and policy; and that I would not modify *them* to secure the Presidency.

The next day brought news of the assembling of the Convention at Philadelphia, its reception of the overtures from the "Americans," the choice of E. D. Morgan as presiding officer, the adoption of a strong anti-slavery "platform" reported by Wilmot, and the active and earnest participation in the proceedings, of Preston King, John A. King, Robert Emmet, Charles Francis Adams, Henry Wilson, John Jay, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, and Caleb B. Smith. Then followed the news that on the first ballot, Colonel Fremont had three hundred and fifty-eight votes, and Judge McLean one hundred and ninety-nine. On the second, the vote

stood five hundred and thirty-four to thirty-seven for the same candidates.

The names of Seward, Chase, and others were withdrawn before any ballot was taken. For Vice-President, on an informal ballot, Mr. Dayton received two hundred and fifty-nine, Abraham Lincoln one hundred and ten, David Wilmot forty-three, and Charles Sumner, thirty-six.

Meanwhile, Seward wrote from Washington:

June 19.

The nomination at Philadelphia, I hope, will not disappoint its inventors. Mr. Sumner is at Blair's, beginning to recover strength, while George is writing letters, to silence doctors, who insist that he is well already.

I am revising for the press my remarks on Crittenden's resolution, and, also, my remarks made on Monday last, on the Sumner affair. Besides this duty, I am preparing an appeal for the wagon road to California, and beyond that, lies the duty of answering Mr. Clayton's speech on his new and delusive Kansas Bill. Washington is yet lifeless. The members do not return from Philadelphia.

June 26.

The truth is, between us, that it was intended to have the platform silent on the "American" question; but to have the nominations represent a coalition of Republicans and "Americans" (ignoring my principles for this time). But Dr. Bailey's protest, through Mr. Giddings, prevented that, and now we have a complete Seward platform, with new, representative men upon it.

Augustus is at Baltimore. He has sent over to me a great green turtle weighing sixty pounds. I am in as great trouble as the man who bought an elephant.

June 27.

Greeley came on last night, and has been here this morning, exultant that he has done the very best thing in the rightest way. Our friends are quite sanguine of Fremont's success; and the enemy are alarmed.

The Kansas question will be disposed of in Congress, shortly. In the Senate there will be an ingenious dodge of the issue. I wish I could hope that it would fail in the House. But you know what Houses of Representatives, and even great parties are capable of.

June 28.

Our people are beginning to be confident that Fremont will be elected, and, what is more indicative, is, that the Democrats are alarmed. Mason had a resolution in his hand, to rescind the former one, by which the Senate pronounced Brooks' assault on Sumner a breach of privilege, and called on the House to punish it; and rose, after my answer to Hunter, to present it; but held back at the instance of his friends.

June 29.

Colonel Webb invites me to spend the 4th with him, at his country-seat. Fremont and Mrs. Fremont are to be there. This week we are to have the

struggle for Kansas, in both Houses. I wish it were well through. I am weary, and, although animosities have died away around me, I feel much alone. Hundreds of kind letters come, bidding me hope for "justice;" and the writers scarcely misunderstand me more than others do, who promise me a place in Col. Fremont's Cabinet. I am content with my earnest wishes to have done more than I could, for the cause of truth.

So opened the Presidential campaign. Popular conventions are not infallible. The mass of voters and of delegates in 1856 were doubtless impelled by patriotic motives. But the outcome of their joint wisdom was, that neither Seward nor Lincoln were desirable candidates; and that Buchanan and Breckenridge were deemed the most fit persons to be intrusted with the national safety.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1856.

Kansas at the Doors of Congress. The Investigating Committee's Report. Stormy Debates. A Midnight Speech. Passage of his Bill by the House. Sumner. Watching and Waiting. General Webb. The Army Bill. The House's Proviso. "Hurly Burly." A Projected Sea Trip. Wrecks. The Conference Committee. An Extra Session. "Executive Theatricals." The Surrender.

MIDSUMMER found high debates over Kansas resounding in both wings of the Capitol. On the last day of June, Mr. Douglas reported a new "enabling act," differing in detail from the former one, but having the same general purpose.

Seward wrote.

WASHINGTON, *July* 1, 1856.

Yesterday the Kansas Bill was lost in the House by one vote. So much for this vicious "Americanism." To-day and to-morrow will close the debate in the Senate, and then a new and deceptive measure will pass there.

July 2.

I had the Republican Senators at dinner yesterday on turtle soup and steaks. They express great concern about Sumner, who is yet at Mr. Blair's. I shall go to see him as soon as I can. To-day the debate in the Senate is to close, and the new sham evasive Kansas Bill is to pass the Senate. The Republican members are largely absent. We shall have a spirited debate. I am very weary, but I shall try to be heard amid the storm.

The "Know-Nothing" farce of two years ago in the North is now doing its wretched work in trying to defeat my bill for the immediate admission of

Kansas, in the House of Representatives, and I fear it will pass this new bill. One needs patience in this long strife with popular perverseness.

It is probable that we shall sit nearly, or quite through the night, and then adjourn until Monday.

The closing debate in the Senate lasted twenty hours. The majority kept together and steadily voted down every amendment proposed by Seward, Wilson, Foster, or Trumbull. It was nearly daylight when Seward rose to make his final speech against it. He advised "the honorable gentlemen to consider well the pass to which they have brought things in this country. They have brought the country to the verge of civil war." Recalling how the country had fared by its successive concessions to the slave power, he remarked:

It was my fortune to have just come into Congress when California, a free State, applied for admission into the Union. I insisted upon her admission without condition, qualification, or compromise. I was overruled. I was censured, how widely, how severely, all the world knows, for my refusal to join a measure expected to terminate the discussion of slavery in Congress, and to restore harmony throughout the country forever. Only four years elapsed, when those who had effected that compromise found it necessary to open to slavery the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas.

Then describing the condition of those Territories, he pointed out how slavery was practically established there by force; how a portion of the people were slain, and others expelled from the Territory; how freedom of speech, of the press, and of the electors were subverted, while the leaders of the party of freedom were either dispersed beyond the Territory, or imprisoned within it, on charges of pretended crimes.

Replying to Mr. Crittenden, who asked whether the Senator from New York would do any thing "to compose the fatal strife in Kansas, which no one has depicted in deeper colors than himself," Seward said, "I answer, yes; I will vote for the admission of Kansas into the Union, under the Topeka Constitution. That measure, and that measure only, will restore peace and harmony, while it will rescue freedom."

While the Senate was engaged with this debate, the House of Representatives was receiving the report of the Kansas Investigating Committee. It produced a profound sensation. The testimony formed a bulky volume. The recital of the crimes and oppressions committed by the "Border Ruffians" seemed almost incredible.

July 4.

Our debate in the Senate was protracted, but tame and quiet, compared with previous scenes of like sort.

My last speech will be out in a day or two. By almost surprise upon itself, the House of Representatives yesterday passed the Kansas Bill (my own bill). It will reach the Senate on Monday, and be considered on Tuesday.

July 5.

I kept the 4th, by correcting my notes of that stormy night debate, until dinner-time, and then I rode with Mr. Foster of Connecticut, to Blair's, to see Charles Sumner. He was at dinner when we arrived. He is much changed for the worse. His elasticity and vigor are gone. He walks, and in every way moves, like a man who has not altogether recovered from a paralysis, or like a man whose sight is dimmed, and his limbs stiffened with age. His conversation, however, was like that of his season of better health. It turned altogether on what the Senate were doing, and the course of debate and conduct therein. When he spake of his health, he said he thought he was getting better now, but his vivacity of spirit, and his impatience for study are gone. It is impossible to regard him without apprehension. He comes to town to-morrow. He proposes to make his way Northward next week, by slow stages. I think it is best.

The Senate you know have fixed the 28th of July as the day for adjournment. Our majority in the House is so unreliable, that our friends there think it will be safest for us to accept the proposition, and get away as soon as possible. As things stand now, the House standing for freedom in Kansas, is at issue with the Senate; and the question will go fairly before the country. All things, however, change so often that I cannot promise myself any thing definite. The Democrats are profoundly alarmed. Hence their change, from denunciation to compromise, concerning Kansas.

July 6.

It was the occupation of Friday and Saturday to revise the speeches I made in that long debate on Wednesday night. They are now ready for the press. They will be useful, I trust. The temper and tone of the House have improved so much, that I have a hope they will stand by the issue they have made. The report of the Kansas Committee in the House is a publication that must produce a stunning effect. If, indeed, the party shall fail, and the cause be overborne, in this election, I can, and probably ought to remain at my post, to try and save it for another trial. On the other hand, if it shall succeed, as I most earnestly hope that it will, then I think I can consistently take an honorable discharge. In that case I shall desire to retire from a position which exposes me to the whole fire of the enemy; while my own friends, or rather the friends of my own cause, shrink from maintaining and defending me. So let us have the old house made ready, to begin the scenes of retirement and study, which befit the close of a man's life, when his utmost service has been rendered to his country.

The contracting parties who engaged to make a coalition ticket, part anti-slavery and part "Know-Nothing," and even excluded me from their consultations, are in trouble, because the Philadelphia Convention failed to adopt the "Know-Nothing" nominee for Vice-President, pursuant to previous engagement, as they say. Several are here to seek my advice and assistance in get-

ting that difficulty settled. It is quite amusing; but I think I am entitled to excuse myself from entering into these transactions.

July 7.

I had at dinner yesterday two members of the late seceding "Know-Nothing" Convention in New York; and they stated to me that that Convention accepted Fremont, on an understanding that the Philadelphia Convention would nominate a Vice-President acceptable to them; and named Mr. Johnson of Pennsylvania. At Philadelphia, however, Greeley got alarmed, lest so great a concession to the "Know-Nothings" might lose too many Germans; and so, through his influence, Mr. Dayton was nominated; so that we have, in New England, Fremont and Johnson, in other States, Fremont and Dayton. The joke of this business was that these embassadors applied to *me*, to redress the wrongs they had sustained!

July 8.

How happily mankind are constituted in the article of temperament! On my way to Mr. Blair's, on the 4th, I found all Washington colonized in the woods — white and black, master and slave, old and young. Of all its denizens, it seemed that I alone toiled, nay, that I alone thought that day.

There seems to be no hope of a day's rest from watching, until the end of the session. Yesterday morning the House bill for admitting Kansas, under the Topeka Constitution, came into the Senate. To-day we are to have it under consideration; and to contend for it against its enemies, hopeless of success, and under what measure of abuse and vituperation, I don't know. In the mean time, one finds it no easy matter to arrange plans to secure concert. One member thinks it's no use. Another wont talk. A third is dissatisfied with the positions to be taken. Another is absent. Getting out of the Senate into the House, it increases. Our majority there is only two, and it is, therefore, necessary to watch continually, and see that every member is present. These cares affect us all, and make us anxious.

July 9.

I have been down to the old market, and bought the corn and beans for succotash, and have instructed Louisa how to make it. The weather is hot, hotter, hottest! Mr. Weed is at Willard's organizing his campaign. I quit this letter to revise my midnight speech, which I hope you read.

July 19.

After an intense, the most intense day of the summer, we got, last night, a thunder storm, with rain, and this morning we have a clear and bracing breeze.

Edward Stanley is here from San Francisco, the same true, loyal friend that he always was, and improved moreover by his emancipation from serfdom in slave State. He comes to dinner to-day.

July 21.

I am sorry to say that my church-going habit has quite fallen off, since I have been left alone here. I occupied myself yesterday until dinner-time with the duty of bringing up my arrears of correspondence, and at, and after dinner,

with friends. Mr. Weed, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Murray, and Mr. McCarthy came to dine on succotash, and spent the afternoon.

The Republicans here are less sanguine than the Democrats are alarmed. What seems to be the difficulty is, to call off the "Know-Nothings" from their absurd hunt after the Pope. I cannot but regret that all who acted with me did not agree with me in denouncing the folly, and defying it from the first. We should not now be so much plagued with it.

July 30.

We have had magnificent and noisy showers through the night. The earth is yet moist.

The House of Representatives, growing bolder under the popular demonstrations against slavery, has passed one or two bills which tender a direct issue to the Senate. These may, I hope, be the beginning of that divergence between the House of Representatives sustaining freedom, and the Senate sustaining slavery, which may bring the question home to the people, for their decision. For three weeks past, I have thought our issue was fairly made up. But if the House adheres to its present position, then the most earnest and trying part of the session is yet before us. I dread it; but I shall try to do my duty.

July 31.

We are having tedious sessions in the Senate. Our Southern associates are noisy, vituperative, and abusive, in their opposition to Rivers and Harbors. Their Northern allies, such as Cass, Stuart, Pugh, and others, are restless, and fight back complainingly. Fessenden, yesterday, pointed out to me in the Bible, the appeal of the animal to Balaam — "Am I not thine ass, on which thou hast ridden ever since I was an ass?"

General Webb, after dinner, sits on the front steps, and attracts Stoeckl, and his guests, and so we have long and large cigar parties.

August 3.

There is no Republican organization or life in Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. I think that the well-informed even despair of both of these States, and so of the election itself. Meantime, Democrats and "Know-Nothings" are taking courage, and it begins to be difficult for me to resist the pressure upon me to take the field and bear up, as well as I may, the banner.

August 6.

Our sessions of the Senate are becoming fatiguing and exhausting. I go now to the Capitol, and on Committee at eleven, and sit in debate until six. Dinner comes at that hour, and then one hour or two only before sleep. General Webb leaves to-morrow morning for the North, and does not return. He has relieved the solitude of my home considerably, and is, indeed, a very kind friend.

August 7.

Last night I finished my task of carrying the River and Harbor Bills through the Senate. It had been the constant labor of two weeks, against the

violent opposition of the extreme men of Virginia, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, and Georgia. By some accidental, but tacit consent, the duty fell on me to lead, and I found the battle one requiring all my skill.

Now came the closing struggle. The usual Appropriation Bill for the Army had passed the House of Representatives, with a proviso attached to it, that the Army should not be employed by the President to enforce the so-called "laws" of the "Border Ruffian" Legislature. The majority in the Senate had insisted on striking this out. An earnest debate followed. Seward, in speaking on this question, remarked:

I have devoted heretofore a part of my life to mitigating the severity of penal codes. The Senate of the United States now informs us, that if I desire the privilege of voting for this bill to maintain the Army of the United States, I must consent to send that Army into the Territory of Kansas, to fasten chains of iron, six feet long, with balls of iron, four inches in diameter, with strong locks, upon the limbs of offenders guilty of speaking, printing, and publishing principles and opinions subversive of the system of slavery!

Then quoting some of the other provisions of the "laws," such as the number of lashes to be inflicted on female slaves, the punishment by death for aiding slaves to escape, etc., he said:

Call these provisions, which I have recited, by what name you will — edicts, ordinances, or statutes — they are the laws which the House of Representatives says shall not be enforced in Kansas, by the Army of the United States. I give my thanks to the House of Representatives, sincere and hearty thanks! I salute the House of Representatives with the homage of my profound respect! It has vindicated the Constitution of my country; it has vindicated the cause of freedom; it has vindicated the cause of humanity. Even though it shall rescind this vindication to-morrow, yet I shall, nevertheless, regard this proviso, standing only for a single day, as an omen of more earnest and firm legislation.

Alluding to the confident expectation of the Senators, that they would compel the House to recede, he remarked:

Ever since I adopted the policy of opposing the spread of slavery, my hopes have been fixed, not on existing Presidents, Senates or Houses of Representatives, but on future Presidents and future Congresses — and my hopes and my faith grow stronger and stronger as each succeeding President, Senate, and House of Representatives fails to adopt and establish that policy, so eminently constitutional and conservative. My hopes and my faith thus grow on disappointment; because I see by degrees, which are marked, although the progress seem slow, my countrymen, who alone create Presidents and Congresses, are coming to apprehend the wisdom and justice of that policy.

On the following day he wrote home:

August 8.

Yesterday was the day which it seemed had been set apart to try my capacity, to an effort to rally the Republicans and friends of freedom, in the House and in the country, to a noble stand against executing those infamous laws. It was eight o'clock when I got the floor, and a quarter past nine when I gave it up. I dined at half-past ten. Have slept seven hours, and here I am in my arm-chair, fresh and new again. It will be a day or two before I shall get my speech out of the reporter's hands.

Wade and I have about concluded to go home, after the adjournment, by sea. We are to take passage in a schooner or brig at Baltimore, for St. Johns, or Halifax, or Quebec, and go home by railroad or steamboat from the place of debarkation. Thus we shall get a sea-voyage of about seven, eight or ten days, free from society, and amusing ourselves with playing jack-straws, and balloting for Fremont. What do you think? Can I be allowed this indulgence?

August 9.

I wish you could have seen the Senate yesterday. We met at eleven, and the new Senator from Ohio, Mr. Pugh, successor of Chase, a sharp, clear-headed lawyer, entertained us three and a half hours with an argument on a private claim. Fatigue, heat, and depression had made us all languid. Except the Chairman, not one man listened, and yet we could not leave. We adjourned at five to go through a wearisome round of speeches to-day, on partisan topics, to be used by their authors at home.

The result of the elections in the Southern States adverse to Mr. Fillmore, will render the success of Mr. Fremont, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, possible. If I do not over-rate the value of the speech I made yesterday, it will be effective in those States. I want it to be so.

August 10.

It gives me pleasure to say, that as the session draws to a close, it is likely to end in more pleasant relations between other members of the Senate and myself than have ever before existed. The Democrats are generally respectful and kind — Cass, Douglas, Bright, Brown, Butler, etc., etc. I shall part from Mr. Mason and Mr. Toombs on worse terms than heretofore; but with all others my relations are vastly improved. Strangest of all things, I have given to Mr. Weller a certificate of character to counteract the calumnies which his recklessness of political animosity have provoked. He is grateful. Bright is so, also, for other favors.

August 12.

Hurly-burly! Bills to be paid, bills for wagon roads, Pacific railroads, and steamboat lines to be passed — all at once. Everybody here calling and occupying every minute. Everybody, everywhere, writing all manner of letters, and urging immediate and elaborate replies. This is the condition of things here. Printers holding back my own speeches, and other printers thrusting on me speeches for revision. Papers lost, nobody to search for them. Thank God, I am better and stronger to-day than yesterday! Amen!

August 16.

The Senate sat last night until eleven, and then adjourned to meet at eleven to-day. We shall probably sit all through the night. Things are looking very well. I believe the House will be firm. But its virtue has been undermined in a way unlooked for. A bill has passed giving members of Congress a salary, which I fear will make a point in the election.

At length we have arranged our departure. Wade and I (with Lewis) embark on Tuesday next at noon, in the brig *Ellen Barnard* (300 tons), for Halifax, and we shall probably be out at sea ten or twelve days. That you may have no unnecessary fears for us, I will telegraph you on our arrival at Halifax if possible.

August 17.

I left the Senate Chamber this morning at half-past four; have had a nap and a breakfast. Practically, this session of Congress, for me one of the longest and quite the most laborious and trying one, is at an end. We hold a session of three hours to-morrow to wind up the business unfinished, and then all will be off, and most trying to secure a return to another Congress.

All around me are wrecks of schemes and hopes. Kansas is left a prey to civil war and slavery. Fremont, who was preferred over me because I was not a bigoted Protestant, is nearly convicted of being a Catholic. Collins' steamers have been ruined by Vanderbilt's rivalry; and Vanderbilt himself is even worse off. G.'s bill lies on the table, and there are buried with it the little savings of his fretful life, and the present hopes of a marriage that was to give him peace, stability, and character. Sumner is contending with death in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Who would not be a politician? As for myself, I have labored hard, and I can only console myself with the reflection that if I had done less, things might have been even worse.

And now, after this brief time spent in moralizing, I am about beginning the work of preparation for departure — departure, of course, in a hurry.

August 18.

Just adjourned. Army Bill lost — by reason of Kansas. President threatens to reconvene us to-morrow. If so, I wait here. If not, I sail to-morrow at twelve for Halifax. Voyage, eight, ten, or twelve days. Write to me at Halifax until August 28. God bless and keep you and the children until we meet soon.

August 19.

Who cares for Halifax? Who would leave a gay metropolis, with its court and its spoils, to flounder on a treacherous ocean a fortnight, with no better end than to be cast off from it into a dingy provincial town like Halifax? Not I.

Well! I was advanced on Saturday to the high honor of a seat in the Committee of Conference of the two Houses, on their disagreement on the Army Bill. The Committee was, for the Senate, Toombs, Douglas, and Seward; for the House, Campbell, Orr, and Spinner. We met at Toombs' house and found no difficulty in agreeing that we were to disagree. The debates in this long

session had been winning respect for us "Black Republicans." Some of the members, I shall not say who, thought the champagne bottle a happy invention to promote good feeling, though insufficient to produce concurrence in opinion. It was finally proposed by the Democrats that this, the last Committee of Conference on the Army Bill, should, immediately after the adjournment, meet again at Whitehurst's and be ambrotyped. We met on Monday and disagreed, and adjourned in the Senate and the House in admirable temper. I had only just reached home, having forgotten the ambrotype, when a message came for me. I went to Whitehurst's and the picture was made. I found a large, uninvited dinner-party on my return home. After a short dinner, I tumbled every thing very promiscuously into trunks and mail-bags, and at seven o'clock sat down in my lonely house to contemplate, when in came the President's proclamation calling an extra session! And here I am, fast bound for about a week, while the *Ellen Barnard* is, I suppose, spreading her canvas and making her way down the Chesapeake. May she have speed and safety, and may her captain and crew enjoy the canteloups, watermelons, peaches and ice I sent aboard of her yesterday! They are very unlucky fellows to miss the claret, champagne, and cigars that Lewis had put up for her table.

Of course, the voyage fails me. What next. I suppose I shall be kept here until adjournment. If any other scheme of relaxation gains favor with me, I will advise you of it without delay.

August 20.

I am here yet and waiting for what is not pleasant to contemplate — the House of Representatives betrayed by the "Know-Nothings" to the Executive. It must, however, be borne with what patience we can command.

I think nothing will be done at the extra session, but the passage of the Army Bill. Owing to the lately passed Compensation Bill, Congressmen get neither mileage nor pay for this extra session. So it will be mighty short.

August 21.

I am going to the Capitol to see how long it will take the House of Representatives to surrender to this President and —— Senate. I think it will not be long. I look for a dispersion in a day or two.

August 22.

Quite to my own, and the general surprise, the House of Representatives turned up firm and strong yesterday, and the President finds he has caught a "Tartar." It is now quite uncertain when we shall adjourn.

August 24.

The House yet holds out firmly. The Senate as firmly. Mr. Clayton wants to compromise — I wont agree to that. Strange that a child burnt by compromise, as Clayton has been, should rush into the same flame. Compromise is the statesmanship of the last generation.

August 26.

Never have you seen a body of more excitable men than this Congress, recalled here in their very act of departure after a session of nine months. The

House is the sport of mere accident. It has a majority for freedom to-day; to-morrow it may vote for slavery. The Senate is small in numbers, and can act with unity of purpose. I do not doubt that it will win the victory, perhaps to-day, perhaps later.

August 27.

While the Democrats are drumming up their absentees to overpower our friends in the House of Representatives, schism is breaking out in their ranks in the Senate. They adjourned hastily yesterday to cover their discords and conceal them from the public eye. I don't know how the thing will end. The House has found out the strength that dwells in consistency and firmness, and prefers my counsels.

Of course, the contest was over the proviso in the Army Bill. The hope of the Administration lay in getting some of the "Americans" in the House to change their votes from the Republican to the Democratic side. No effort was spared to accomplish it. In a speech on the 27th, Seward humorously described the situation:

The House of Representatives inserted in the Army Bill a provision which practically prohibits the President from employing the Army to enforce tyrannical laws. The Senate refused even that small act of grace to the people of Kansas. So the Army Bill failed. That is the true state of the case between the two Houses, now at this extra session. Alarms are sounded forth throughout the halls of Congress. The President raises the key-note by striking upon the fertile string of Indian depredations. The honorable and venerable Senator from Michigan chimes in. Never in his eventful life has he seen a period so portentous. And the honorable Senator from Delaware seriously gives forth the prediction that the Army must be disbanded, and the Union itself will fall asunder. It is a piece of stage management. Congress is called back into the theatre, the curtain rises slowly, amid the jarring discords which make the thunder of the political play-house, and then the air is filled with signs and ghastly spectres.

On the fatal day, the 18th of August, when at high noon, this Congress adjourned, I too went forth from the Senate Chamber, haunted by spectres of discord which threatened to rend this country asunder, because the Army Bill had failed, and these spectres pursued me along the avenues and humbler pathways to my quiet dwelling on the bank of the Potomac. Then I sat down to meditate on that mighty and fearful ruin which I had been warned was to fall on the Capitol and on the country, in swift revenge of the failure of the Army Bill.

The evening shades gathered around me, but they brought no notes or signs of sorrow, fear, or sadness. The parlors of my neighbor on the right resounded with the tinkling of the guitar. Fairy-footed children were dancing in the halls of my neighbor on the left to the merriest notes the violin could breathe through its mirth-moving strings. Across the way, the Russian Minister, always watchful of portents of dissension here, worthy the notice of his sovereign, was entertaining a joyous company in his lordly halls, as undisturbed by

the crashing and falling of this great republic over his head, as the deaf-mutes, who, on the opposite side of the way, were joining with happier youths than themselves in the amusements of the eventide. And though it is strange, it is nevertheless true, that this condition of happy ignorance of political evil or danger has continued in that neighborhood ever since.

Here in the Senate Chamber, Senators, you can repeat it to each other. You can even produce conviction upon the galleries. They are filled with your clients. The streets around the Capitol are filled with them. They perhaps will groan, or would, if it were respectful to do so, when I express a doubt whether the ruin is not exaggerated in your speeches. But, Senators, do not let their sympathy mislead and deceive you. They are interested clients and dependents. They all have long arms and wide-spreading fingers to dip, by your gracious permission, into the Treasury, but no strong shoulders to support and bear up the Constitution of their country. If you rely on their applause and their sympathies, and go down with us before the people upon this issue, you may look out, at the next session of Congress, for galleries filled with other clients just as patriotic but at the same time just as well satisfied that this country can only be saved by an administration of the Government which will overturn the Missouri usurpation and restore "perfect freedom to the people of Kansas." I know something of the temper of legislative galleries, and of the atmosphere of executive chambers. I warn you not to rely too much on the purity of the one or the constancy of the other.

Writing home, he said:

August 28.

We had a high day in the Senate yesterday, and another attempt upon the virtue of the House is to be made to-day. The telegraph will inform you before this reaches you whether my fears are just. I do not see how the House can stand against the Senate. At all events, things are coming to a crisis. I do not think we shall last through this week. Well! well! what can one man do alone? What more could I do than I have done?

At last, on the 30th, the coveted votes were gained by the Administration from "Know-Nothing" members, and the House gave up its proviso by ayes 101 to nays 98. Slavery had a fresh triumph, and though by only a slender majority of three, it was enough. Adjournment immediately followed, and the members scattered to their homes.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1856–1857.

The Presidential Canvass. Seward "On the Stump." Northern Responsibility for Slavery. The "Ancient and Eternal Conflict." Buchanan Elected. The Short Session. An Explanation in Three Volumes. Kidnapping Cases. Solomon Northrup. Georgetown and Brooklyn. Rights of Witnesses. The Atlantic Telegraph. The Electoral Count. Another Kansas Bill. Minnesota.

THE presidential canvass was in full swing. Processions and "mass-meetings," waving banners, martial music, and impassioned oratory were at work in every important town. The Congressmen, just emerged from debate under the dome of the Capitol, were called upon to renew and continue it on the platform and on the "stump." No less than six "National Conventions" had been held — one Democratic, one Republican, one Whig, and three "American." While the Democrats were united for Buchanan, their opponents had put in nomination Fremont, Fillmore, Banks, and Stockton. Banks had declined, and his supporters were generally going for Fremont; Stockton withdrew, and his were expected to go for Fillmore, who had also received the indorsement of the Baltimore Convention of "Old Whigs." The two great parties of preceding contests had been so far disorganized and re-combined as to render the result exceedingly doubtful. The Democratic party had lost largely at the North by the going over of its "Free Soil" element to the Republicans; while on the other hand it had gained at the South by the accession of the Southern Whigs. The "American" party was dwindling, while the tide of Republican feeling was manifestly rising throughout the free States, augmented by the Sumner assault and the events in Kansas. But there was still a large number of former Whigs who were unwilling to embark in an anti-slavery movement. Seward hastened to lend his aid in behalf of Fremont and Dayton. In his speech at Detroit, he drew a picture of the Federal capital, showing how the slave-holding class had contrived to intrench itself in every department of the Government.

He called up a picture of the White House, and Capitol, and their incumbents. Proceeding then through each committee room, and each executive department, he showed how each was controlled by slave-holders, and conducted in the interest of slavery. Then, turning upon his auditors, he startled them with an unexpected arraignment of themselves:

You will claim to be merely innocent and unfortunate, and will upbraid the slave-holding class, as the builders of this impending ruin. But you cannot

escape in that way. The fault is with yourselves. The slave-holders only act according to their constitutions, education, and training. It is the non-slave-holding classes, in the free States, who are recreant to their own constitutions, and false to their own instincts and impulses, and even to their own true interests! Who taught the slave-holding class that freedom could be yielded in successive halves by successive compromises? Who taught the slave-holding class the specious theories of "non-intervention," and "popular sovereignty," and the absolute obligation of tyrannical laws enacted by armed usurpation? Who established them at Washington, and gave them the power to march their slave-holding armies into Kansas? The non-slave-holding society in the free States; and no portion of that society, more willingly and more recklessly than you, the people of Michigan!

Finally, he remarked:

Harsh as my words may have seemed, I do my kinsmen and brethren of the free States no such injustice, as to deny that great allowances are to be made for the demoralization I have described. We inherited complicity with slave-holding, and with it, prejudices of caste. We inherited confidence and affection toward our Southern brethren; and with these, our political organizations, and our profound reverence for political authorities. Above all, we inherited a fear of the dissolution of the Union. But if we have inherited prejudices of caste, we have also risen to the knowledge that political safety is dependent on the rendering of equal and exact justice to all men.

As to opposing parties, and the respective candidates, he remarked:

The question now to be decided is, whether a slave-holding class, exclusively, shall govern America. It concerns all persons equally, and, therefore, it seems to me, that this is no time for trials of strength, between the native-born and the adopted freeman.

The whole of the month was engrossed by these political labors. His speeches were at different, and often widely distant points. Chief among them, perhaps, was his speech at Auburn, on the 21st. In this he again enunciated the doctrine, since become so memorable:

It is an ancient and eternal conflict between two entirely antagonistic systems of human labor, existing in American society, not unequal in their forces, a conflict for not merely toleration, but for absolute political sway in the republic, between the system of free labor, with equal and universal suffrage, free speech, free thought, and free action, and the system of slave labor, with unequal franchises secured by arbitrary, oppressive, and tyrannical laws. It is as old as the republic itself, although it has never ripened before. Heretofore opposing political combinations have concurred in suppressing this great and important question, but they have broken under its pressure at last. Henceforth, the two interests will be found contending for the common ground, claimed by both, and which can be occupied only by one of them.

I do not predict the times and seasons, when one or the other of the contending political elements shall prevail. I know, nevertheless, that this State,

this Nation, and this earth, are to be the abode, and happy home of freemen. Its hills and valleys are to be fields of free labor, free thought, and free suffrage.

He wrote, the following week:

AUBURN, *October* 27.

I had a spirited, and, as I hope, a profitable meeting at Buffalo. The tide has evidently turned there, but the result is yet uncertain. I go to speak to-morrow night, at Lyons; on Thursday, at Havana, in Schuyler county; and on Friday night, at Rochester. On Monday I shall go to Oswego, reaching home, as I trust, on Tuesday.

On Tuesday came the election. It resulted in the choice of Buchanan and Breckenridge, who secured 174 of the electors. Yet they fell short of a majority of the popular vote. There were 1,838,169 votes for Buchanan, while there were 2,215,748 divided between Fremont and Fillmore.

On the other hand, the Republicans, though defeated in the general result, had abundant cause for rejoicing. They had developed tremendous power. They had carried all the free States but five, and given Fremont 114 electoral votes; they had a party 1,300,000 strong, and the only one that was growing stronger; they had swept the State of New York by a plurality of 80,000, electing Governor King, and Lieutenant-Governor Selden, and twenty-five out of thirty-three Members of Congress. During the next week, after the returns were in, it was a common remark in the streets, that the victors were not half so cheerful or so hopeful as the vanquished.

Congress met on the 1st day of December, and all seemed to promise a calm, as well as a short session. Seward took his seat, but was not long allowed to remain there in quiet. The next day came in President Pierce's last message, in which he defended his own action in regard to Kansas, and bitterly censured the Northern States and the Republican party. In the debate which followed the reading, one of the Southern Senators, following the President's lead, called upon Seward for an explanation, as to what he meant by saying in one of his speeches that "Slavery can and will be abolished, and you and I can, and must do it?" Seward, with his usual imperturbable coolness and courtesy, replied:

I suppose he refers to a speech which I made in the year 1848, at Cleveland, in the State of Ohio, in support of Zachary Taylor, a slave-holder of Louisiana, for President of the United States. I shall not recall that speech here, nor shall I explain it, nor shall I defend it, nor shall I say one word further about it, except to declare that what I have to say on the subject of slavery, or any other subject, is not said in a corner, but it is said in public

places; and that speech, and every other one which I have ever made on that subject, or any kindred subject, or any public question, so far as depended on me, has been gathered, collected, and will be found in the library of the Congress of the United States, in three volumes octavo, published by Redfield, in the city of New York. The honorable Senator will find there exactly the head and front of my offending in that particular speech.

The death of John M. Clayton, during the recess of Congress, was followed in the early days of the session by the usual tributes of respect. Seward made a feeling eulogy, referring to his vigorous handling of great questions while Secretary of State.

The validity of the election of Senator Harlan was a subject of contest. Seward made earnest argument in his behalf, but the majority of the Senate decided adversely, thus obliging Mr. Harlan to wait until the Iowa Legislature re-affirmed their choice at their next session.

In 1840, during Seward's first term as Governor of New York, a law was passed, with his aid and approval, "to more effectually prevent the free citizens of the State from being kidnapped, or reduced to slavery." It empowered the Governor to appoint and send out agents to recover and restore to liberty any such kidnapped person — the expense to be defrayed from the State treasury. One of the cases where this law proved effective, was that of Solomon Northrup, a colored man from Saratoga Springs, who was beguiled to the city of Washington, by promise of employment as a musician, and there kidnapped, thrown into the slave-pen and sold into slavery. After twelve years' service, under various masters, he was finally found on a Louisiana plantation, whence Henry B. Northrup, who had gone out under this law, brought him back to his family and to liberty. His experiences were narrated in a volume, entitled "Twelve Years a Slave," published in 1853, by Derby and Miller, and dedicated to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was now stirring the popular heart throughout the North, and potently aiding the progress of anti-slavery opinions.

A similar, though less aggravated case, was alluded to in a letter from Mrs. Seward:

WASHINGTON, *December.*

Mr. Murray of Orange county called with Mr. Bennet, who has returned from North Carolina with the colored man. He passed through Washington on Friday, intending to go directly home, but at Baltimore he was stopped and required to give bonds. Not knowing any one in Baltimore to whom he could apply, he was obliged to return to your father. He was told at the jail that he was at liberty to take the man since he had come for him and paid the jail fees, but that he would have been sold the last of this month.

There was a lull in the congressional debates this winter, as usual during the last months of an outgoing Administration, and while both parties are waiting the development of the purposes of the incoming one. Matters of commercial and non-political importance received attention. Seward took part in the discussion over Revolutionary claims, giving a detailed history of the question, quoting from the journals of Congress and the writings of Washington. Various commercial measures were either reported by him from the Commerce Committee or advocated on the floor; among them, the establishment of life-saving stations, the surveys of rivers, and the fisheries. He opposed the coinage of the new three dollar and three cent pieces, as tending to mar the already excellent decimal system.

He also opposed a project for the retrocession of Georgetown to Maryland, and in the course of his remarks said:

> I remember — it cannot be much more than twenty-four or twenty-five years ago — when the then village of Brooklyn, opposite to New York, situated on Long Island, desired a charter of incorporation as a separate city. I voted against it in the Legislature of New York. I did so because I thought it ought to be a part of the city of New York, and in time would become necessary to that city. I have the same idea of the prosperity and growth of both these towns, Georgetown and Washington. They are indispensable to each other.

When a bill came up for debate whose purpose was to compel testimony by witnesses before congressional committees, imposing pains and penalties upon "any person refusing to answer any question," Seward pointed out that to abridge the rights and destroy the privileges of witnesses at common law was a step toward legislative tyranny, arrogating to congressional committees powers which the Constitution denied to courts.

Seward had, in December, submitted a resolution calling upon the President for information concerning the present condition and prospects of the proposed plan for an Atlantic telegraph. On the 7th of January, the President replied, transmitting a report from the Secretary of State. Seward, on the 9th, introduced a bill "to expedite telegraph communication for the use of the Government in foreign intercourse." The bill provided that the Secretary of State, in the discretion and under the direction of the President, "may contract with any competent persons or association, for the aid of the United States in laying down a sub-marine cable, to connect existing telegraphs between the coast of Newfoundland and the coast of Ireland, and for the use of such sub-marine communications, when established, by the Government of the United States, on such terms as shall seem

just and reasonable." In advocating the bill, he had to encounter and answer many arguments that now seem curious enough. One was that the British Government would use it for its own advantage, and whenever disposed to be unfriendly would send out ships of war to cut the cable at Newfoundland. Another objection was that it was an extravagant expense to send out ships to lay a cable which never could be of any use. Another was that the project originated with individuals and not in Congress. After a long debate the bill was passed by a vote of 29 to 18.

Among the Senators whose terms were to expire on the 4th of March, was Charles Sumner. His re-election, however, was a foregone conclusion. The assault upon him by Brooks, which was intended to degrade him and disable him, added to his popularity. He wrote to Seward:

BOSTON, *January* 12, 1857.

I read your letter on my bed this evening and was happy in its kindness.

The election here has not cost me one moment's solicitude. I sought nobody, and said nothing, pursuing now the course which I adopted six years ago. I did not make even a single inquiry with regard to it. What has been done has been the utterance of the State, without a hint from me.

My health shows improvement from week to week, but I am still limited in what I can do. Of all who saw me during the weeks I was in Washington after my disability, you showed the keenest appreciation of my actual condition. I did not believe you then.

I hope to see you before long, and then I sail for France. Remember me always to Mrs. Seward.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

In February came the appointed time for the official count of the electoral votes. There was no question as to the election of Buchanan and Breckenridge by a decided majority. But an informality in regard to the transmission of the vote of Wisconsin gave rise to some discussion.

Among the bills which he introduced or reported this session, was one for the inspection of steamers; another to promote the exploration of the interior of Africa; another for revenue cutters to relieve distressed vessels upon the coast; and another to amend the revenue laws.

The House of Representatives now passed and sent to the Senate a bill proposing to restore peace in Kansas by annulling all laws of disputed validity, and enabling the people of the Territory to establish a government for themselves. Little hope was entertained that it would pass the Senate; but it was a significant mark of progress when

Senators Bell, Broadhead, Houston, James, Pugh, and Stewart voted with Seward and the other Republicans in its favor.

Amendments to the tariff, further reducing duties, occupied considerable time at this session. Some of them were opposed by Seward as detrimental to the iron manufacturers and wool-growers. The two Houses disagreeing, a Committee of Conference was appointed, of which he was a member. This Committee succeeded in reporting modifications, which were concurred in by both Houses.

Minnesota was now ready for admission into the Union as a State. The pro-slavery element, of course, wanted no more free States, and gladly seized any pretext to keep her out. They found a plausible one in the charge of her having allowed aliens to vote on the question of admission, before being duly naturalized. This enlisted some "Know-Nothing" aid in rejecting her. Seward advocated her admission as a right and a duty.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

1857.

Buchanan's Inauguration. The "National Hotel Disease." The New Cabinet. Lord Napier. Walker and Stanton. The Dred Scott Decision. Northern Indignation. Lincoln and Douglas. The Atlantic Cable.

On the 4th of March came the end of the session, and the busy scenes attending the inauguration of a new President. Visitors, as usual, flocked to the capital; hotels were filled to overflowing; music and military parades enlivened the crowded avenue between the White House and the Capitol. Among the incidents of the day, were the visits of military companies. The Burgesses Corps from Albany, a well-drilled, and handsomely-uniformed body of citizen soldiers, embracing in its ranks many old acquaintances, and sons of old friends, had come to participate in the national pageant. They called to pay their respects to Seward in the morning, and later, came a similar greeting by the Willard Guards of Auburn. There were said to be a hundred thousand strangers in town. Various amusements were proffered to them; — balls, fairs, concerts, balloon ascensions, exhibitions of fat oxen, dwarfs, etc., etc.

Mr. Buchanan's high character, and long public experience, induced many outside his own party, as well as in it, to cherish the belief

that his Administration would prove wiser than that of his predecessor. Democratic enthusiasm manifested itself in flags and portraits, adorned with deers' horns, and other trophies of the chase, in punning allusion to his popular nickname of "Old Buck." There was nothing offensively partisan, however, and the inauguration day, as usual, was marked by courtesy and good feeling. Governor Fish gracefully closed his senatorial term, by offering the complimentary resolutions to the presiding officers of the Senate, his political opponents. The evening reception was attended by large numbers of ladies, and by gentlemen of all shades of political belief.

One painful incident, however, cast a cloud over the opening of the new Administration. Guests at one of the principal hotels were seized with sudden and alarming symptoms of disease, of which the nature and cause were unknown. Some died, many lingered long on beds of sickness, and could only be carried to their homes after weeks of suffering. None were exempt. Transient visitors, and *habitués*, Democrats, Republicans, and "Americans," Senators, Congressmen, and Judges, military and naval officers, and even the new President were attacked with more or less violence, by the "National Hotel disease." Physicians pronounced it to be poisoning, and there were various theories as to its origin. Some attributed it to criminal malice; others to leaden water-pipes and defective drainage. It was a pestilence that soon cleared the hotel of occupants; and the apprehensions it excited led many people to quit the city.

The Senators came together, in the customary special session to confirm the President's Cabinet, and other prominent appointments. Preston King, whom the Legislature of New York had now elected as Seward's colleague, appeared and took his seat. Among other newly-elected Senators, were James Dixon of Connecticut, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, James R. Doolittle of Wisconsin; while Wade, Sumner, and Crittenden returned by re-election.

The new Cabinet comprised General Cass for Secretary of State, Howell Cobb for Secretary of the Treasury, John B. Floyd for Secretary of War, Isaac Toucey for Secretary of the Navy, Jacob Thompson for the Interior, Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General, and Aaron V. Brown for Postmaster-General.

Among the notable diplomatic changes of the period, was the coming of a new Minister from Great Britain in place of Mr. Crampton. Lord Napier was presented, and entered upon his official duties in March. The acquaintance which began at this period between him and Seward,

ripened into a friendship, afterward renewed in distant countries. Seward wrote to his son at Albany :

March 30.

It is our purpose to leave for home on Thursday. Lord and Lady Napier dine with us *en famille* to-morrow. It is for your private and not public ear, that I am coöperating with this new British diplomatist, in setting up an informal coöperation by our Government, in the great enterprise of opening China to foreign commerce, and bringing her antique Court into the family of civilized States.

There is some room to think that our political affairs at home are to undergo some new complications. Mr. Robert J. Walker and his secretary, Mr. F. P. Stanton, are uncommon men, independent, self-seeking, and quietly ambitious. They don't mean to play parts subordinate and ministering to the ambition of Cass, Buchanan, Marcy, Douglas, or other aspirants, as their predecessors have, but to establish a power of their own. Walker sees his way through the Governorship of Kansas to the Senate, and through the Senate to the Presidency. I am to give him a private conference at one to-day. He lets me think, if I will, that he will be content to let Kansas reverse the contest in favor of freedom, only stipulating gentleness, prudence, and indemnity. I shall be wiser, and perhaps he, after we meet. But this, too, is for your own private ear.

April 1.

Since Congress has adjourned, I have turned my thoughts to a political program, with a view, if it shall be wise, to bring it out, at some time during the season, as a relief and direction rendered necessary by the Dred Scott case.

Every human tribunal, however venerable, is fallible. The Supreme Court of the United States, which all Americans had hitherto regarded with profound respect, this spring made its remarkable decision in the case of Dred Scott, — a decision that startled the nation. Going out of its way to enunciate political dogmas, the Court not only decided adversely to the plaintiff, but proceeded to announce that the Declaration of Independence did not include negroes; that they could be made property but not citizens, and were regarded as so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. Starting with these extraordinary premises in regard to the case in hand, it was not difficult for the Court to proceed to apply them to matters which were not before it at all. So it was solemnly announced that the Missouri Compromise Act was unconstitutional and void, and inferentially, that the Constitution carried with it the right and power to hold slaves anywhere — in short, that slavery was a national institution. Of course, the explanation of this remarkable decision was tha the slave power wanted it. The slave-holders led the Court into the *obiter dicta*, and the Court by the *obiter dicta* was to lead the

slave-holders onward in their path of extension. It was a notable proof of the ease with which "when the blind lead the blind, they both fall into the ditch."

Justices McLean and Curtis dissented from the majority, and placed on record their opinions, which, probably, are the only features of the case that the future student of judicial history will regard with satisfaction. Fortified by the Dred Scott decision, the extensionists pushed forward their preparations for consummating the plan to make Kansas a slave State. Their "Legislature" called a Convention to frame a Constitution, and fixed a day for the election of delegates, taking care to so arrange both election and Convention as to insure a Constitution sanctioning slavery.

But while the Administration was thus backed by the Supreme Court, it had encountered unexpected insubordination in its Kansas Governors. Though its appointees were in political accord with the appointing power, they were not willing to connive at all the proceedings of the "Border Ruffians." Governor Reeder had, therefore, been replaced by Governor Shannon, and Governor Shannon by Governor Geary, and now President Buchanan was about sending out Governor Walker.

And now, like all the previous concessions, the Dred Scott decision increased the "agitation" which it had been expected to finally and forever settle. Press, pulpit, and popular meetings throughout the free States denounced it as a blow to the rights of the States, as well as the rights of man. The Legislature of New York adopted resolutions declaring that the Supreme Court of the United States, by its action in this matter, "has impaired the confidence and respect of the people of this State;" and that "this State will not allow slavery within her borders, in any form, or under any pretense, or for any time." Other Northern legislative bodies made similar protests.

During the early summer, three other subjects began to engross public attention. One was the election of the delegates in Kansas, to the Convention to be held at Lecompton. Another was the debate, since become historic, between Lincoln and Douglas, in Illinois. Another was the shipping of the proposed Atlantic Cable, on board of the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, preparatory to their attempt to lay it under the ocean between the two continents.

CHAPTER XL.

1857.

A Canadian Journey. Niagara. Lake Ontario. The Thousand Islands. The St. Lawrence. Montreal. Quebec. A Cruise to Labrador. The "Emerence." Life on a Fishing Schooner. St. Thomas. Wrecks. Kamouraska. Tadoussac. The Saguenay. Hudson's Bay Stations. Bic. Point de Monts. Mackerel Catching. The Gulf of St. Lawrence. Cod-Fishing. The Labrador Coast. Mingan Islands. An Indian Camp. A Lost Whale. Salmon and River Trout. The Island of Anticosti. Lobster Fishing. Bears and Wolves. A Whale Story. Homeward Bound. Fogs and Collisions. Canada's Future.

Summer had come, and with it leisure for travel. Seward at Auburn, in July, was planning a journey through Canada, with his son and daughter-in-law. One day, while visiting at "Willowbrook," he mentioned his project, and found some of the guests were quite willing to join the party. One was his colleague, Preston King, who could "go around that way to his home," at Ogdensburg. Francis E. Spinner, having been elected to represent St. Lawrence and Herkimer in Congress, said it would give him an opportunity to "see the northern half of his district." Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Blair of Washington deemed it a pleasant way of seeing a region they had not yet visited. So the party was made up. They proceeded first to Niagara. From there they went to Hamilton, Toronto, and Kingston, passing a day or two in each city. Then in the Thousand Islands, a longer stay was made at the hotel at Alexandria Bay. The Islands had not yet become a fashionable summer resort. But they had all the natural beauty they have now. Fishing and picnic excursions occupied the hours. Floating lazily and dreamily in a cushioned boat, to the slow and measured stroke of the oarsman in the placid water, pausing only every few minutes to pull in a slender pickerel, shining bass, or huge muscalonge — was found to be the very poetry of angling. Mr. Spinner proved himself an expert fisherman. Preston King was "to the manner born," and had his pleasure in watching how his friends "enjoyed Northern New York."

One moonlit evening, Seward, with his son and daughter-in-law, embarked in a row-boat and spent the summer night in pulling down the river, pausing for a midnight supper on a wild, rocky islet, and reaching Ogdensburg about nine o'clock the next morning, where the friends who had been expecting him were somewhat mystified by his sudden appearance before the arrival of the steamboat. When it came it brought the other members of the party. His letter home, describing this night voyage in a canoe, was written on a piece of birch bark

picked up on the islet. Two or three days of hospitalities at Ogdensburg were followed by a picturesque trip by daylight "down the rapids" to Montreal. When the party finally separated, Seward proceeded to Quebec, and then, in accordance with a long-cherished desire, decided to hire a fishing schooner and explore the St. Lawrence down to the Gulf. With the courteous aid of Mr. Dunscombe, the Collector of the Port, a vessel was found and chartered. While taking in the necessary supplies, there was time to look at the old French town, the walls and gate-ways, the citadel, the Heights of Abraham, the spots where Montgomery fell and Wolfe expired, the Falls of Montmorenci, Point Levi, etc., etc.

On this "Cruise to Labrador," Seward kept a journal, which was sent home for the entertainment of the family circle and afterward published in the Albany *Journal* and New York *Tribune*. The chief portion of it follows here:

LOG

Of The Schooner Emerence.

Quebec, *July* 31, 1857.

Provisions for the voyage: —
2 blue flannel shirts, one for each gentleman.
2 pair sailor's woollen trousers " "
3 grey woollen pea jackets, one for each of the party.
2 sailor's woollen caps and 1 flannel comforter for cap for A.

1 bag of potatoes, 16 chickens, 1 dozen cabbages, 8 cauliflowers, 6 bunches parsley, 6 bushels turnips, 6 cucumbers, 2 dozen onions, 8 bunches radishes, 9 bunches salad, 4 quarts beans, 4 quarts peas, 12 dozen eggs, flour, bread, biscuit, corned beef, mess pork and pickled tongues sufficient to supply the party three weeks. 3 codfish lines with 1 dozen hooks, 3 mackerel lines with 1 dozen hooks, 3 salmon lines with flies and gimlet, teapot, spider, teakettle, boiler, frying pan, 6 knives and forks, 6 spoons, 6 teaspoons, 6 plates and platters, etc., to match, 3 beds and bedding, 12 towels, etc., etc., borrowed at the hotel, a spy-glass borrowed from the Custom-House, and a tent from the British Army.

Saturday, August 1, 1857.

At two o'clock, P. M., we followed the above inventory of sundries on board the schooner *Emerence* of Quebec, Captain Couillard de Beaumont. The vessel has a tonnage of thirty-three tons, and the force on board consists of the captain, a pilot, and a seaman. The schooner is to be subject to our direction and control, and to go and come when and where we please. Mr. Dunscombe, Collector of the Customs, attended us on board, as did also two or three American friends, beside the ship's broker. Mrs. Dunscombe and her daughter, very accomplished and estimable ladies, parted with us, the one on the wharf the other in the channel. The British flag was raised, as the captain assured

us, only because he had no American one to substitute. The wind was ahead and blew violently. After two or three hours' manful contest with it, A., wiser than the rest, gave orders for the schooner to come to, and she drew up into St. Patrick's cove, on the south side of the Isle of Orleans, and anchored for the night. Our supper was taken with not the best appetites in the world, and we went to sleep in the cabin at nine o'clock.

Sunday, August 2.

It rained hard all night, and this morning we had a head wind from the north-east. The sun shone about the middle of the day, and we have made about twenty-two miles by beating across the river.

The captain and pilot live at St. Thomas, thirty-three miles from Quebec. They have strained every effort to reach their home, but ineffectually, and we have come to anchor at last at eight o'clock, P. M., in a bay opposite to the mouth of the harbor of St. Thomas. It is as cold and bleak as if it were November or March.

St. Thomas, *Monday, August* 3, 1857.

At four this morning the schooner was dragged across the river by a rope attached to the small boat. We entered the port. The village consists of about 100 to 150 houses, situate on the south side of the St. Lawrence on a strip of intervale land. All the inhabitants are Canadian French, and their dwellings, hotels, conversation, and manners are marked by contentment, simplicity, and comfort.

After taking a room at Madame Fournier's excellent but old-fashioned inn, we took a French car drawn by one horse, and rode seven or eight miles into the country, noting the heavily-laden lands, the neat farm-houses, the contented peasantry, with here and there the more ambitious residence of a Colonel, a Minister of State, a Seigneur, or a Priest. I called on Colonel Tacher, a member of the Royal Council, whom I had before met at Quebec, and he received us with great courtesy. So, also, did the Priest and the ladies who have charge of the Female Seminary. The graceful manners of the Lady Superior — with her equal temper and easy address, made her religious profession seem any thing but hideous. Madame Fournier served us a very fine dinner, and we took leave of the hospitable villagers at six P. M., pleased with them and with ourselves for having had the forethought to study these kind and simple provincials. An hundred years since the conquest, has made them contented subjects of England, but not at all altered their habits as colonists of "*La Belle France.*"

Tuesday, August 4.

At five this morning we got under way, with a fair wind and a balmy atmosphere. We have run thirty-three miles down the coast and are now sixty-six miles from Quebec. We have had a fair view of the coast, for such the shore really is. The river here is twenty-five miles wide, and its navigation is rendered dangerous by violent winds and frequent shoals. We have passed a large ship stranded on the Isle d'Orleans, the wreck of the steamer *Arabia* on Isle aux Reaux beach, and the half sunken steamship *Canadian* hanging by her bows on a reef near the Stone Pillar Light. At two o'clock the wind fell

and we came to anchor, and here we are left to read and write, and converse, and amuse ourselves as we can. We have passed village after village, all cast in the same mould, and that mould long since broken up and disused everywhere else. Our fishing-tackle are arranged, and we are ready for the sport when we reach the fishing grounds. The steamship *Clyde*, from Europe, has just hove in sight coming up the river. We can make out with our telescopes that her decks are crowded with passengers and that signals are flying at her mast-head.

August 5, Wednesday.

The tide was full again yesterday at four o'clock, P. M., just as we had finished the second hand of a game of whist in which the captain was a partner, and we then hoisted anchor, and by force of the current of five miles an hour, we made ten miles against a head wind, coming to anchor at last at eleven, P. M., in a rain storm, on a shoal off the village of Kamouraska. It rained all night. This morning boots and shoes, and pea-jackets, are wet all alike, but we have slept soundly and the sun smiles though the wind is adverse. We have left Kamouraska with its church, and St. Andre with its spires, behind us, and are now passing the Pilgrim Islands. At noon we expect to reach La Riviere du Loup, at the mouth of which is a watering-place, resorted to by the people of Montreal.

How we live on board.

Our cabin is twelve feet square, berths included. We rise at six to seven o'clock. I make my toilet on deck, leaving the cabin to A. for her operations of the same sort. We have with us a servant, John Smith, who is man-of all-work. He prepares a breakfast of broiled chicken, ham and eggs, fried potatoes, pancakes, radishes or cucumbers, and although we are all either delicate persons or invalids, it is amusing that fragments are seldom left. After breakfast, we arm ourselves with books, the spy-glass, and the charts, and make inspection of the coast. Dinner comes at twelve to one, and consists of boiled tongue, or pork, or corned-beef with cabbage, turnips, and other vegetables. Then we sleep an hour and return to our studies and our observations, closing the day with a supper of hearty food, after which, if the weather permits, we sit on deck studying the stars and watching the manœuvres of the fleet around us. Last night we counted thirty sail in view, brigs, schooners, barques and ships. We are above the 47th parallel of north latitude, and there is seldom an hour that it is comfortable to leave off our pea-jackets.

How the river and the coast appear.

The St. Lawrence is little else than a long winding lake twenty to twenty-five miles wide, and presenting islands, both great and small, and picturesque in an eminent degree. If Don Quixote had made this the field of his adventures, he could have rewarded Sancho with an island or two after every day's perils were over. The river flows between ranges of hills or mountains which rise from 1,000 to 2,000 and 2,500 feet high, and are generally rocky and always covered with the native forests. These mountains sometimes crowd closely on the river, but generally rise from it at a distance of one to three

QUEBEC.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

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miles — the intervale being rich and highly cultivated. Originally these strips of land on the banks were granted by feudal gift to favorites of the French Crown and were subdivided into farms, an acre or two acres wide on the bank, and running back to the hills. The roads on the banks run generally near the shore on the front of the farms. So it happens that each shore exhibits a single road closely lined on both sides with farm-houses, from Montreal so far down as we have come. Every six or eight miles the settlement becomes more dense. There is a church, a mill, and a wharf, some stores and shops, and so a village. Behind these river settlements the land is exclusively mountainous and covered with forests, except where civilization has advanced up some of the greater rivers, such as the Ottawa and the Saguenay. So it may be said that we see the whole of Lower Canada on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The vessels ascending the river seem to gather into fleets. Those descending gather into similar groups, and thus we are all the while in company with a squadron, the names and rig of which we soon become familiar with. All are moving at the same time. All anchor at one place, at the same hour. As we watch them they are tacking and crossing each other's courses with all the intricacy of a contre dance. This morning we all weighed anchor at the same moment, and from on board a ship under full sail, there came a matin hymn, sung apparently by a full choir. Our pilot reverently pointed to the ship and said, "*Les Catholiques.*"

Thursday, August 6, 1857
Off Point Saguenay.

All calculations on progress dependent on tides and winds are uncertain. We were becalmed yesterday, while writing our notes, and delayed so much that we only reached La Riviere du Loup at eight o'clock, P. M. To enter the port so late would be useless. To wait, and enter the port this morning, was to lose one day. So we passed by that village, and another one six miles below, named Cacouna. At Quebec, the region we have now reached is called "the seashore," although not even within the banks of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Riviere du Loup and Cacouna are watering-places, resorted to for sea-bathing. At nine o'clock we were becalmed again, and we rested on our anchors, during a long but beautiful moonlit night, in sight of the villages we had passed, as well of this point, which still conceals from us the floods of the Saguenay.

There was a dispute kept up for some time, yesterday, between the cook and the pilot, whether the waters around us were fresh still, or salt. We compromised by boiling our soup with fresh water from the cask, and our pork with that brought up from the depth beneath us. Toward night, myriads of ducks dotted the waves, and so late as ten o'clock birds were heard singing in notes not unlike those of the robin and the mocking-bird. Here and there a huge porpoise disturbed the glassy surface, as he came up to inhale, and once or twice a seal thrust his black and hairy dog-like head, like a buoy above the water. We studied the geography of the moon through our spy-glass, after the headlands of our planet became indistinct in the darkness. We returned to the cabin,

and completed our game of whist, begun the day before, and we slept soundly afterward.

This morning Neptune's reign is fully vindicated. Large shoals of immense porpoises whiten the sea in one quarter, while the waves in another are blackened with equally broad shoals of seals. The coasts around us are iron-bound, the villages are lost behind us, and no human habitation in sight, except the frail and moving dwellings of a few, who, like ourselves, "go down upon the deep waters." If I understand it rightly, we are passing beyond the border of civilized districts, and shall, henceforth, see only here and there a settlement of lumbermen, or of fishermen plying their trades, as the husbandman does, only when the sun shines.

Friday, August 7, 1857.

At two P. M. yesterday we passed a high rocky point, and the river Saguenay was disclosed to our view. It is a mile wide at its mouth, but this magnificent flood seems narrow in contrast with the twenty miles breadth of the St. Lawrence. The Saguenay inspired admiration, when first seen, three hundred years ago, by white men, and it is marvelous yet. It flows from Lake St. John (eighty miles northward from here) in a defile between mountains 1,500 to 2,000 and 2,500 feet high, and its depth lower than that of the St. Lawrence. Far up as we could see, and those acquainted say so far as it is navigable, its banks are rugged, and scarce a habitation is found upon it. The shore of the St. Lawrence is almost equally rugged. Here and there is a hamlet hung on the mountain-side, surrounded by sterility itself. After passing the river a beautiful bay appears, which was the first resting-place of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, and which he named, or found named, Tadoussac. On the shore of this bay we found a hamlet of eight dwellings, with a disproportionate number of store-houses and depots. Our flag, the British Jack, brought two or three stragglers to the beach, while we, having cast anchor, went ashore in our small boat. We landed on the rocks, where a dead porpoise and a dead seal had been washed by the tide. On the beach we were kindly received by a young Scotchman, who lives in a long, low and old building, which proves, inside, to be a very respectable mansion, and which overlooks the bay. A flag-staff graces the ridge, and beneath it are two miniature cannon. These told the story of the place. It is a station of the Hudson's Bay Company, and our host is the resident agent. He at this time has under his roof two visitors, in the same employment, from other stations. He gave us brandy and water, and tendered us hospitalities under his roof for a day or a week. He showed us peltries and snow-shoes, and the Indian-made apparel which he uses in his excursions in the winter.

In summer Tadoussac is visited twice a week by a steamer from Quebec. But in winter it is shut out from all the world, except those who can travel the forests on snow-shoes.

On the very brow of the hill, which overhangs the bay, is a little chapel or church, exceedingly rude, hardly equal to the plainest rustic school-house — yet pictures, tinsel, and candles indicated its Catholic character, and an old rusty iron basin holds an infinitessimal quantity of holy water. There is no

organ, but a rough gallery in the attic serves for a rude choir. A little patch of ground around it is inclosed with a stockade of pickets. It occupies the very site of the first Catholic mission chapel, established by the French on this continent, and its walls are graced with portraits of its early missionaries. The Indians have long since disappeared, and the Church survives to the use of the Agency and the few peasants, or *habitans*, who surround it.

Our host, Mr. Scott, led us by a winding path to the top of the naked mountain, that forms the south bank of the Saguenay, where we had a fair view, far up that dark and deep water. Returning, we saw at our feet, in a dell, a cluster of houses, some four or five, with a wharf in front. On one of these houses was a small belfry, which indicated the post-office. Here our letters and the preceding sheets of this Log were deposited, with the expectation that they will reach the United States next week. Mr. Scott's house-keeper, a French woman, furnished us with a bottle of milk — the first of that luxury we have enjoyed. We left amid many salutations of respect and good wishes, at four o'clock, P. M. We were held fast in the harbor, however, by counter-currents, until six, when we cleared the headlands, and stood down the river before a fair wind.

At this hour, ten A. M., the wind has almost died away, but we have made good progress, having passed Bic Island, and the Bersimis river, and being now at the distance of about two hundred miles from Quebec. We are keeping midway between the shores of the river, and see nothing distinctly of either of them. If the wind continues fair, we hope to reach the islands of Mingan, in Labrador, off the island of Anticosti, in two days more, which point is the destination fixed upon by us when we left Quebec. The sun is shining brightly and it is pleasantly warm, but not so hot that we could dispense with great-coats or shawls. The sea is calm and we are content in the belief that health is not evading our pursuit.

August 8, *Saturday*, 4 *P. M.*

Last night our fishing-tackle was all arranged, and as we were to reach Point de Monts (where the River St. Lawrence loses itself in the Gulf of the same name), at three this morning, we stipulated to be called at that hour. Unnecessary precaution. At three, and at four, I was on deck; but Point de Monts was, for all practical purposes, as far off as the Pillars of Hercules. At six, when we all arose, it was to a painful experience. We were becalmed — dead and languid — within six miles of the Point before us, and within two miles of the Goodbout fishing-ground, on the north side of the river. Not a breath visited our sails. They flapped on the masts, and the waves formed troughs in which the schooner rocked uneasily and wearily. We threw out our lines, but the water was one hundred fathoms deep, and not a fish of any kind grasped the tempting bait. Breakfast, as usual, was served on the deck, but the uneasy motion of the vessel sufficed to take away the usual appetites for the morning meal. Presently the rain fell, and we were driven to the cabin, an alternative which we did not long prefer to the drenching on the deck. Our sailors could not make the vessel move either way, nor yet did they dare (inasmuch as they could not anchor) to put us on the fishing-ground with a small boat.

Thus the time dragged heavily on till noon, when the men summoned courage to convey us two miles over the waves in the small boat to a fishing schooner. It hailed from Dorchester, Massachusetts, and had been lying here a month. An hundred barrels of mackerel covered the deck. One small boat lay alongside filled with mackerel, newly caught, and the seine, doubtless filled with the same fish, was in the act of being drawn in. A small sum of silver secured to us as many as we can keep fresh for two or three days, and we returned to our schooner having a new luxury for our simple table. Hardly had we dined, when we were called on deck to witness the playing of a whale, who had approached to introduce us to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to stimulate us in our voyage to the now nearing coast of Labrador. We had, at last, a slight breeze, and are passing the long delayed Point de Monts, — a rocky promontory, covered with evergreens, which have never been smitten by human hands.

Sunday Morning, August 9, 1857.

The events recorded in this Log are not great nor brilliant. They determine neither the fate of States nor the character of heroes. But they are nevertheless dramatic in one respect. They are various and sudden in their transition. Yesterday at noon we were humbly suing a Yankee fisherman, with our silver in hand, for a few mackerel. At tea we were called off by the pilot to attend to our lines. I drew up from the depth of one hundred feet, a huge cod. Hardly had we disengaged him from the hook, when F. drew up two at once, and then even A. brought up one, large enough for an alderman's feast, from his watery home. We continued enjoying this sport for two hours, when we relinquished it, simply because it was inhuman, and a waste of time to add to our stores at present. In the bay opposite we saw another Yankee schooner, with barrels and deck full of mackerel. But we flourished our hands, and said that now *we* had fish to sell. As night drew on we had rounded Point de Monts, and entered Trinity bay, where we cast anchor for the night. The light-house, which sends down its illumination from a distance of one hundred feet above the sea, lighted up the bay, in which lay a wrecked merchantman, a boat full of pilots and a schooner — the two last, like ourselves, at anchor. On the shore, bleak and dreary, was a solitary house and store — an agency of the Hudson's Bay Company. The pilots came aboard and entertained us with fragments of sea news until nine o'clock. It was fortunate that we anchored, for a strong Nor'wester rose in the night, that seemed as if it would sweep not only us, but the waters themselves from the bay.

At five o'clock the captain took in fresh water from a small river that puts into the sea at that point. We hoisted anchor and bore away almost due North, against the strong wind of the night, that had not yet gone down. At this point the coast line runs almost due North, rapidly advancing to the 52d parallel of north latitude. The bay or gulf widens to the breadth of ninety miles. We are now leaving behind us, and receding out of view the Mountains of Gaspé. We hug the coast on the North, which consists altogether of rugged rocks, sometimes rising into mountains, and always more or less covered with evergreens.

From this coast to Hudson's Bay, and for aught I know to the Pole beyond it, there are no habitations of civilized men, except where here and there a solitary agent of the Hudson's Bay Company has fortified himself behind a stockade, and brought in a supply of goods wherewith to furnish the Indian hunters for their long tramps in pursuit of furs, in the very recesses of the continent.

If the wind continues, and shall become a little more favorable, we hope to reach the Seven Islands, and so look off upon Labrador to-morrow morning. You see that I set down names here, as familiarly as if the coast was lined with cities, towns, and villages. But the truth of the case is, that sea-faring men have delineated all this coast on charts as distinctly as our scientific men are marking out the coast of our own country. To every headland, bay, or promontory a name has long since been given, and we have only to look at any moment upon the chart and ascertain where, and in what latitude and longitude we are. If I remember rightly, we are now in the heat of the dog-days. It is eleven o'clock, A. M., and the sun is shining brightly, and yet we are unable, with all the accumulation of coats and shawls, to keep warm on the deck.

Just as we are leaving the south coast, we see a long range of mountains. Our seamen tell us that they are covered with perpetual snow. I hardly believe this, because I do not remember such a geographical fact. Our men, nevertheless, are truthful, and not at all accustomed to exaggerate.

August 10, 1857.

The 10th day of August, and the tenth also of our voyage. We expected to reach our destination in half the time, and it is not even in sight now. Nevertheless, we are content and thankful. We have encountered no accident. No one of us has been seriously sick, or even long ill of the sickness of the sea, which, like the toothache, wins no pity. We have seen and are seeing, climes strange and unnatural. Beneath us is the mighty, fathomless and boundless, the dark, the mysterious, the flexible, the relentless ocean. The doves do not strut and swell around our home at Auburn more freely, or more plentifully than the great whales are at this moment spouting and rolling all around us, in these their own proper waters. Then this coast of Labrador that fills up the horizon on our left, rocky with ridges of hills ascending from the beach by tiers, until they shut out the great waters of the North by mountain barriers.

Only one vessel is in sight, and that is a majestic ship, with all sail set, beating up in the gulf against the gentle wind that is moving us forward in our frail bark, toward the island of Anticosti. We hope soon to come within sight of Mingan, the end of our voyage, and to anchor there to-night.

Tuesday Morning, 9 *P. M.*, *August* 11,
MINGAN ISLANDS, LABRADOR.

I make up my Log to-day in the act of preparing to go ashore and for the first time set foot on the land of Labrador. We are in port. What do you think the port looks like? First, the shipping. There are two schooners anchored in the harbor, engaged in cod and whale fishing. There are a house and a store occupied by Donald Henderson, Esq., agent of the Hudson's Bay

Company. The beach stretches away interminably on both sides, and is beautifully shaded by a forest of spruce and larch, tall, straight, and densely crowded. Between the rocky ledge and the water's edge, we note the country-seats of two Esquimaux gentlemen, which were indicated to us by the pilot as "*Engine* House," according to his French pronunciation; but which we find on applying the spy-glass to be Indian wigwams.

At five this morning the forest was whitened with puffins leaving their roosts, and cawing and clamorous, so as to be heard for miles. Ducks are sailing round us with the utmost nonchalance; porpoises are taking air-baths: and last evening, after we had wearied ourselves with drawing cod-fish up from their recesses, and the sun had just set, a young whale calf, almost as large as an elephant, appeared just off the after quarter-deck, and moved around to the bows, near enough to be taken with a noose.

It is a drizzling morning, with a north-easterly wind, but we are cased in pea-jackets, and have come to be indifferent to the weather.

August 12, 1857.
MINGAN HARBOR, LABRADOR.

Notwithstanding the promise of yesterday morning, it was not until noon that we reached our anchorage at Mingan, and by that time, a cold, wet, North-easter had set in. As we looked off toward the coast, the question was whether the lady should go ashore in the rain with her protectors. It was decided in the affirmative, by herself, on the ground that it was necessary to get warm.

We found the town on the beach to consist only of the Agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, and his servants and laborers. These consist of a clerk, a farmer, a cooper, a carpenter, and a blacksmith, with a domestic or two. But there is not a woman at the station, and the agent pronounces our lady passenger the only white woman who was ever here. Her appearance, of course, is a marked event in this great country.

There is a rude and wretched-looking Catholic church, just renewed from the old one, founded by the early missionaries, for the convenience of the Indians.

Along the coast, near the chapel, there are the poles which have served to uphold the birch-bark tents or wigwams of the Indians recently. We learn that in June and July the Indians from the unbroken wilderness of the North gather here, to trade at the station. Then a missionary arrives and the church is opened. Before the 1st of August, the trading is finished, the church is closed, and the missionary disappears. The Indians then scatter into the forest, to gather beaver, otter, marten, and mink, and other peltries during the autumn and winter, and do not return until the next year.

You will learn something of the polity that prevails here, from the fact that the Indians, thus roving and wretched, contributed enough to rebuild their chapel, with the aid of $200. given to that object, by the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Henderson, the agent, has a very plain, square, red house, without carpets or other modern furniture, a huge stove, a vast wood-pile, a garden in which only the rhubarb plant, the onion, and the potato grow, and

they are now only at the maturity they reach by the middle of June in our latitude. Hay is just being cut, and is spread in places where the wind has cleared the shores. It was quite pleasant to find green-house plants in the rooms of the Agency, a rose and a geranium, in full flower, and even that tropical luxury, a cage of Canary birds; but it was sad to think that, as we were informed, they do not sing, neither do they rear their young ones.

Mr. Henderson built up a generous fire and we got ourselves warm and dry. Hardly had we reached our schooner for dinner, than a boat came off to us from a whaler lying in the harbor. It brought us a fine present of a dozen river trout, newly caught. The whaler is from Gaspé, a port on the south coast of the Gulf. The oarsmen were athletic, spirited fellows, — among them a young, tall Indian, — one of the finest specimens of manhood I ever saw. After dinner we went with them to their schooner, a vessel of sixty tons, with a crew, or ship's company, of fifteen persons. They have been out a fortnight, without getting a barrel of oil. They represent that they have struck four, and killed at least one huge whale. That this one drew them so roughly and so fast by their harpoon line that they were obliged to cut the line. They doubt not that he is dead, and they came over to us, as they hail every vessel that overtakes them, to inquire whether we had seen their lost whale. Only think of people looking up a lost whale, as you would inquire about the house for a lost pair of spectacles!

The whalers were merry, joyous men. They regaled us with Jamaica rum, and sent us back to the schooner with a notable salmon, speared by their young Indian fisherman.

After fishing an hour or two, and making another visit to the Agency, we went ashore on the island lying under our lee, and gathered some beautiful lichens, some native blue bells, and some inferior sea shells.

Altogether our prospect of fishing here is not very flattering. Mr. Henderson tells us that the salmon nets are taken up. That we can take none with lines because we have not rods; that the mackerel bite only at the hooks of the Yankees, while the cod have taken offense at something here, and last week moved down the river, to a bar beyond our reach. Still our whaling friends promise us a chance at the salmon, if the weather will permit. By the way, their luck seems as unpropitious as ours. Last night, while I was standing on deck, a whale passed directly between their schooner and ours; playing most fantastic sports, as he moved rapidly by us. I hailed the captain of the whaler. He answered that he was obliged, but they could not catch that whale — he went too fast for them. Doubtless he is off the coast of Anticosti by this time. If I find him there, he shall have a wide berth, before I report him again to his pursuers.

My day's fishing resulted in the taking of a single cod; and at night we gathered in our cabin, wet through all our garments to the very skin. It poured all night long. With the aid of the captain, we conquered bed-time, by playing a game of whist, and then went to sleep, and slept well until morning. It yet rains, and is cold, and we are obliged to keep in the cabin, and to cover our feet with blankets. But thus far we are all well.

MINGAN, LABRADOR, *August* 13.

It cleared away yesterday, about eleven o'clock. During the rain we had visits from the captains of the two vessels in port, and Mr. Henderson, the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company. After we had succeeded in drying our garments, and boots, we returned their visits, and about three o'clock with a party from the whaler, we took skiffs, and rowed up the Mingan river three miles, to the Falls, which is attractive, because of the cascade, but still more because it is in its eddies that we find the salmon and trout.

We had Indians for oarsmen, and they pointed out the tracks of the reindeer and the bear, and actually started out from their holes a family of huge owls.

The whole course of the river is through the native wilderness. We found one salmon, with a nice lot of trout, and returned at eight o'clock.

At the Agency the captains were being entertained by Mr. Henderson with Jamaica rum, hot, and Jamaica rum, cold. They all attended us to the beach when we came aboard. The night was a brilliant one in Mingan. It opened with a bright and very varied display of Northern Lights, and it closed with a dance in the carpenter shop, at the Agency, with the music of a violin, and without females. We went to sleep in the midst of the music of that revelry, to awake this morning to a dull day at Mingan. At six the harbor was clear — the mackerel schooner and the whaler both had slipped out, with a little change of wind, and our masts represented, by themselves alone, the commerce of the world, in this, the capital seaport of Labrador.

At ten this morning, we, with two of our crew, went up the Mingan river to the Falls; and we are just now returned from fishing there. Our luck has been indifferent. Not but that we could take trout enough, but they perversely got away from us, after they had been fairly caught. We attributed their misconduct in the matter to the fear of a red flannel Labrador dress which A. purchased yesterday at the Agency. We have, however, come back to see a new and wonderful change that came over Mingan in our absence. Heretofore, the two representatives of other States have, like ourselves, practiced great modesty, and so there was not a flag at Mingan, visible. Having left the port empty, excepting our own craft, judge of our surprise on finding five great standards waving in this wicked head-wind. First, there was the Hudson's Bay Company's signal, hoisted at the Agency, out of compliment to one of their vessels, that had come in since morning; then the said vesse had raised H. B. Majesty's flag to the gaff, and elevated a Free Mason's signal on the topmost peak. And finally our own good schooner, the *Emerence*, to contribute as much as lay in her power to the general enthusiasm of the occasion, had raised the British standard to its proper pinnacle. And now we are sitting down to dinner, on pea soup and pork, cloyed with all the treasures of the rivers and the sea.

The Hudson's Bay Company's agent has shown us all his pets, namely, a flock of doves, a young puffin (a water-fowl, celebrated in these parts), and two wild foxes. But all of these together interested me much less than a poor, lonely dog, that lives on the outside of the Agency's lands, and resorts

to the river for drink, without coming into the settlement, so constant is he in his attachment to the Indian who is his master, and who left him behind, a week or two ago, when setting out on his annual chase with his whole family. If we could entice that dog, I am not sure that there would not be an addition to the canine family, already so disproportionate to the other races, at home.

Off St. John's River, *August* 14.

We have cleared the port and bid adieu to Mingan. Its towers, cupolas, and minarets would now be tapering into spindles in the sunlight, if it had any such structures, and if there were any sunshine. Our departure was due to a hauling off of the wind during the night from due west to north-east, and it occurred at precisely a quarter before five. Five birch bark loads of Indians, men, women, and children, arrived last night, and encamped around the church. "Lo, the poor Indian" dog! He was happy. His master had come back to the camping-ground. Who now shall deny that every dog has his day?

Of the preparations for departure we shall be expected to speak. Well, they consist in filling our cask with fresh water, and putting up our journal letter-wise, and in depositing it in the ship's mail-bag, to carry it home along with us.

Nor will it be expected that we shall be silent concerning the climate of Mingan. On good authority we report that strawberries are ripe. Of our own knowledge we know that raspberries are ripening. We can testify that although ice makes in August, it is not thick enough to be gathered into ice-houses.

Tuesday, August 18, 10 *A. M.*

We are only just now leaving the Mingan Islands out of sight, having made a distance of twenty-five miles in twenty-six hours. The weather has been very cold and the wind has blown steadily "dead ahead." These discomforts continue, although slightly abated. Our only female passenger has suffered more of sea-sickness than she has complained of. For ourselves, we two men, habited like Esquimaux, and feeding on food almost as gross as theirs, contrive to keep warm and well. But let us give the weather a truce — content to leave it its privileges, insomuch as it was we who sought the cold region, not the cold region that pursued us.

A word about the topography. Labrador bounds Canada on the east, at a point thirty-six miles north of the Seven Islands. It is quite uninhabited, except by the Hudson's Bay Company's agents, who trade with the Indians for furs and oil, and by the Indians themselves. The natives consist of two nations: First, those of the western region of Labrador, known as the Mountain Indians, some of whom I have seen and described at Mingan. Second, the Esquimaux. These two nations are strangers, but not unfriendly to each other. They traverse in their wanderings the whole of the continent, east and north of Canada, extending as far as the waters of Hudson's Bay. They live nowhere, but rove continually. I am satisfied from what I have seen of the one nation, and read of the other, that although strangers, speaking different languages, they are in fact one people. They are harmless, superstitious, peaceful, and in their modes of living, approximate to each other. What a singular

Christian church is that at Mingan — a church on the beach, with its altar, chapel, pictures, crosses, vestments, and burying-ground, and its congregation scattered over a square of five hundred miles, in bark tenements, assembling once a year to receive the sacraments, and never meeting otherwise. It was a pleasing sight to see their leader ring his tinkling little bell on the plain, and see all the inhabitants of the bark tents repair directly to church twice a day, for prayers said by themselves. It was hardly less so to see the whole party (yesterday), consisting of seven families, throw themselves into boats and make for the several islands to gather, as chance might offer, cranberries for our table, or young puffins (a species of sea-pigeons which are reared in holes in the earth, such as swallows dwell in), or seals, to supply the civilized families of the earth with oil and furs. And to converse with them, we learn from them that they, of all the races of men, the poorest and most wretched, do not suffer either want, or cold, or hunger. They claim that they are all temperance men, and they wear badges of membership of the cold water societies.

Anticosti occupies a central position off the coast of Labrador and Lower Canada in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is an island forty miles wide and one hundred and twenty miles long, generally low, and covered with stunted fir, spruce, and pine. It is surrounded by shoals and reefs, which render it dangerous of approach by navigators, while it has no inhabitants except a few agents, kept there to lend assistance in cases of shipwrecks. It seems to be the only safe place for the wild animals of this region. Nor are its waters less a secure retreat for whales. We have passed quite down along its western coast this morning, and so near it as to see it very distinctly. I should think that the whales liked the sunshine. Their spouting was so frequent that it seemed as if there were a large arrangement of fountains. One of them, of mountain size, played on the surface of the water, just off the side of our ship. The pilot reports that two together crossed in the night just under our bowsprit — a few feet further back they would have lifted us out of the sea and broken our stanch schooner across their backs. The pilot confesses that he was much terrified.

Wednesday, August 19, 1857.
Ellis' Bay, Island of Anticosti.

Yesterday, the head-wind became more brisk, just after dinner, and our seamen expected a blow which would keep them beating all night, and so they, under the influence of a panic, put us back on our course for a harbor on the south shore of this much feared island. It was seven o'clock, P. M., when we came to the entrance of the harbor, and then, instead of a hurricane, there was suddenly a dead calm, which left us without the power to obtain the desired anchorage, or to move in any direction properly. We lay all night outside, rolling upon the waves, and this morning the same head-wind renewed with sufficient force to enable us to enter port, if so it is to be called. I could not now refuse to enter, for we had drawn another day's supplies from our stock of wood and water, and they must be replenished soon.

Of adventure here we have yet but little to record. The only house here is that of the Government Agent stationed here to relieve shipwrecked mari-

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ners. The only vessel is a whaler, which lies alongside of us, while a huge whale, as large as a canal-boat, lies on the water's edge, in a skeleton state, and they are hacking away the flesh and boiling it into oil. Our boat has gone for wood and water. After dinner we go ashore, to see what of interest this distant and desolate land affords.

Thursday, August 20, 1857.
ANTICOSTI.

Let us finish the whale history, before we open a new chapter of natural science. On arriving in the port and casting anchor, yesterday, it was voted that we should go aboard the schooner, that lay near us, also at anchor, and ask for some fresh cod, mackerel, or the like. On getting alongside, I accosted the prominent person on deck, and asked him what his schooner was engaged in? He answered, "I am a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, sir, confined to no one thing."

"Are you an American?"

"No, I belong to the island."

"Fishing for mackerel, now, I suppose?"

"No, I am the lessee of the island. I set out last week for Quebec, but on the way I fell in with a pretty large whale, and, he being too heavy for my boat to manage, I towed him in here into shoal water, and am now cutting him up, and getting out the oil."

He had no fish, whatever, but that carcass of a whale which lay off on the lee shore. On our return to our vessel, our lady passenger remarked, that that was probably our friend Captain Coffin's lost whale. From which I magisterially dissented, but she replied, that the proprietor of Anticosti took care to avoid claiming to have killed, or even found the whale alive. But I said to myself, what do women know about whaling?

After making a dinner with some haste, we embarked again in our small boat, this time for the House of Refuge on shore, distant two full miles over a broad and beautiful bay. We found the water quite shallow, but reached the whale's carcass easily, lying extended in about eighteen inches depth of water, and half a dozen men in boats were hacking it to pieces. We rowed around it, and observed it carefully. It was sixty-five feet long — ten feet longer than the *Emerence*. Its thickness must have been twelve or fifteen feet. The extreme end of the tail was seventeen feet wide. The odor of the oil infected the atmosphere for a mile around it.

On reaching the shore, we found a neat, convenient house, kept by a Canadian Frenchman and his family, all of whom assiduously devoted themselves to our comfort. We ordered tea for half-past five, that we might go and fish for lobsters, with the low tide. Meantime, we strolled over the farm — fifty acres — the only land reclaimed from nature on the Island of Anticosti. The beach of the bay was common, and had no shells or curiosities of any kind. The potato crop had been flourishing, but was blighted by the frost of the previous night (August 18th). There was a beautiful brook filled with fine trout. A dozen persons were cutting the whale-meat into small parcels of a half or quarter of a pound. The oil gushed from these and filled up the boat,

barrels, and pots. Kettles were all around us, and nothing was seen, heard, touched, or smelt of, that was not redolent of the great prize. We asked for eggs, butter, vinegar, and such like. Our host had them, but *they* were all saved for the lady that lived "up stairs." Occasionally, a lady appeared on the balcony, or descended from it with her children, and we soon came to understand that she was a privileged person — but who? We could not learn. At length tea-time came. The lady from up stairs was introduced to us by the lessee of Anticosti, as his wife; and here the patroon and his family spend the summer. He was a Scotchman, of pleasant address and well informed. His wife agreeable and ladylike. The conversation, of course, turned on his great prize. I cautiously told him how Captain Coffin, of Gaspé, had called on us, on our going into Mingan, to inquire about a whale that he had killed and lost, and laughingly said that some of our party were simple enough to think that this was possibly Captain Coffin's whale. He inquired the date of Captain Coffin's report — about the harpoon, etc., and very frankly and magnanimously said, "Beyond a doubt this is the very whale that he killed. We found it dead, and horribly mangled by sharks." Now I am prepared for being turned over to the marines for credit to my fish story. But it is true for all that.

I will not set down minute incidents illustrative of life in Anticosti. How we found two seals mounted as sentries on a great rock, one of the gate-ways of the port. Nor how our lady's wardrobe is enriched by a bottle of genuine bear's oil — the native product of the island, and given by the mistress of Anticosti herself. But I proceed to the important subject of our adventures in lobster-fishing. At half-past six last night the Frenchman reported that the water was low enough, and summoned us to the fishing.

"Where are we to go?" said I.

He pointed to a series of huge boulders in the water, near the opposite shore of the bay, two miles off.

"Very well. How do we get there? Do we walk around on the beach?"

"Oh, no — ride."

"Do we row out?"

"Oh, no — we ride in a cart."

"Which road?" I asked.

"Right across through the water."

See us then, we two travelers, our host and a driver, embarked on the bay in a common cart drawn by a strong, square-built, black horse. On he went — splash — splash — and we after him. He understood French well, and obeyed all such commands as "*allez donc*," "*marchez*," but paid no regard to English. At length we reached the fishing-ground. The Frenchman took his stick, to which was attached a codfish-hook, and proceeded to ferret out the lobsters in their retreats under the rocks. He found one or two under every stone. They clung to the stones, or whatever else offered, so tenaciously that often their claws broke off. The horse waded from rock to rock most patiently, and in less than an hour we filled our basket with two dozen.

The evening was pleasantly spent with Mr. Corbet and his wife (the proprietors of the island) and at ten o'clock we retired to comfortable beds, the first

we had enjoyed on shore since we left Quebec. This morning, lobster-fishing was resumed, with no variation, except that A. was of the party, and I drove the cart; and here we are now, on board the *Emerence* once more, with well-replenished stores, waiting for the "fair wind," which again stands adjourned until "to-morrow."

Friday, August 21, 1857.
In the GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

Io Triumphe! The wind hauled round into the south-east last evening, and at six o'clock we set out for Quebec once more. It was a soft, balmy, starlit night. We have had the gentlest sort of breezes thus far, with a nearly calm sea, a bright, cloudless sky, and faultless summer weather. The Gulf narrows, and we have on our right the north and on our left the south coasts. There are no wonders of the deep to record.

So I turn to the political condition of the regions we have just visited. When the French grasped the northern portions of this continent, and began to lay the foundations here of a new France, the King granted to favorites and others, immense tracts, with feudal privileges. The tenure will be best understood, by regarding the grantee as a Patroon, and his territories as a Manor, like those which once existed in Colonial New York. In Canada, successive Provincial legislation, with the sanction of the Crown, has modified these "Seigneuries," so that, in that region, they have now little more than a nominal existence. But the "Seigneuries" of Labrador and Anticosti still remain. Those countries being not only in a state of nature, but there being no desire anywhere to colonize them, because they are so inhospitable and barren, the "Seigneury" is at present valuable, only, for the chase and the fisheries, and it might be made so for mines, forests, and minerals. The "Seigneurs" (successors to the old grantees) are understood to live at Quebec. They rent or assign all their privileges to assignees for terms of years at fixed rates. The Hudson's Bay Company is the assignee of Labrador. Mr. Corbet is the assignee of Anticosti. He pays $500 a year for the whole enjoyment of that domain, 120 miles long, by 20 broad; and he reimburses himself out of the fisheries, chiefly of salmon and seal, and the chase, principally of bears, sable, martens, foxes, etc. There is no government there; but for political purposes, the territory of Labrador is held subject to the same laws as Canada and Nova Scotia, while Anticosti is subject to the laws of Canada.

Every thing I have seen has tended to satisfy me that Lower, or French Canada, has remained almost unchanged, in its social state, since it was separated from France in 1760. The style of architecture seems nearly unchanged. The language universally spoken is French. The religion is, almost universally, Roman Catholic. And this religion is held just as it was held a hundred years ago. Go into any dwelling, and you find the walls covered with cheap engravings, which illustrate all the peculiar superstitions of the Middle Ages —all kinds of traditions, however groundless, all kinds of miracles, however absurd. But it would be disingenuous to deny that the people are sincere and devout. Our captain says his prayers night and morning in private, if privacy can be procured in the hold of a schooner like this, and on Sundays

he celebrates the service with his men, round the helm. They observe the laws of the Church as to fast and feast days. In the house at Anticosti — too small, it would seem, for the numerous family gathered under its roof — yet one room is fitted up with an altar, statues or images, lights, and otherwise, as a chapel.

And now to turn from these grave subjects to lesser things, and to speak of ourselves, our habits, diet, etc., on this strange excursion. This is the 21st day of our voyage. Long since, I adopted Chancellor Kent's philosophy, namely, that a good Christian wants, every day, a clean shirt and a shilling. Life here is conservative of the shillings, but rather adverse to the linen part of the creed. We eke out our clean clothes, as well as we can. Our apparel may be described thus: The lady voyager appears daily in a red worsted hunting-dress, very graceful, with a straw flat, if the weather permits; if it be cold or wet, the red cap, or a white worsted hood. When the nights and mornings are very cold, the sailor's pea-jacket is donned. As for F. and myself, we habitually draw over our ordinary clothing a pair of gray trousers, a blue flannel shirt, and a pea-jacket of the thickest cloth, which completes our costume, if you add the sailor's small cloth cap, which can't be blown away, because fastened under the chin. On deck we resemble, as I fancy, "Captain Kidd, as he sailed, as he sailed;" and on shore we might be taken, at Anticosti, for twin-brothers, or father and son Robinson Crusoe.

Of our living we can speak most approvingly. It devolves on me in the morning to call John Smith, our servant, from his bunk in the hold. This I generally do about half-past six. Our breakfast varies from ham and eggs, or fried pork and pancakes, to mackerel, cod, trout or salmon, fresh or salted; and our dinner from chicken, boiled pork and cabbage, or cauliflower, to any of the luxuries of the sea, to which we always add pea-soup. At Mingan we obtained some rhubarb, of which John fabricated several large pies; and the good Mountain Indians brought in a large quantity of cranberries, which we have caused to be preserved, and which grace our tea and dinner tables. We do not trim the midnight lamp, but having replenished our can with abundance of seal-oil on the coast of Labrador, we leave the lamp to burn all night. We read during the day, but having about read out all our stock, we have taken latterly to three-hand whist in the evening.

Saturday, August 22, 1857, 10 *A. M.*

No one is more truly a waiter on Providence than the traveler, who depends on sails to be filled by favoring breezes. Ten watches of the day and night have passed since we left Anticosti, and yet we are only seventy miles nearer our port. But we have summer skies and a gentle summer sea. Not a craft of any kind or size has darkened our horizon. It is to us as if the human world beyond it was not. The sea-birds have circled our masts, crying for crumbs from our table, as it has been bountifully spread a half dozen times on deck, either in the sunshine, or in the shade of the canvas. The whale has blown his loudest note on his bugle, in distances so remote that the eye could not detect him, though so well directed by the ear; and again he has rolled lazily by the vessel's side, exposing his vast proportions, as if this most just

Log of ours was not already filled with oily narrations of the hydraulic exhibitions of his race. Then the nights. There has been no moon. But the stars have spangled the sky, from the zenith quite down to the water's edge — hundreds of ambitious light-houses offering their services officiously to mariners who lay becalmed, and, therefore, could not lose their way. And the aurora, emulous, has made a dozen milky ways, in all fantastic forms, and gilded their verges with pink and gold, borrowed from the richest sunsets. The sea itself has been luminous, as its surface was broken by the prow, and rolled off waves of phosphorescent light, so brilliant as to discover the doings of the inhabitants who dwell in its dark chambers.

And now all this is passed. The east wind we have impatiently sighed for has come at last, and it has brought, as usual, in its train fogs, clouds, and cold rains. But these are attended by their compensations. The Seven Islands are passing behind us, and we are trying, not without hope, to reach the Point de Monts, and leaving the Gulf, to enter the channel of the river, before the third Sabbath of our voyage dawns upon us.

Dreamy existence is this, living at sea, in summer. Perhaps my meditations on the political destinies of the region around me, may be as unsubstantial. But I will, nevertheless, confess and avow them.

I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent, from the shores of Labrador and New Foundland to the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the Temperate Zone, traversed equally with the United States by the Lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of islands in the river and Gulf, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. In its wheat-fields, its broad ranges of the chase at the north, its inexhaustible lumber lands, the most extensive now remaining on the globe —its invaluable fisheries, and its yet undisturbed mineral deposits, I see the elements of wealth. I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic, perfected by the Protestant religion and British constitutional liberty. I find them jealous of the United States and of Great Britain, as they ought to be; and, therefore, when I look at their extent and resources, I know they will neither be conquered by the former nor permanently held by the latter. They will be independent, as they are already self-maintaining. Having happily escaped the curse of slavery, they will never submit themselves to the domination of slave-holders, which prevails in, and determines the character of the United States. The policy of the United States is to propitiate and secure the alliance of Canada, while it is yet young, and incurious of its future. But on the other hand, the policy which the United States actually pursues is spurning vigorous, perennial, and ever-growing Canada, while seeking to establish feeble States out of decaying Spanish provinces.

River St. Lawrence, off Point de Monts,
Sunday, August 23, 1857.

We have run for the last sixteen hours in a dense fog, which has shut out the land and all things near us at sea. When I awoke this morning, and looked up through the hatch-way of our cabin, a pretty black-plumaged bird was sitting on the caboose, whither he had come for an early breakfast.

After an hour the fog lifted up, and showed us that we were within a mile of the shore, in Trinity Bay, and our near approach was immediately verified by the sound of the barking of a dog, and by the appearance of the column which constitutes the light-house.

We have now passed from the Gulf into the river, although the transition is not easily marked, the river being not less than thirty miles wide. Signs multiply around us, to assure us that we are approaching civilized regions. A schooner, a brig, and a steamship are within sight.

The steamer is the *Clyde*, which passed us on her inward trip, two weeks ago. She is again on her way to Scotland. During our passage to this point, we stopped to fish an hour, and easily brought up fine cod enough to supply the Auburn market for three weeks. It is a day for meditation, so let the Log stop here.

Monday, August 24, 11 *A. M.*
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

It seems that we are to be denied none of the experiences of the navigation of this river. Last night we went to sleep at half-past nine, sailing merrily before a favorable wind, which we fondly imagined might take us into Quebec, during the night that is before us. At half-past two I was on deck, and found that we were encompassed by an impenetrable fog, but going as rapidly as before.

I had hardly got snugly into my berth again, before the captain, who was at the helm, cried out, in wild consternation, for "all hands on deck!" Then there was hurrying backward and forward, and unintelligible confusion of orders about the sails, and shouting, from which we learned that something had happened, but the explanations were all in French, and like our questions, if we had put any, unintelligible. After awhile all was quiet again, and the danger manifestly passed.

This morning we learned that our schooner ran into another vessel, which was lying at anchor. Happily, they were separated without either having suffered any serious injury. From that time until now, we have been floundering along, without sight of land, moon, stars or sun, to reveal to us whereabout we are. Cannon being fired hourly, in our rear and before us, which we understand are discharged on Bic Island and Green Island, and hence we learn we are between the two islands. We sound our way every five minutes by the lead, and, so far, keep off the shoals, which stretch along either coast. These fogs are inseparable accompaniments of easterly winds on the Gulf and on the river, at this season of the year.

Since we cannot make ourselves useful in ascertaining the latitude and longitude, what can we do better than set down in the Log, for the instruction of future adventurers, the mysteries of fishing in these northern waters.

Imprimis, of cod-fishing. — The cod feed on banks found at the mouths of the rivers, in waters forty to eighty feet deep. They keep close to the bottom. In order to take them the vessel is brought to, or moved slowly along the bank, and lines thrown from either side of the boat, baited with pork or fish, or any edible thing. The cod is a coarse clumsy fellow, and utterly un-

suspecting. Generally, they grasp the bait, as soon as it reaches the bottom, whither it is carried by a heavy lead. He hangs himself honestly on the great unconcealed hook, and if you have strength enough you are reasonably sure to draw him on board. We have taken them of weights varying from five to twenty-five pounds, each.

Next, of the mackerel fishing — they are taken with a small hook, and more delicate line. But they are capricious in their choice of location. Within some years past, the Americans have discovered a new, and it is now the only successful method of taking them. They buy up a number of boxes of herring or other coarse animal food. They grind it on board the vessel with a small mill like a coffee-mill. They resort to the banks and throw overboard. After a few hours the mackerel swarm around the vessel and blacken the sea. Then the fisherman throws out his hooks, or as is now more commonly the case, stretches his seine and brings up at a haul whole barrels of fish, and this he continues until his vessel is full. It may be a day, or a month, or two months, but he is generally sure of a rich freight, if he only has patience.

Of trout and salmon — these are taken in the river-mouths with fly-bait— that is, artificial flies. This is the sportsmen's way. It requires skill, patience, and assiduity. But in the season when the salmon are ascending the rivers, nets are set for them, and they are taken in that way in considerable quantities, but by no means as plentifully as cod and mackerel.

Of lobsters and whales — are not the very diverse forms of the art applicable to these two tribes, sufficiently set forth in the previous entries of this veritable Log? *Ohe* (therefore) *jam satis.*

Tuesday, August 25, 1857.

Soon after I closed my notes yesterday, we found the fog so dense that it was unsafe to proceed. We anchored and, after a little, the curtain around us lifted itself up, and disclosed faint views of schooners and ships that had taken the same precaution. Toward dark the fog was dispersed by a strong northerly wind. We weighed anchor, and made our way through the night, until having passed Tadoussac and Cacouna, we were arrested this morning by counter currents and winds.

A fine, large ship came alongside and hailed us, and also came to anchor. We displayed our flag. Her captain came on board, William Fleetwood, of the ship *Charles Tottle* of Gottenburg, Sweden. He spoke English very well, his Canadian pilot, French, his crew, fourteen in all, only Swedish. We found him very gentlemanly and agreeable, and inasmuch as his vessel was evidently a better sailer than ours, we gave him our mail. We suppose he will expedite our letters a day or two. He took us all in his ship's boat, and with four oars landed us on the Brandy Pots, a group of small islands, where we all spent the morning in rambling through the woods and over the rocks, getting curiosities, vegetable and mineral. At twelve we repaired with him to his ship and dined there. He gave us Croton water, which, though taken aboard at New York three weeks ago, had been so well preserved by the new process of prepared casks, that it was sweeter than that we took on board last week.

And now the tide being turned, we are both alike on our way toward Que-

bec. It has been an incident of much interest to thus make acquaintance with an intelligent gentleman from Sweden, in this region, so far away from our own land, and from his. We repaid his kindness with some porter and fish, and lobsters, which he was very grateful for. We are now passing La Riviere du Loup, and hope to-morrow some time to cast our anchor finally at Quebec.

Wednesday, August 26, 1857.

When we have the wind favorable we can overcome the downward tide. When the tide runs up, we can beat against the head-winds. But we cannot overpower both adverse winds and tides. Last night at eight, we submitted, and anchored below Kamourasca. The tide set upwards this morning, and we have ever since been buffeting the stormy south-western gale, until now (ten o'clock). The tide failing us here, we have anchored just below Point Ouelle, distant some eighty miles from Quebec. In truth I am not sorry. Our pilot (the best seaman on board) is disabled by a lame leg, and it is not pleasant to see such a craft as this managed by only two men. One thinks that in a gale there might be an accident of some kind.

Yesterday our captain saw us deliver our letters to the captain of the Swede, and heard her pilot exult in the prospect of anticipating us at Quebec. Whereupon Mr. Couillard de Beaumont, captain of the little *Emerence*, has devoted himself resolutely to beat the Swede, and has actually left her seven or eight miles behind. We are now in the midst of Lower Canada. The long street of farm-houses, thickening up at distances of seven or eight miles into villages, with a huge church in each, meets our sight on either side of the river, and we seem to recognize localities and land-marks as easily as we could on the Hudson river.

How the schooner knocks and rolls about in the troughs of this disturbed sea. The anchor may hold her fast, but the winds will not let the waves tamely submit.

River St. Lawrence, off St. Roque, *August* 27, 1857.

Is the canon "'gainst self-murder" fixed, immutable? If not, what are the excepted cases? Are bad winds and adverse currents excepted? Is a continuation of them that prevents your advancing ten miles a day for a week at a time, bad enough? These are the questions we are propounding to each other, and they sufficiently indicate the desperation of our case. Here we are, staid by the wind's agency sixty-three miles from Quebec. We could leave the ship but could not take with us our baggage and stores, and the furniture which we borrowed; and we can't leave Quebec (even if we get there), until the vessel shall come to us.

We have, three days ago, sent half a dozen packages containing regular entries in our journal, by a vessel that was to anticipate our arrival at Quebec, to be forwarded thence by mail immediately. That vessel is yet behind us. We close the remaining packages to send from the post-office at St. Roque. We feel confident that we shall be at home within about a week.

CHAPTER XLI.

1857.

The East Indian Mutiny. The Commercial Revulsion of 1857. Suspension of Specie Payments. Francis P. Blair's Letters. Governor Walker. The Kansas Struggle Continues. "Hard Times." Political Reverses.

THE voyagers on the *Emerence*, amid the fogs and storms of the St. Lawrence, remote from all mails and telegraphs, were for a month in happy ignorance of great disasters that were startling the Old World and the New. On their arrival at Quebec, at the close of August, they learned of the gigantic proportions which the East Indian mutiny had assumed; of the horrible massacres by Nana Sahib; the fall of Cawnpore; the march of Havelock to the relief of Lucknow; and the anxiety and grief that were pervading nearly every household in the British Empire. And when they crossed the border, on their way home, and entered the State of New York, they found that the commercial revulsion, which financiers had been dreading, was spreading alarm throughout the Union. Stocks and bonds were rapidly falling in Wall street; notes of sound and long-established houses were going to protest; rates of interest mounting to fabulous figures; the banks, contracting their loans to save themselves, were only increasing the storm which they were vainly hoping to ride out in safety. Then came the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, followed, in quick succession, by the suspension or failure of mercantile houses, railway and insurance, and banking companies. Factories closed their doors and workingmen were thrown out of employment. General distress prevailed. More than five thousand failures were reported. Every form of commercial enterprise appeared to be struck with paralysis, and capital, needed by everybody, seemed to be annihilated. Everybody wanted to borrow, at whatever enormous rate of usury. Nobody seemed able to lend, at any rate whatever. Finally the crash culminated, on the morning of the 14th of October, when all the banks in the city of New York, surrounded by an excited and surging crowd, suddenly announced that they had suspended specie payments. The telegraph spread the news throughout the country, and almost immediately brought back intelligence that the banks in the other cities were following their example.

Then came a lull in the excitement. Men were foreboding fresh and worse disasters, and anxiously asking each other "what next?" But the worst had happened. When all the banks in the country had suspended specie payment, and it was impossible to obtain gold in pay-

ment of debts, the business community soon discovered that they could get on, tolerably well, without it. Paper currency took its place, and, though useless for foreign trade, it served well enough for domestic business. Creditors no longer commenced a "run" upon the banks, since these could always proffer their notes; and "promises to pay" took the place of payment. The fall and winter were marked by a stagnation of commerce, and general prostration of business interests. Nevertheless, confidence began to gradually return, and affairs to slowly improve. The merchants and corporations that had succumbed to the panic wound up their affairs by going into liquidation and dissolution, or, if especially strong and fortunate, by making arrangements with creditors to resume.

Seward spent a part of the month in a western trip, to endeavor to secure some outstanding debts. As he told a friend, "My riches have not all taken to themselves wings, but most of them are 'fledging out' preparatory to flight."

He wrote to his son:

AUBURN, *October* 26, 1857.

The failure of the Illinois Central, and of business houses, stops the receipt of money that I had set apart for my payments, ordinary and extraordinary. I went to New York week before last, and last week to Chicago, to do what I could to secure these debts. Meantime, ordinary income comes in slow, while bills of mechanics, and protests of notes come in fast. I am taking in sail, and paying out ballast, slowly, but I guess faster than most of my neighbors. I got home on Saturday night at three o'clock, from Chicago.

Mr. Blair's letter is so generous and affectionate, that I cannot deny you and Anna the pleasure of reading it. I have sent him a copy of the "Log."

SILVER SPRING, *October* 5.

I have to thank you for your kind remembrance of us, on your voyage of discovery. It required something of the romantic spirit of Columbus, to adventure in an open caraval, in search of Labrador. I have not heard of your return, but doubt not it has been safely accomplished, else I should have heard of outfits of search for Senator Seward, his son and fair daughter, fraught with much more interest than ever attended those for Sir John Franklin. I think I should have been tempted myself, to beat up recruits for such a service; and my son, Frank, who writes me that he felt very much honored in the mistake which the newspapers made by giving him a place in your northern tour would, I am sure, have enlisted for the voyage. I should be glad, however, to have some particulars of your homeward progress; how your son and his sweet wife stood the hardships to which they were exposed, and whether you and they realized the alteration in health which was the object of your arduous buffetings on the bay. For the two young people whose welfare so much engrosses you, I formed an affection as strong as that of kindred. I saw in them so much of sympathy for myself; such willingness to render kind offices;

and such readiness to prefer my convenience to their own, that I must have had a heart of stone to be insensible of their goodness. Pray present us affectionately to them. Tell them they will ever have a warm place in the bosom of Mrs. Blair, as well as my own.

A word about politics — pray democratize our party, as far as you can. I mean in the genuine, original sense of the word. Those who use the word to cover counterfeits have left the whole region of pure popular principle to the Republicans. They, the pseudo-Democrats, are the creatures of the slave oligarchy. They carry the elections by force and fraud, by the bayonets of a standing army. They supply the means of corruption through banks, and every species of monopoly. They call in the judiciary to overthrow the laws and Constitution, and intrench their crimes behind the Bench, and make it a sanctuary. Bring your Whigs to overturn this perversion of our institutions, made through the vile and sordid intrigues of Southern politicians with Northern "dough-faces," and you will establish a Republican party, North and South, on solid ground, that no earthquake can shake.

Have you seen Weston's paper — the *Republic?* it is edited with great ability, and you will find it prompt to assist you in the great work of establishing a party. He is cautious and practical, and will be advised by you in all he does. But the tempest in money matters, which came in with the *Republic's* birth, has almost swept it away.

Your friend, truly,
F. P. BLAIR.

Meanwhile, the Kansas struggle had reached a new phase. Governor Walker, on reaching his post, announced his intention to deal impartially with all citizens; to discountenance frauds and violence; and have all elections conducted with fairness, so far as lay in his power. Accepting his assurance, the "Free State" men came out and voted, at the October election. Gangs of invaders came over from Missouri, as before, and many gross frauds and indignities were perpetrated by them, but they were no longer allowed full control of the polls. Consequently, when the returns came in, and were fairly counted, they showed a decided preponderance for the "Free State" men. They had elected a delegate to Congress by nearly 4,000 majority, and a new Legislature was chosen, containing 36 "Free State" to 16 pro-slavery men. This result, however, instead of discouraging the pro-slavery men, seemed to nerve them to more desperate measures. Their Convention reassembled at Lecompton, and formed a Constitution recognizing and establishing slavery. Then they made a pretense of submitting it to the people at an election to be held in December, but took care to allow no votes adverse to it. They provided that the only forms of ballots, to be allowed or counted, should be "for the Constitution *with* slavery," or "for the Constitution *without* slavery," — so that, whichever might have the majority, the Constitution would be

adopted, and, once adopted, slavery would be established, — since the "without slavery" ballots, however they might express the preference of the voter, could not change the character of the document. Such was the ingenious scheme to force the "Lecompton Constitution" upon a Territory which had just avowed itself opposed to slavery!

Another genial letter from Mr. Blair said:

SILVER SPRING, *November* 1.

We have just enjoyed a quiet fireside family reading of your "*Log*." I would call it a "*Yarn*" instead, if I did not believe every word of it, even swallowing the big whale itself. And now, I cannot but make you my acknowledgments as the very best traveling companion whom it has been my good fortune to have fallen in with; for not only did you make our pleasure excursion to the great Falls, and thence through Canada, and its flourishing towns, our Thousand Island sports, our picnics and dinner repasts, our visits to the historical cities, doubly interesting by the easy access you gave to all that was worthy of a traveler's curiosity; but you have taken on yourself all the trouble, danger, exposure, and expense of the arduous, tedious, hard part of the exploration, and given it to us stripped of all its hardships, and retaining all the vividness of every enjoyable scene, to gratify us, in a secure retreat whence we see your deep and dark waters; hear your howling winds, and creaking masts, and surging billows; draw up your heavy cod-fish; breakfast on your rich salmon and mackerel; dine on your pea-soup, your pork and beans, and rhubarb pies; and all of this without fear and trembling, without getting seasick, wet, pierced to the marrow in cold fogs, without being driven almost to the desperation of "throwing off this mortal coil," or the necessity of superintending the cooking of those savory dishes, which were indispensable to save you the trouble of flying to this last resource against all your troubles.

What a contrast you present to that traveler in the spelling-book, who, seeing a bear about to make a prey of his companion, climbed a tree to save himself, and left his comrade to learn wisdom from the wet muzzle of the monster, whining his whispers into his ear. You, on the contrary, were kind enough to us, to go and meet the bear; and you gave us the benefit of his lessons, while you incurred the danger.

When your election is over, pray write me what its results prognosticate. I have my fears of apathy on our side, and activity on the other. If we have had bad fortune, tell me how it is to be mended. They say here that "Buck" will disavow, and remove Walker. Stanton is here to frame apologies.

Your friend,
F. P. BLAIR.

The apprehension in regard to the election was well founded. Seward, writing to his son, said:

AUBURN, *November* 5, 1857.

These debt and credit affairs are an inheritance, for our lives. I do not wonder that narrow-minded persons come to regard dexterity in them as the

business of life. My own labors, in this way, this year, are not attended by results calculated to flatter my vanity as a financier. I have paid my way out of two banks, the Commercial, and Cayuga, and practically out of the third and last, the Bank of Auburn; and yet, owing to the strange derangement of the times operating on the dealings of others with me, I am more deeply in debt than at the beginning of the year; and with property considerably augmented in amount and value, I am unable, for the first time in years, to pay, on demand, the accounts I owe. Happily, things must grow better, being now at the worst.

The election is given up here this morning. Last year, the rural districts dragged the opposition, in the cities, out of the defeat they have persistently brought upon themselves by their absurd divisions. This year we have just failed to do it. It is impossible to keep a bow bent to its extremest tension, forever. Mayhap the instruction may be worth the cost. Our majority in this county is about 2,400; and we have saved the city "as through fire." Our foreign voters were on the point of leaving us, drawn off by unwise nominations. The Catholic priest broke the mutiny by a judicious address to them on Sunday, without any concert with us; and I was thus able to get a kind hearing from them on Monday night. The loss is here of Republican native voters, carried away by business or duty; or rather consists of that class habitually absent, who can only be brought in on great occasions.

Throughout the Northern States the elections showed an apparent decrease of Republican strength. It was partly the effect of apathy and "hard times;" partly the natural reaction after the greater presidential contest of the year before. The Republicans still carried their New England and North-Western States, but by reduced majorities; and so re-elected Governors Chase in Ohio, Randall in Wisconsin, and Lowe in Iowa. But they lost New York, where the now decaying "American" party turned the bulk of its voters over to the Democrats, enabling them to carry the State.

On his way to Washington, this winter, Seward met the rumors of coming trouble among the Democrats. It was said that President Buchanan would, in his message, uphold and defend the Lecompton Constitution, and the action of the pro-slavery men who made it — that Walker would fall into disfavor because he had tried to have the Territorial elections fairly held, and their votes fairly counted — and lastly, that Douglas would break with the Administration, because of the Lecompton Constitution, since it had not been fairly submitted to the popular vote.

CHAPTER XLII.

1857–1858.

At Washington Again. Rumors of Discords. Caucuses and Committees. Hamlin. Foot. A Daughter's Birthday. Douglas Breaks with the Administration. A Virginian Visit. Lord Napier. Sartiges. Incidents of Slavery. Another Year. "Filibustering Expeditions." The Troops at Salt Lake. The Mormons. The Debate over "Lecompton."

December 4.

This is Friday morning, and the place is our own house, Washington. Some remains of ink, thick and black, are in the inkstand, and this is the only thing in the house that wears the form of note-paper.

Coming to my own quiet home, and hurried with its preparations for the winter, I have seen nobody who knows any thing new. Doubtless the Democrats were greatly agitated by the fear of an immediate explosion; doubtless they have recovered considerably from their fright; and doubtless, because the danger seems to be more remote now, than in the hour of panic, they will come to think that it may perhaps be avoided altogether. For all that, however, they are not safe, and they will break down sooner or later, in crossing the Kansas bridge.

December 5.

The accustomed signs of a winter in Washington are around me. The bread wagon and the ice cart halt under my windows at their proper hours, and "carriage company" are prompt to their time. Idleness is written in the motion of man and beast, and poverty suing for alms, meets me at the door, and sends its petitions into my inmost retreats.

I called on Gales and Seaton, and found them quite crowded over toward the Republican side, on the Kansas question. The city is full of speculations about Douglas, as to whether he will break the Administration party down or not. I believe the better opinion is that he will give them a reprieve for the present. But in my judgment their downfall is rendered only the more certain by the delay of the blow he meditates, and cannot be saved even by his forbearance from striking altogether.

December 6.

The public transactions of yesterday were conducted, I suppose, satisfactorily to the new Administration. South Carolina is honored by the choice of a conservative Democrat for Speaker; and Mr. Douglas, avowed aspirant to the succession to the Presidency, is gratified with an election of a partisan of his own to the office of Clerk.

The Republican caucus was wisely enough postponed until to-morrow morning. It matters little what the Republicans do in that way, since they can only propose, but not effect any achievement of power. To-morrow will begin the attempts of the Administration to stifle the voice of freedom in Congress, as its supporters are endeavoring to subjugate the freedom of Kansas. We shall, I trust, witness ultimately the failure of both.

December 8.

I have gone through the first day of the session of Congress, and a fatiguing day it was, without much compensation of any kind. The Republican members assembled in caucus, and nominated my candidate, Hamlin, for President, with very good grace. The Senate met, and it did look well to see the array of twenty solid men on the floor where I had stood so long alone. As I had anticipated, all personal antipathies and prejudices against our party and its members seemed to have disappeared. We met the Democrats as their confessed equals. Sumner's case was the only exception. Time will relieve that case too. There was no message, so Mr. Senator Foot of Vermont amused me by getting the genealogy of the Foot family from the library, and showing me that he is related to you and Lisette, and that the mother of Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and all the other Beechers, was Roxana Foot, cousin-german to Hannah, your mother.

After the adjournment of Congress for the day, I visited the new Chambers. That designed for the House of Representatives is now complete. There is little difference between them except in dimensions. Both are purely oblong. The uniformity of right lines is nowhere broken by any circular or elliptic line. The effect in the House is to make the Chamber seem low. But the great object is to obtain a hall in which debate could be everywhere heard, and this end is doubtless gained. The finish of the rooms is warm and rich, with mingled hues of green, yellow, red, and blue. Some object that this is fantastic. They certainly would complain more if the colors did not lighten up the dullness of the geometrical form of the rooms.

After dinner there was a continual levee in our parlors until eleven. I have slept, waked, breakfasted, written to you, forgetting all about the pretty black horses. And now for a new day.

December 9.

We are in the midst of an Indian summer with its varying features of sunshine, and rain, and upspringing fogs. Politics are much of the same various character. The President has avowed his purpose of betraying freedom in Kansas. Douglas, Stewart, and others, intimate their purpose to resist, although indirectly, and on very narrow grounds. The friends of freedom see room for hope to save it through this division.

We had the pretty blacks before the green carriage, in their shining harness, yesterday, and rode to the Capitol at an early hour. To-day the debate will be interesting.

To his daughter, on her birthday, he wrote:

December 10.

I trust in the kindness of Providence, that you are well and happy, although far distant from me; and I salute you and congratulate you on your returned birthday. You are only thirteen yet; and I am beginning to descend, just as you are rising in years. I sometimes fear that I may not live to protect and advise you, through the perils of opening womanhood; and, as often, that you may not be spared to support my tottering steps, if I should reach the period of old age, so generally, yet so unwisely, desired. Under the influence of

these apprehensions, I might be sad; but I remember that on all such subjects, our wishes are by no means to be trusted; while our fears are as often unwise; and that our Heavenly Father directs all events with an affectionate care to our safety and welfare; and I, therefore, meet them as they occur, with hope and cheerfulness. Whether we are to be indulged with the years of affectionate intercourse, which our hearts so fondly covet, or not, it will be a solace to you to know that, thus far, you have realized all that a loving father could ask, from a youngest child, and only daughter. My blessing on you, my beloved one, now and forever.

December 10.

What can equal the caprices of politics? That abrupt severance of political associations, which, eight years ago, divided us from Webster, Clay, and Fillmore, and devolved on myself, almost alone, the maintenance of the cause of truth and justice here, astonished and dismayed me. The triumph of slavery then would have been incomplete; indeed it could not have occurred, but for the accession to it of Stephen A. Douglas, the representative of the West, that region of the Union most deeply interested in the preservation of the soil of our country from pollution. By that defection, he became soon, and has, until just now, continued (under the favor, or fear of successive Administrations) legislative dictator here, intolerant, yet irresistible; since he led a combination of the whole South and West, with a powerful Northern force. That was his position yesterday morning. What mine was, and has been, you know -- few or none know so well as you — reduced to straits, and walking in peril of fame, and even of life, to be abandoned, deserted, and betrayed at last, by friends whose constancy could not endure such trials.

Yesterday this same Douglas, finding that his principles could not save, and that mine alone were enduring, broke loose from all that strong host that he had led so long; and although he did not, at the first bound, reach my position, as an ally, yet leaped out so far toward it, as to gain a position of neutrality, altogether unsafe and indefensible; and, therefore, but one step short of the position I have held so long and unsupported. It was a great day for freedom and justice. The movement was made, without any concert with me; but you will not be surprised that, at night, we found ourselves together; and that I have now new courage derived from a position, as strong now, as it heretofore has been weak. Henceforth, Douglas is to tread the thorny path I have pursued. The Administration and Slave-power are broken. The triumph of freedom is not only assured, but near.

This morning a committee meeting engrosses me, after ten. I have dispatched some business, given some audiences, and now five minutes remain for writing to you. There is really no time here.

Sumner has gone away for a month, with a broken heart because he cannot work. What a sad thing! How much fortitude he requires! Since Walker, Douglas, and Stanton have been converted, at least in part, we are sure to hear the gospel preached (though with adulteration) to the Gentiles. It shall not be my fault if they do not have an opportunity to hear it in its purity; and when *they* are once reached, the faith will be safe.

December 11.

Yesterday was a quiet day in Congress. I dined at Dr. Pyne's, meeting Webb, Hodge, Riggs, and others. I am trying to study for a speech on Kansas, to come off in January perhaps. But I might as well study in a market-place. To-morrow I am going with my friend Jack Pendleton, to spend Sunday at his place in Virginia, some thirty or forty miles from this city.

December 14.

I am again in my arm-chair here, after a short visit at Culpepper Court House, in Virginia (have I got the p's arranged rightly in the name?). My journey was begun at five on Saturday morning, by boat to Alexandria; thence sixty-five miles by railroad through Fairfax, Fauquier, and Prince William, into Culpepper county, where I arrived at ten o'clock. The first ten miles was through a country like that around Mount Vernon, worn out and miserable. Then a plain stretched away before me almost unbroken to the foot of the Blue Ridge. It has all, once or more, been stripped of its forests; and yet is now well covered with woods of oak, hickory, and pine. There are no towns along the way; no bustling villages; no small farms, and neat little farm-houses; but, on the contrary, the whole plain is divided into farms or plantations of 500, 1,000, 2,000, and even 5,000 acres. In the center (or nearly so) of one of these, is a house of respectable dimensions, but plainly built of wood, with a piazza, a lawn, a lane, all corresponding to the first class of farm-houses we used to have in the State of New York, in my boyhood. Outside of this inclosure, stand, in rectangular lines, the out-houses, consisting of lodges for the slaves, barns, etc. The hospitalities of the planters are easy and graceful. It is quite manifest that the long debate about slavery has made a deep impression on the minds and hearts of the more refined and generous portion of the families in Virginia. The word "slaves" is seldom used. They are "servants," "hands." They are treated with kindness, and they appear clean, tidy, and comfortable. I happened to fall in upon a husking frolic on Mr. Pendleton's plantation, and it was indeed a merry and noisy scene. My visit was very pleasant. Mrs. Pendleton is a lady you would respect and love. She is sad with cares and responsibilities, which she has too much conscientiousness to cast off. But what time have I to dilate on these things now? They must wait until we have chance to talk.

December 15

Yesterday we had a Republican senatorial caucus over candidates for committees. The senatorial hours were occupied with the obsequies of Mr. Butler. In the evening the Republican members supped at our house. This morning they pay the customary honors to Senator Bell. I shall pay my homage to the unobtrusive merits of the deceased. To-night I dine at Napier's. The newspapers have the dinner in advance.

December 16.

To-day we appoint committees, and are to have a profitless wrangle over them, and then, if there shall be time, Mr. Green of Missouri is to reply to the recusant Douglas and is expected to be severe and bitter. Sooner than he ex-

pected, as I fancy, he has been dropped by his old associates, and is obliged to seek communion with those he so recklessly attacked so long. Last night Mr. Sartiges engaged me to dine on Saturday of next week with Douglas — not Saturday of this week, because *then* he "was to have the South."

Yesterday at Lord Napier's the party was Mr. and Mrs. Bright, Sir William and Lady Ousely, the Spanish Minister, and Sartiges — whom you remember, and the others, attachés of various legations. They have added on the west side a suite of handsome rooms, and newly papered all the others. I was delighted to find that Lady Napier had treasured and acted on every word of counsel she received from you. She quoted it to me with a fidelity that showed for you the highest respect and affection. The dinner was rounded off into a reception, which was attended by a select party — no jam.

I have a letter from Governor Fish at Florence.

December 17.

It is a smoky morning; breakfast is stewing in the kitchen, and no one up, so far, but myself. Sleep has restored me, and I am in my chair meditating how most effectually to resist the subjugation of Kansas.

David A. Hall, the benevolent and amiable, was persuaded by his zeal eight years ago, against my advice, to become bail, with others, for Chaplin, the enthusiast, who attempted emancipation here by running slaves off. His partners in the obligation have failed, and the weight falls on him. He is old; he has had a fall which shattered him. His fortune invested in real estate, much like our own, does not yield money readily in these times of distrust. He is alarmed and melancholy. You can imagine the whole. I gather it partly by imagination myself, from the account given me by Mrs. Hall, who called yesterday to invoke my aid, but made the appeal with great modesty and delicacy.

The mail last night brought me a letter from Mrs. Hopkins, informing me that George Washington Park Custis had, through his life, promised emancipation to his slaves, that his will is understood to give it, but is suppressed; and I am appealed to by the slaves to bring it to light. Of course, I don't know how much of this is true. What a world for a Howard, if there was one!

December 22.

Thus far the session has been an exacting one. We are almost without holidays, and we sit until six, seven, eight o'clock. The movement of Douglas is disorganizing the Democracy. He is not prudent, as, of course, he is not modest. He will not be consistent. After making a bold stroke for the defense of Kansas, we shall soon see him making a demonstration for the acquisition of Cuba. But this I shall tell nobody else. Mr. Fitch of Indiana is engaged in badgering Douglas this morning. The storm is gathering.

January 1, 1858.

It is a bright and genial day, and I trust it may be auspicious of a happy year. New Year's seems to me no day to celebrate, on the principles of the world's philosophy, which regards this life as desirable to be prolonged, and

the next one to be feared and put off. But with me, it is at least a day that brings no sorrow. I seem to myself to have endured enough; done what was possible for one so weak to do; and I am sure that I have no ambition or avarice that demands a respite from my fixed appointment, be it when it may. Rest, repose, or a theater where less sordid passions might be developed, in myself and others around me — these two seem the chief good. There is no time here to think even of home. Society, with interested cares, intrudes and exacts help every hour, night and day. I escape its most annoying intrusions by rushing into the fashionable gatherings, but these consume one.

To his son at Albany, he wrote:

January 8.

While the impression that the Administration and the Democratic party are doomed, is universal, there is still great tenacity of purpose in regard to the Lecompton affair. You will hear little now of Mr. Pugh's compromise. The great card will be a demonstration by the Southern members, if what I hear is true. I wish we might have the resolutions of Mr. Diven passed and sent to us without loss of time. They would have a great effect just now.

One of the forms of pro-slavery activity, at this period, was that of aid and encouragement to "Filibustering Expeditions." Wild and chimerical as most of these were, they were stimulated by the hope of acquiring by "conquest," or "revolution," territory in the West Indies, or in Central America, which could speedily be made available for new slave-holding States. Such an expedition could be organized, armed and equipped, and embarked upon its marauding enterprise, with very little hindrance from officials, who were as conveniently blind or negligent about the neutrality laws, as they were zealous and vigilant in executing the Fugitive Slave Law. It was not doubted by those engaged in these expeditions, that they had the secret sympathy of many political leaders, notwithstanding the proclamations, orders, and warrants of arrest that were fulminated against them. Walker, who was one of the most prominent of these adventurers, had landed in Nicaragua, with about 400 men, in November, 1857. Commodore Paulding, of the Navy, who had been instructed to stop him, arrested him upon the shore, and sent him back to the United States to be tried. Thereupon arose an outery against Commodore Paulding, for having "invaded Nicaragua." The President was called upon for the papers, and in the Senate some of the members denounced Paulding, and justified Walker. Seward took issue upon both points. He pointed out that if the Commodore had exceeded his instructions, he had performed a meritorious and effective service, inuring to the benefit of Nicaragua, as well as the United States; that Nicaragua did not complain of his "invading" her soil, and was

not likely to. Especially absurd, would it be to censure or punish Commodore Paulding, and let Walker and his men go free.

One part of President Buchanan's message had spoken of Walker's Expedition as "violating the principles of Christianity, morality, and humanity, held sacred by all civilized nations, and by none more than by the people of the United States." This led to a colloquy between Seward and Jefferson Davis. The latter said:

"We have contended that the law did not authorize the President to arrest people in a foreign country."

"Allow me," replied Seward, "to remind the honorable Senator that his colleague stated that Walker was guilty of the violation of no law, and asked us to show what law he had violated. The President shows that he violated the laws of the United States. The President goes further, and quotes a 'higher law,' which he says the offender has violated." (Laughter.)

"I was afraid," rejoined Davis, "the President had got into 'higher law-ism,' when I found myself a little against him." (Laughter.)

Mrs. Seward was still too much an invalid, to participate in the busy gayeties of a Washington winter. He wrote to his son and daughter at Albany:

January 25.

I write you jointly, because I am left in straits. I am without any secretary, but with more work than ever. The Southern and Democratic opposition in social circles has given way, and society of all classes is profuse in its courtesies. I need some one to act as and for Mrs. Seward, who is too feeble to visit and to preside. It is a business as difficult as laborious, and as continuous as my own, almost, and nearly as responsible. Whoever does it, cannot change, session by session, much less week by week. It is to be known and understood in society who she is. Anna is the only one of the family who can do it. I want her to come, stay, and do it.

There was a debate of considerable warmth, in the Senate, at this session, over the Army Bill. The Mormons, at Salt Lake, had not only refused to recognize the authority of the United States Government, but openly defied and resisted it. Thereupon, a detachment of troops — which was dignified with the name of an "army," although it had not men enough to constitute a regiment — was sent out to reduce the rebellious settlers to obedience. Of course, so small a force was not only laughed at, but in its winter journey across the Rocky Mountains and the plains, it suffered hardships and encountered perils. It was attacked by the Indians; robbed of its supplies; lost its horses by the cold; had its wagons burned by the Mormons; and, finally, was so reduced as to be hardly able to defend its own camp. The bill before the Senate proposed to enable the President to succor and reinforce the troops in Utah. Most of the Republicans,

in view of the oppression of the settlers in Kansas by the Federal authority, were not inclined to give the Administration any new power, nor to help the President "out of a scrape of his own making." Seward differed from the majority of his own party, on this question. He held that it was the duty of Congress to support the Executive, and the Army, when menaced with hostilities — that law and order must be maintained everywhere, regardless of party feeling, or past mal-administration — in short, that it was a question not of partisanship, but of patriotism. He advocated the bill in several speeches. In one he said of the Mormons:

> Having been unwisely favored by the Government, with the appointment of their own officers and the administration of their own laws, they have come to regard themselves as independent, in their isolation, and to defy the Government. It is with a view to save life, to save the public peace, and to bring the Territory of Utah into submission to the authorities of the land, without bloodshed, I favor the increase of force which is to be sent there.

This position drew down upon him, not only censure from Republican presses, and personal friends, but even from fellow Republicans in the Senate. Replying to some of these, he said he was not "to be deterred from giving an honest vote," by any fear of the party with which he acted. "I should be unfit to be here, if I had not learned to postpone my own advantage and their advantage to the greater good of my whole country." He remarked that every party was beset by the danger of being drawn into false collateral issues. Thus, he said, he found he was continually urged to oppose every measure of the Administration, good or bad, but that he was determined "never to give a vote, influenced by passion or prejudice, against the interests and fame and honor of my whole country."

Though his course was the subject of much animadversion, while the debate lasted, it was soon perceived to be right, and received the approval of public opinion. Three years later, more than one "War Democrat" told him that his speeches on the "Utah Army Bill" had served to enlighten them as to their own duty, to disregard unpatriotic party counsels, and to stand by the Government and the Union.

He wrote to his son:

February 5.

> The onslaught upon me was a breaking out of discontents, among my associates. I treated it with kindness and without feeling in my private conversation and bearing, and on the whole it has done no harm, and much good. It needed this to avert the tendency of our party to make a false issue on this Mormon question. Mormonism belongs to the brood of "Popular Sover-

eignty." Connection with it does not seemingly harm the Democratic party. But how long could the Republican party survive the clear or imputed responsibility for any disaster on the Plains? I have studied the matter deeply, and conversed with officers and others.

Inclosing a request for suggestions in regard to a biographical sketch of himself for the American Cyclopædia, he added:

I send you Messrs. Appleton's note. I have informed them that I can suggest nothing, but that as you are to inherit my name, with whatever of good or evil attaches to it, you probably may think it worth while to communicate with them.

I am expecting to speak on the Kansas question early after the reports of the committee come in, perhaps some day this week. I shall send you slips in advance. Perhaps the captious critics and censors will be able to learn from my speech, how it is possible for a man to serve a party, without being a mere partisan.

This was the great debate of the session. It was absorbing public attention at the Capitol and throughout the country. When it was understood that Seward was to speak on the 3d of March, the floor and galleries of the Senate Chamber were crowded with listeners. At the appointed time, he rose in his place, and began his argument.

CHAPTER XLIII.

1858.

The "Lecompton Debate." The Coalition Between President and Court. The Kansas Governors and the People. Southern Utterances. The Crittenden Amendment. The Conference Committee. The English Bill. A Forecast of Coming Events. The Future of Kansas

"EIGHT years ago," said Seward, "we slew the Wilmot Proviso in the Senate Chamber, and buried it under the floors of the Capitol. Four years later, we exploded the time-honored system of governing Territories, and proclaimed in its stead, a new gospel of 'Popular Sovereignty.' Yet now the slavery question, back again, has been raging freely in our halls, scattering dismay in both Houses of Congress. Thus, an old and unwelcome lesson is read to us anew. The question of slavery involves a struggle of two antagonistical systems, the labor of slaves and the labor of freemen, for mastery in the Federal Union. Such a struggle is not to be arrested, quelled, or reconciled, by temporary expedients or compromises." He then gave a historical

resumé of that contest. Describing the opening scene of Buchanan's Administration, he said:

The day of inauguration came, the first one among all the celebrations of that great national pageant that was to be desecrated by a coalition between the executive and the judicial departments to undermine the liberties of the people. The President, attended by the usual lengthened procession, arrived, and took his seat on the portico. The Supreme Court attended him there, in robes which yet exacted public reverence. The people, unaware of the import of the whisperings carried on between the President and the Chief Justice, and imbued with veneration for both, filled the avenues and gardens, far away as the eye could reach.

The President addressed them in words as bland as those which the worst of all the Roman Emperors pronounced, when he assumed the purple. He announced the forth-coming extra-judicial exposition of the Constitution, and pledged his submission to it as authoritative and final. The Chief Justice and his associates remained silent. The Senate too was there — constitutional witnesses. They too were silent, although the promised usurpation was to subvert the authority which Congress had exercised for nearly seventy years.

The pageant ended. On the 5th of March the Judges, without exchanging their silken robes for courtiers' gowns, paid their salutations to the President, in the executive palace. Doubtless the President received them as graciously as Charles the First did the Judges, who had, at his instance, subverted the statutes of English liberty.

On the 6th of March, the Supreme Court dismissed the negro suitor, Dred Scott, to return to bondage; and having thus disposed of that private action, for an alleged private wrong, on the ground of want of jurisdiction in the case, they proceeded, with amusing solemnity, to pronounce the opinion that, if they had such jurisdiction, still the unfortunate negro would have had to remain in bondage, because the Missouri prohibition was void; and that by force of the Constitution, slavery existed with all the elements of property in man over man, in all the Territories of the United States, paramount to any popular sovereignty within the Territories, and even to the authority of Congress itself!

In this ill-omened act, the Supreme Court forgot its own dignity. They forgot that the province of a court is simply "*jus dicere*," and not at all "*jus dare*." They forgot also, that one "foul sentence does more harm than many foul examples; for the last do but corrupt the stream, while the former corrupteth the fountain."

Narrating then, how the Lecompton Convention framed a Constitution declaring slavery perpetual and irreversible; how they found that if submitted it would be rejected; how they adopted the "pitiful and wicked juggle" of "submission in form, but not in fact;" how Governor Walker, unwilling to connive at it, "remonstrated and appealed to his chief;" how he was overruled and denounced; how the acting Governor, F. P. Stanton, showing like unwillingness, was summarily

removed; and how Mr. Denver became Governor, "the fifth incumbent of that office appointed within less than the legal term of one." Then he told how the Legislature submitted the Constitution to a vote, with the result of "a majority of 11,000 against the Constitution in any form." He showed that the President of the Lecompton Convention "has fled the Territory, charged with the attempt to procure fraudulent returns, to reverse the already declared result;" while the President of the United States "urges and implores" from Congress their sanction of that "false, pretended and spurious Constitution." After combating the various arguments adduced on the pro-slavery side, he pointed out the futility of their hopes in Kansas:

Her whole existence has been, and yet is, a trial, a temptation, a chaos;—and now you propose to make her nuptials a celebration of the funeral of her freedom. The people of Kansas are entitled to that freedom; for they have won it back, when it had been wrested from them by invasion and usurpation. You are great and strong, but you can never, never conquer Kansas! The expansion of territory to make slave States will only fail to be a great crime because it is impracticable, and, therefore, will turn out to be a stupendous imbecility. Slavery, wherever and whenever and in whatsoever form it exists, is exceptional, local, and short-lived. Freedom is the common right, interest, and ultimate destiny of all mankind. It is for yourselves, not for us, to decide how long, and through what further mortifications and disasters the contest shall be protracted.

The debate over Lecompton elicited able speeches on both sides of the question. While there was much turgid declamation, there were also many pithy utterances, which are even yet quoted and remembered. Perhaps the most forcible and startling speech on the Southern side was that of Senator Hammond of South Carolina, who said:

"You dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares make war on it. Cotton *is* king. * * * What would happen if no cotton was furnished for three years? I will not stop to depict what every one can imagine; but this is certain: England would topple headlong and carry the whole civilized world with her, save the South."

In the same speech he declared that in all social systems there must be a menial class to "perform the drudgery of life. This constitutes the very mudsill of society, and of political government; and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air, as to build either the one or the other, except on this mudsill." Saying that their slaves were their "mudsills," he contended that "the manual laborers and operatives" of the North sustained the same relation to Northern society, and were "essentially slaves," the difference being that "our slaves are hired for life, and are well compensated — yours are hired by the day, and not cared for." Significantly alluding to the mil-

itary power, and resources of the South, he said she had "eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles; was as large as Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, and Spain. Is not that territory enough," he asked, "to make an empire that shall rule the world?" "It can send," he asserted, "a larger army than any power on earth can send against her, of men brought up on horse-back, with guns in their hands."

This speech gave much offense to the workingmen at the North; and was warmly answered in their behalf, by Senators Hamlin and Broderick. The latter remarked, that he himself was "the son of an artisan, and had been a mechanic;" and that the Senator's sneer at "hireling manual laborers might have the effect of arousing in the workingmen that spirit which has been lying dormant." "How foolish," he said, "for the South to hope to contend for success in such an encounter! Slavery is old, decrepid, and consumptive; Freedom is young and vigorous."

In the House, Mr. Miles of South Carolina affirmed that "Slavery lay at the foundation of Southern prosperity — the very life-blood of its existence."

Still another of the various phases of the Kansas question now occurred. Before the final vote on "Lecompton" was taken in the Senate, Mr. Crittenden offered an amendment providing that the Constitution should be again submitted to the people of Kansas; and if rejected, that a new Constitutional Convention should be called. This was voted down; and the bill was passed 33 to 25, the "Anti-Lecompton" Democrats — Douglas, Broderick, Pugh and Stewart — voting with the Republicans, as well as the "Old Whigs," Crittenden and Bell. When the bill reached the House of Representatives, the Crittenden amendment was again offered, and carried, by Republican and "Anti-Lecompton" votes. Returned to the Senate thus amended, that body rejected it. Both Houses refused to recede from their positions; and finally a Committee of Conference was proposed and adopted. Green, Hunter, and Seward were appointed on the part of the Senate; English, Stephens, and Howard on the part of the House. The Chairman, English, reported a substitute, that was called a "compromise," which in substance provided, that if Kansas adopted the Lecompton Constitution, she should be admitted at once as a slave State; but if not, that she should remain in her territorial condition, and forfeit a large allotment of public lands. Of course, the two Republicans, Seward and Howard, dissented from the report. Both Houses, however, accepted and passed it. In his speech, the night before its final passage, Seward said:

This bill gives to Kansas the choice of being a slave State, and only that choice. The President declares that Kansas, while she is a Territory, is as much a slave State as South Carolina. The change you offer her is, that if she will accept the Lecompton Constitution, she shall be recognized in name and form as a slave State, in lieu of remaining a slave State in the form and status of a Territory. It is, therefore, just no compromise at all; it is only the pretense of a compromise.

He warned the Administration side that the scheme would fail, both as regarded Kansas, and as regarded themselves.

There is to be no Lecompton State, no slave State, in Kansas. Nevertheless, you enact by this law that there shall be a slave State in Kansas, and there shall be no other. Well, if you shall pass the bill to-day, as you say you will, it will reach Kansas in about ten days. In about ten days more, the new State of Kansas will be organized under the new Leavenworth free State Constitution, and about the 7th day of June, when you are impatient to go home, Kansas will be beleaguering you here for admission as a free State. She will be telling you that she knows nothing about your projected slave State within her borders. She has not seen it; it is not there at all. You, of course, will spurn her from your path, and will go home. The people of Kansas will then appeal to the popular elections throughout the United States, which are to send to this capital twenty new Senators, and a whole House of Representatives, about the first Tuesday in November next. Now I ask the supporters of this bill, about how many Democratic Senators and Representatives they expect will be returned by the people? You will go before the people no longer in the character of a party that balances equally between freedom and slavery, but in the detested character of a party intervening for slavery against freedom. You will meet in the elections, not, as heretofore, two or three factions, giving you a triumph by their divisions, but one party only, and that party combined, resolute, and animated by a sincere, deep, and common devotion.

On the other hand, you yourselves, no longer united, will reach the polls in jealous divisions, and under different standards — one faction wanting slavery absolutely, and without regard to partisan success, or popular consent; the other hesitating and halting on the position of no slavery, anywhere, unless the people choose it. You provide for yourselves a defeat.

Kansas will live and survive your persecution. She will live to defend, protect, and sustain you. The time will come when her elder sisters — sisters now so arrogant — Louisiana, Virginia and Pennsylvania - - will repent themselves of all the injustice they have done to her. She will endure the trial nobly, to the end, as she has borne it hitherto, and as she has been the first, so she will be the last, to contend and to suffer. Every Territory that shall come into the Union, hereafter, profiting by the sufferings of Kansas, will come into the Union a free State. This unnecessary strife, so unwisely provoked by slavery, draws to its end. The effort to make slave States within our domain is against reason and against nature. Resist them no longer!

Of course these predictions were received with incredulity at Washington. But the first echo from the North was in the spring elections, when the Republicans, in union with the "Anti-Lecompton" men, gained successive triumphs. When under the provisions of the English "Compromise," the Lecompton Constitution was submitted to the people of Kansas, they promptly, by a majority of five to one, rejected it.

CHAPTER XLIV.

1858.

Washington Society. Lack of Police. Common Schools. Myrtilla Miner. Two More States. Treasury Notes. John Bell and Andrew Johnson. Oregon and Minnesota. Utah and the Mormons. Troubles in the Gulf. Mr. Vinton. Mrs. Gaines. Conferences with Kansas Settlers. The Napiers. Baron Gerolt. An "Anti-Lecompton" Gathering. Visits and Acquaintances. A State Funeral. Arranging Personal Disputes Between Senators. A Pennsylvania Excursion. Another House.

WASHINGTON was full of visitors this winter. Railway facilities and important public issues before Congress, were every year bringing more people to the capital. Hotels were filled with guests, and expanding in size. Social gayeties increased. Seward, though he disliked ostentation, was fond of hospitality. Round his table, or in his drawing-room, he liked to bring together political friends and opponents, foreign representatives, and strangers from distant States. Among the diplomatic corps, and among the families residing in Washington, he had now come to have a large and pleasant acquaintance. One of the social events of the season was a fancy dress ball at the house of Senator Gwin, at which Lord and Lady Napier appeared in eighteenth century costumes as Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, their earliest predecessors in the British Legation to the United States.

Although the seat of National Government, Washington was, as yet, without a city police for its own protection. The increase of population, and the influx of strangers was beginning to be attended by crimes and disorders that rendered the streets unsafe. Seward, advocating a bill for the establishment of a police force, remarked:

I think every man who is a resident of the city can bear witness that persons take care to avoid being out in the night, exposing themselves to violence and brutality by offenders who are at large in the city. It was but the night before last, that one of the public officers, a messenger of the Treasury Department, was assassinated in the open streets, and at an early hour in the

evening. It is certainly due to the character of the capital of the country, that we should give this subject immediate attention.

The project of public schools also came up at this session and was warmly supported by him. Answering some of the arguments against it, he described the peculiar relation held by Washington to the rest of the country, and made a forecast of its future:

With the beginning of the building up of a great nation there was also begun necessarily the building up of a great capital. I remember, — it was within my own time, and yours, Sir, — when Washington was ridiculed as a "city of magnificent distances" — a mockery of a city. It has passed from that stage, and has already become a city of magnificent edifices, and of magnificent gardens. Now as the nation grows in strength, and wealth, and territory, this capital will necessarily grow; and every year it will require from Congress the appropriations necessary to its advancement, until it shall become the finest, the greatest, the most magnificent capital in the world.

But there is another want which every capital on earth always has had, and always will have, — namely, some provision for maintaining its morals and public virtue. This capital is no more necessary for the purposes of the Government, or the welfare of the country, than school-houses are for the education of children, at the seat of Government.

The schools were established at last. But there was one educational enterprise not included in them, and looked upon with much disfavor by those who did not want to have "chattels" taught to read. This was Myrtilla Miner's school for the education of colored children. Benevolent and self-sacrificing as this work was, she was not allowed to proceed in it without opposition, insults, and threats of mob violence. Wilson, in describing it, says:

Among leading men and families of Washington she found patrons and friends, who lent both countenance and material aid to her mission of love and good works. For even in those dark days of pro-slavery violence, there were not wanting members of Congress who were won to her support, by her welcome importunity and the beauty of her pure and perilous endeavor; while the carriage from the residence of Mr. Seward, often seen standing before her humble school-room, attested the interest felt in the work of the brave and heroic woman, by the wife and daughters of the New York Senator.

Two more States besides Kansas were at the doors of Congress this session. Oregon presented herself with a Constitution containing an article excluding "persons of African descent" from the State. Seward protested against this "un-Republican discrimination." The majority of the Senate, however, made no objection to it. The bill for her admission was passed in the Senate, but did not get through the House of Representatives until February, 1859.

Minnesota presented herself with a free Constitution. Seward approved of this, and advocated her admission. Both Houses passed the bill, and Minnesota was duly enrolled on the list of States.

Among other measures which Seward advocated at this session, were the improvement of the Potomac river, in the vicinity of Washington, naval movements to check the African Slave Trade; the opening of the public lands to actual settlers; the protection of emigrants on vessels coming to the United States; the reorganizing of the Supreme Court, "so that the several States shall be represented by judges in said courts more nearly on the basis of their population, while the administration of justice shall be made more speedy and efficient." One of the topics which engrossed considerable time was a proposed issue of Treasury notes. The commercial revulsion of the fall of 1857 had deranged and embarrassed the financial operations of the Government, as well as those of the commercial community. Seward concurred in the necessity and propriety of the issue; but urged limitations as to amount, rate of interest, and length of time. Many of his suggestions were adopted. He supported the claim of Townsend Harris for compensation for services in Japan; and the resolution for a medal to Commodore Paulding. He also advocated the resolution extending facilities to the Turkish Admiral who came to superintend the construction of a naval vessel in the United States. He urged a change in the location of the wagon road to the Pacific, to give greater security to emigrants across the plains; also the extension and continuance of the Coast Survey, and the Survey of the North Pacific. He continued his advocacy of a railroad across the continent, and a telegraph to Utah and California.

An incident of this session was his interposition to endeavor to restore good understanding, after some misapprehensions arising in debate between the two Senators from Tennessee, John Bell and Andrew Johnson, both of whom were his political opponents, though his personal friends. With Mr. Bell, his intimacy had begun in old Whig times; with Mr. Johnson, it had been developed by their accord in support of the Homestead Law, and similar measures. Johnson, while adhering to the Democratic party, was sometimes restive under the domineering tone of the South Carolina leaders. Hammond's speech, in which he characterized all manual laborers as "slaves," brought out an indignant protest from him.

Seward wrote:

WASHINGTON, *May* 19, 1858.

I began the day yesterday with attendance at ten on the Committee of Foreign Relations — and spent it until five in the Senate. We passed the bill

admitting Oregon. The decision manifested in regard to the Mormons has been successful, as it now seems. I look back with satisfaction on the efforts I made to save our cause from prejudice on that score. My associates do not complain of my present demonstrations, of the same nature, on the British aggressions upon our vessels, on the Gulf of Mexico.

H. B. Majesty's Minister appeared yesterday in the Senate Chamber on the slavery side; and after holding a levee largely attended there, wound up his visit with similar attentions to Mr. Crittenden and myself, on our side, but with this difference — the Democrats drew him aside, into committee rooms, to drink drams. We are content to be social, without such extravagant hospitality.

May 20.

Last week I appointed yesterday for Mr. Vinton to dine with me; and consult about the reorganization of the Supreme Court. I invited Preston King also. A broiled shad, with ham and eggs, made a simple feast. General Cass came in, in the midst of it, and added spirit to our party. At eight o'clock, I had to meet a committee from Kansas, and several other parties, whom I had promised to receive in the evening. These visitors fill up the measure of my time till a late hour. Next week there is a wedding at Governor Walker's, to which I am bidden.

May 21.

Yesterday I dined with Dr. Pyne, Mr. Mason, Commodore Shubrick, and others, as Governor Walker's guests. In the evening a conference at my house between some members of Congress and the committee, sent to us by the settlers of Kansas. To-night I am to visit Mrs. Goddard, who gives a party to Mrs. Sigourney. I may have to speak on the *Amistad* case to-day, wherefore I quit here to look over my old notes.

May 23.

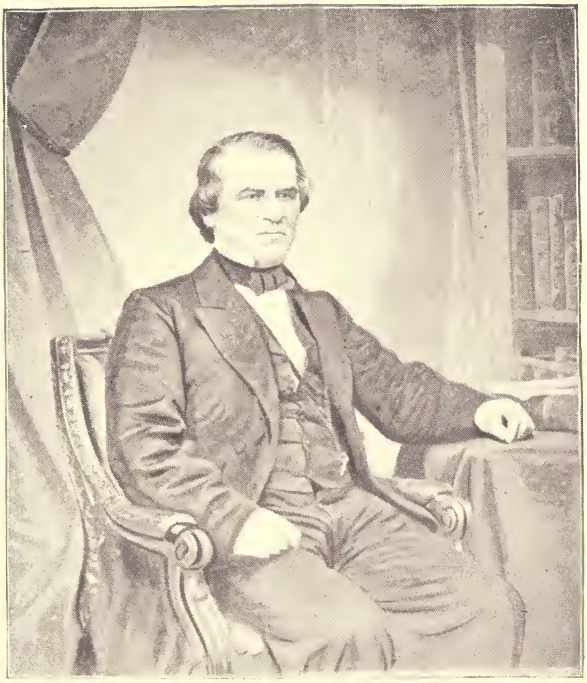
And a bright glorious morning it is. I met Miss Cushman and Miss Stebbins at the wharf yesterday, and conveyed them to the depot, whence they proceeded to Richmond.

The Administration and their party manifestly mean to appeal to the popular prejudice against Great Britain, on the ground of the recent transactions in the Gulf, by way of diverting the public mind from Kansas. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations met yesterday, and are summoned again for to-morrow. I have a delicate case to manage in this business, but I shall try to get through it safely.

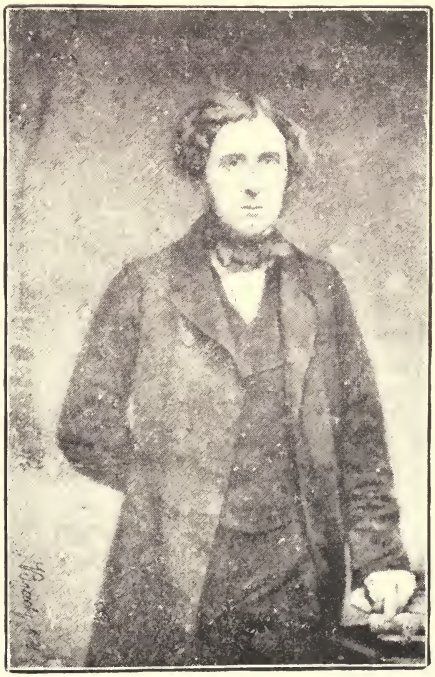
May 28.

The Queen's Birthday Ball was a brilliant success. All possible splendors distinguished the ladies' dresses, and the costumes of Ministers, and Army and Navy officers. Not more than two hundred and fifty persons were invited, and these were, in the main, very distinguished. The rooms were comfortable, and conversation was not drowned by the music. I came away at twelve.

I invited all the Anti-Lecompton members of Congress to supper last night, together with most of the foreign Ministers. Nearly all came from North, South, East, and West, Republicans, "Americans," and Democrats, and we



ANDREW JOHNSON.



LORD NAPIER.

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had a very joyous time — the first winter since I have been here when there was absence of distrust, fear, and constraint. Lord Napier left me at half-past one or two and I slept five hours, and then, after an early breakfast, I went to the Capitol to attend a committee. I have been there all day.

Sunday, May 30.

I would rather you would complain to me than grieve over your troubles alone. As Greeley said when John poured champagne into his unused glass, "That's right. All that you put in *there* is warranted not to kill."

June 2.

The Senate adjourned at eleven last night, and meets at eleven this morning. All is hurry, bustle, and confusion. I manage to get eight hours' sleep, and so far I get along very well. The war-makers against England are taken aback. Of course, the *Times* and *Evening Post* complain against us, and denounce us for not taking the British side. Of course, the Irish papers and Democratic ones denounce us, because those Republican journals take the British side. In a multitude of counselors there is much wisdom doubtless, but many dangers attend those who attempt to profit by all their counsels.

The prospect of a close of the Mormon campaign without bloodshed is pleasing.

June 4.

I surrendered thirteen hours to work at the Capitol — one to business at home. The Utah war is over, the two regiments remitted. I suppose now my vote on the Army Bill may pass for a sensible one. The troubles in the Gulf subside about the same time, and Congress can wisely enough go home.

June 7.

I fear that my account of yesterday, a Sunday in Washington, would shock a patriot of the time of Cromwell, if there were any such now-a-days. First, as I was to attend a funeral in the afternoon, was the agreement with myself to abstain from church in the morning.

The funeral was a state occasion, attended by both Houses of Congress, the President and Cabinet and all the foreign Ministers. The audience was not impressed. There was a decent observance of seriousness, until the last words fell from the preacher's lips, and then the vast crowd of mourners were hurried homeward by cabmen in a general race. I stopped at Governor Hammond's. At dinner came Lord Napier. The conversation brought his Lordship to an explanation that, at the White House and elsewhere, it was a standing complaint that he associated intimately with me and you, and only ceremonially with Democrats, a fact which he had to confess, but sturdily rested his defense on the fact that we liked his society and his wife's, and reciprocated their visits, which Democrats did not, etc., etc. Before we had gotten through dinner, came in the whole body of the Republican church militant, headed by Murray, Morgan, Matteson, Washburn. Lady Napier called at the door with her boys, to take papa off at nine, and I rolled myself into bed, having discharged my last visitor at twelve.

June 8.

Discontented mortals that we are! Only just now relieved of the cold and wet, we are complaining of a burning atmosphere! It is breakfast-time, and I am alone once more. Of yesterday's election, here, I know nothing, save that my friends the "Know-Nothings," now becoming Republicans, were beaten. Perhaps it was best that they should be; they will become full Republicans a little sooner.

June 10.

For the last two days I have been visited from breakfast until ten, and detained at the Capitol without intermission from eleven until nine or ten, gone to bed wearied, and slept not too well. The weather is oppressive, and people absorbed in anxious cares are unamiable.

A passage occurred in the Senate, a few days ago, between Jefferson Davis and Mr. Chandler of Michigan. I appealed to both, and on the consent of the former, first given, and Chandler's, thereupon obtained, I took the reporter's notes, and erased all the offensive matter on both sides, and so made peace.

A similar passage occurred on Tuesday between Davis and Benjamin. The latter challenged, the former accepted. Friends intervened, explanations were made in the Senate yesterday, and peace established.

June 12.

Debates and votes in the Senate, conference, discussions in committee, and, added to these, the conquering of the settlement of a challenge by Gwin to Wilson, has occupied me two days, and rendered me worthless. But I shall soon be at home.

June 13.

It was two o'clock when I found my pillow, and such constant labor and care have fatigued me.

Nobody can apologize for insults, but I, who never give any. Gwin authorized me to suppress the debate, and dictate the terms of settlement. Wilson would be ruined if the debate was suppressed, on my interposition; besides, Rives, the reporter, wouldn't consent to suppress the debate. Gwin, having challenged and been denied that satisfaction, couldn't ask Wilson to explain or retreat. Wilson might explain, but couldn't offer to do so after a challenge had been received. I advised that I should offer an explanation, in his behalf. Wilson's friends said that would ruin him. I consulted Davis of Mississippi. He suggested that Wilson should offer an explanation, the challenge being suspended. I drew the letter. Wilson's friends insisted that would ruin him. They would rather see him hacked to pieces. I drew another, and another, and another. But each one was destructive to Wilson, to the Republican party, and to myself. Two whole days I worked until the manuscript of condemned notes would be enough for a bonfire. At last Gwin's patience was exhausted. A street assault with pistols, bowie-knife, and all that, was imminent. Davis and I called in Mr. Crittenden. Under our advice, Wilson and Gwin stipulated to refer the matter to us. We arbitrated, at the dinner-table in my house, two hours, and made an award.

Here is my second composition of strife, within two weeks, for my fierce friends, who, if I could only manage their controversies right, might win the laurels of "chivalry," without exposure to its hazards.

June 15.

At last Congress has adjourned. But the Senate is detained for a day or two. The cares and anxieties and severe labor are over. What next? Well, here is my program. I am going this morning to close arrangements for the house in F. street. That done, I shall begin to make a disposition as to the furniture. Then I am going to the Senate at half-past ten, then to dine at a party made for me by Mr. Floyd, the Secretary of War. Then to bed.

I go at five to-morrow morning, with Lord Napier and Mr. Sartiges, to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, then with them and Mr. Cameron to look at Pennsylvania, and return home, that is here, on Friday. By that time the Senate will have closed, my house be pretty well cleared, and as soon as possible, therefore, say about the middle of next week, I disperse my family and set out for home. Details to be determined by necessities. And now to work at arranging books and papers until ten.

June 22.

If you get short letters from me, now, you must remember, that I send letters at the same time by the hundred, and speeches by the thousand, to others. Yesterday was the longest day of all the year. I took my arm-chair at seven, and left it only at seven. At length we begin to move, and our way opens before us with some distinctness. I have descended into the heretofore unfathomed depths of that basket, and exhausted its contents. Near all the bills are paid. The coach-horses and driver have gone. The new house is leased, but to be repaired, painted, papered, whitewashed, and put in complete order under Catherine's directions; and she is to move in when, and in such way, as she pleases.

To-day I devote to getting my papers arranged, and set out, probably, to-morrow for home.

CHAPTER XLV.

1858.

Auburn Enterprises. The Methodists. The Atlantic Cable Laid. Rejoicings. The Slave Trade. The Albany Bridge Case. The Fall Elections. Lincoln and Douglas. Seward's Rochester Speech. The "Irrepressible Conflict." The Future. Returning to Washington.

During this summer, the improvements at Auburn were continued along the banks of the Owasco. New houses were built; new streets opened and graded. As usual, there were many summer visitors.

The Methodist Conference was holding its sessions in the North Street Church — the clergymen, according to custom, being entertained

by the citizens. At this, as at other conferences, there were strong anti-slavery resolutions, and speeches. Seward had three or four of the ministers at his table; and one evening invited the whole body to his house and grounds. An old friend, coming upon them there, said :

"Why, Governor, I thought you were an Episcopalian!"

"So I am," replied Seward, "in religion; but in politics, I rather think I am a Methodist."

About noon on the 5th of August came the announcement that the Atlantic cable had been laid; and that telegraphic messages had actually passed under the ocean between America and England. Two previous attempts to lay the cable had been watched with the liveliest interest. But both had failed; and when the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* had again set out, freighted with the wire, to make a third attempt, the enterprise had begun to be considered a hopeless one. Surprise and joy broke out, all over the land, into public demonstrations. Church bells were rung; cannon fired; impromptu meetings held, where speeches of congratulation were made, national anthems played and sung, and cheering rent the air. At Washington, the Government Departments suspended work, and the day became a jubilee. At Albany, courts and other public bodies adjourned, and their members went out into State street, to join an improvised procession to the Capitol. At Andover, a thousand alumni were gathered at a semi-centennial dinner. With one accord they rose to their feet, and sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then broke into wild excitement of cheering. As night came on, spontaneous illuminations burst forth in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, and dozens of other towns. At Auburn, Seward and Governor King, who happened to be visiting him, were eagerly summoned, by the excited townspeople, to come out and speak. In the course of his remarks, Seward told some of the incidents of the passage of the Telegraph Bill, through Congress.

Cyrus W. Field, by assiduity and patience, first secured consent and conditional engagement on the part of Great Britain; and then, less than two years ago, repaired to Washington. The President and Secretary of State individually favored his proposition, but the jealousies of parties and sections, in Congress, forbade them to lend it their efficient aid and sanction. He appealed to me. I drew the necessary bill. With the generous aid of other Northern representatives, and the indispensable help of the late Thomas J. Rusk, a Senator from Texas, that bill, after a severe contest, was carried through the Senate by a bare majority. It escaped defeat in the House of Representatives, with equal difficulty. * * * If any one has wondered why I, an extreme Northern man, lamented Thomas J. Rusk, an equally extreme Southern man, they

have here an explanation. But so vehement were the prejudices against Mr. Field, for what was then regarded as presumption and officiousness on his part, that the great bill was only saved, by his withdrawing, at the request of Mr. Rusk and myself, from the Senate Chamber, its lobbies, and even from the Capitol grounds, and remaining unobtrusive and unseen in his own lodgings. But Cyrus W. Field at last, fortified with capital derived from New York and London, and with the navies of Great Britain and the United States at his command, has, after trials that would have discouraged any other than a true discoverer, brought the great work to a felicitous consummation.

During the next week, formal and impressive ceremonies of rejoicing were held in the cities, public and private buildings were draped with flags and decorations, and streets brilliantly illuminated. In New York a display of fire-works in front of the City Hall set the upper part of that edifice in a blaze, and it had a narrow escape from destruction. At this period, when the telegraph has become a common factor in the daily life of the civilized world, it is difficult to realize the intensity and depth of the public feeling, at the mere announcement of the successful laying of the cable in 1858. The long interval and the broad ocean, that had hitherto been inseparable barriers to foreign intercourse, were suddenly swept away. It seemed as if time and space were annihilated, and the Old World and the New brought face to face.

Writing to Theodore Parker in July, on political topics, Seward said:

I have not respect enough for the arguments of the ultra-slavery writers on economics to notice them. But it is strangely true that they believe what they write themselves. Between so many guides as we have, so many of them honest, but unreasoning, and so many willfully deceptive, though plausible, it is hard enough to keep a vigorous, respectable, and effective political party in due organization.

Of Mr. Quincy's book I wish to think well; but as yet, I have not seen it. Cotemporaries will never justly judge the dead. There is a prevalent tone of extreme favor or prejudice. It is, perhaps, useless to try to correct it until after time shall have mellowed it.

I am, between us, meditating a demonstration at the next session, for a practical and effective blow by the Government against the surreptitious slave trade. The Government can now be forced on this, since it has been excused from allowing Great Britain to do our business in that way for us, which, by the way, Great Britain no longer had the courage to insist on doing. Your speech is suggestive of effective weapons for that controversy and the Dred Scott case.

Another letter to an old friend, remarked:

I sometimes wish that in my eternal character of candidate I might be effectually "killed" and ended, according to the malice of the thousand political

assassins who undertake that job for me so often. If I were thus dead, I should enjoy with you the pleasure of speculating sometimes on the wisdom of those who manage our party affairs, escaping generally all individual responsibility, and generally, also, leaving it to rest on my shoulders. But since this is not yet fully allowed to be my case, I am content to leave you to grumble while I remain silent.

Whatever might be pleaded for concession and compromise, on the former occasion of which you speak, there can be no excuse for it now. The habit of compromise, however, like all others, is hard to shake off.

Toward the close of August he went down to Albany and New York to argue the case pending in the United States Circuit Court, in regard to a bridge over the Hudson river at Albany. Up to this time the right of a State to build a railway bridge across a navigable stream was still a disputed point — but the needs of commerce were bringing it forward for settlement, in the Federal courts. The proposed one at Albany had a charter from the State Legislature. It was chiefly opposed by the people of Troy, who feared it might obstruct and injure the trade of their city. The ground taken by their counsel was, that the construction of such a bridge was an infringement of the Constitution, which reserved the control of navigable waters to the General Government. Seward's argument traced the history of the controversy and analyzed the legal theories. He showed that while the control of the navigable waters was vested in the General Government, that of the banks was reserved to the State, but that even this division of power was apparent, rather than real. It was to protect commerce, that the Federal Government exercised its power over the river; and it was to promote commerce that the State Government was proposing to bridge it. He conceded that the Federal rights and the interests of navigation must be jealously guarded, by making the bridge high enough for small craft to pass under it, and with a draw to allow the largest to freely pass through. And yet, after all, the volume of traffic which would pour across the bridge would be vastly greater than that carried under it. In conclusion, he remarked:

An empire of free, educated, emulous, self-governing men — the first of such empires that the world has known — is forming itself here to cover the continent. The State of New York is the chief architect of the whole system. She it is who has stretched out, and still goes stretching out artificial highways of water, and artificial highways over land, all of which practically radiate from this one great center, and extend so as to grasp, and conduct through this valley, the trade and travel of the continent — a system of highways that will not be left incomplete, but will, at no distant day, connect the Pacific with the Atlantic coast. Albany and Troy stand just at the gate where these great continental floods of trade and travel reach the Hudson river, and separate. The

projected bridge at Albany will be no isolated structure, but a part of a whole system, to relieve the pressure upon that important gate. It will be, not for our own lives, but for centuries.

The doctrine he advocated was accepted by the courts, and has since become a settled legal principle. Not only the Albany bridge, but many others have been erected in accordance with it.

Soon after, Lord and Lady Napier, and M. Sartiges spent a few days at Auburn, and then Seward, with some of his family, went with them to Niagara Falls. But this pleasure trip was cut short by urgent requests to "take the stump" for the Republican ticket in the political campaign. The Republicans throughout the North were at last united and vigorous. The persistent attempt to force slavery into Kansas had drawn party lines more sharply, and added to the growing strength of the new organization. The "American" party was no longer a formidable competitor, and was making overtures for "fusion." In Illinois, Lincoln's nomination for United States Senator had been followed by the joint debate between him and Douglas, which was attracting national attention and interest.

In New York, Edwin D. Morgan had been nominated for Governor and Robert Campbell for Lieutenant-Governor, by the Republicans, at a convention which unqualifiedly indorsed Seward's senatorial course.

Seward spoke at Auburn, at Rome, and other places. But the chief and most important of his speeches in this campaign was that at Rochester, which has since acquired historical importance. Its leading thought, elaborated and enforced by illustration, was this:

> Our country exhibits, in full operation, two radically different political systems; the one resting on the basis of servile or slave labor, the other on the basis of voluntary labor of freemen. * * * Hitherto, the two systems have existed in different States, but side by side, within the American Union. These antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact, and collision results. Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested, or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth, that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and free States; and it is the existence of this great fact, that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral.

When this speech was reported, and spread abroad by the press, it became the subject of excited comment. Its phrase of "An irre-

pressible conflict," was seized upon as a point for attack and denunciation, hardly inferior to that which greeted his California speech in 1850. It was hotly denied that any such conflict existed. It was asserted that while there was no such conflict, Seward with other "agitators" were trying to foment one, and to array a peaceful people into two warring factions. "Wicked," "malicious," "treasonable," "black Republican," "negro-worshiping," "vile," and "vicious" were but a few of the epithets hurled at him by opposing journals and orators. The author of such an idea as an "irrepressible conflict" in the United States was a fit subject for *anathema maranatha.* Yet the idea was not a novel one, in Seward's mouth. It had recurred again and again, in his speeches, during the preceding ten years. Even the words with which he clothed it were hardly different, or stronger, than those of his previous utterances. At Cleveland in 1848; in the Senate Chamber in March, 1850; again in the same place in July of the same year; again in 1854, on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; twice again in the same debate; then again at Buffalo in 1855, and at Auburn in 1856, in phrases almost identical; and finally, in the debate over the Lecompton Constitution, in March, 1858. That the reiteration of his oft-expressed thought at Rochester, in October, should provoke such a storm of censure is, however, explainable. Hitherto, while it was accepted and believed by those who followed his political teachings, it had fallen among his opponents, upon unheeding ears and incredulous minds. But now, at last, the country was beginning to wake up to the gravity of the crisis; and when he pointed to the "irrepressible conflict," he was formulating, in clear words, a vague and unwilling belief that was creeping over every intelligent Northern mind. As the poet is most successful when he can give utterance to the shadowy, popular thought, so the prophet finds readiest belief when he announces the fact, which his hearers were almost, but not quite, ready to apprehend. He closed this Rochester speech with a forecast of the future of the Republican party :

> At last the Republican party has appeared. It avows now, as the Republican party of 1800 did, in one word its faith and its works — "equal and exact justice to all men." I know, and you know, that a revolution has begun. Twenty Senators and a hundred Representatives proclaim in Congress to-day, sentiments and opinions, and principles of freedom, which hardly so many men, even in this free State, dared to utter in their homes twenty years ago. While the Government of the United States has been all that time surrendering one plain and castle after another to slavery, the people of the United States have been no less steadily and perseveringly gathering together the forces with which to recover back again all the fields, and all the castles which have been lost.

The elections resulted in a Republican triumph in New York, and nearly all the Northern States. Morgan was elected Governor by a large majority. A Republican Legislature was chosen, and all but four of the members of Congress elected, were either Republicans, or "Anti-Lecompton" men. Among them were Reuben E. Fenton, Elbridge G. Spaulding, Silas M. Burroughs, Augustus Frank, Alfred Ely, Charles B. Sedgwick, Roscoe Conkling, Clark B. Cochrane, Francis E. Spinner, Abram B. Olin, Charles H. Van Wyck, John H. Reynolds, and others whose names have gained State or national prominence. Like successes in other States attested how "Lecompton" had damaged its authors. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Minnesota for the first time gave Republican majorities. The New England States, as well as Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin, which were already Republican, increased their vote. Even Indiana elected a majority of Republicans in her congressional delegation. In Illinois, the result was close, Douglas gaining a small majority in the Legislature. Of the free States, only California and Oregon stood by the Administration.

Seward remained at Auburn for a fortnight, to close up his affairs there before going to Washington for the winter. Writing to George E. Baker, after the election, he said:

I did not know how useful the speech was to be, until I read a letter from Theodore Parker last night.

And on the same day, he wrote to Theodore Parker:

It rejoiced a large gathering of good men, who were spending the evening of Thanksgiving Day with me, when the coming in of your letter gave us the welcome information of the restoration of your health.

In the cities, the Republican party having cowered before the "Know-Nothing" movement, instead of resisting it defiantly from the first, as they ought to have done, have been trying to propitiate them, and negotiate with them, to the great scandal of that portion of the party that lives off the sidewalks. It was apparent to me that the only danger in our way, in the recent election, was that this disgust might keep back the Republican hosts, or divide them. To the end of arresting this tendency, I discoursed at Rochester, Rome, Oswego, and here, on the key that is familiar to the people of the rural districts. Not one of them dreamed more than I did, that this was a new, or a bolder piece of composition, than they had learned and loved for many years. I have great satisfaction in witnessing the contest that the slave-retainers have raised about it. Congress will not have been a month in session, before the action of the Democrats will justify all my charges, and render my position as manifestly necessary, as I am sure it is just.

I see, at last, Massachusetts coming about. Charles Francis Adams brought into Congress at last! I proposed to our Central Committee to go to his district to help, but they told me they had ascertained that he was safe, and that my efforts were more necessary near home.

CHAPTER XLVI.

1858–1859.

Another Residence. Story of the "Amistad." An Unpublished Speech. The Pacific Railroad. Leaving the Old Senate Chamber. The "Thirty Million Bill." Cuba and the United States. The Kansas "Free State" Constitution. The African Slave Trade. Threats of Secession. The Napier Ball. The Homestead Bill. "Slaves for Slave-holders, or Homes for Freemen?" The Overland Mail Route. The Special Session. A Visit to Europe. Departure and Farewell.

THE new residence on F. street was a three-story brick house, having rooms on the ordinary city plan, with an "extension" in the rear containing a dining-room. It was conveniently located near the business center of the town. The front room of the basement was occupied as a study or office, and was soon overflowing with papers and documents. His youngest son this winter accompanied him to Washington, as his private secretary.

One of the first measures that came up, on the assembling of Congress, was the bill in regard to the *Amistad*. Seward moved its postponement, and prepared to oppose it in debate. Very soon, however, its supporters, finding that they had already a sufficiently heavy load of pro-slavery legislation to carry, wisely concluded to let it drop.

The story of the *Amistad* is a veritable romance of the sea, now fallen out of popular remembrance. It may be recounted here from the notes of Seward's unpublished speech:

On the 15th of April, 1839, the *Pecora*, a schooner which bore the Portuguese flag, cast anchor in an obscure port on the coast of Africa. A band of armed men, issuing from her, kidnapped and carried away from the shore fifty-two natives, including several women and children. All of these persons spoke the rude dialect of an African tribe, and recited Arabic prayers, from the ritual of the Mohammedan faith.

After a voyage marked by the well-known sufferings of the slave ship, these captives were landed in Havana, in the island of Cuba, and immediately confined in a *barracoon*, or jail. * * * They were then sold by the mercantile house of Martinez and Company — three of them to Pedro Montez, and the others to Jose Ruiz — with full knowledge, on their part, that the prisoners were "Bozal negroes," and not "Ladinoes," as the domestic slaves, recognized by Spanish laws in that island, are called. Montez and Ruiz were planters, who dwelt at, or near, Puerto Principe. * * *

On the 28th of June, the schooner *Amistad*, chartered for the purpose, sailed for Puerto Principe, carrying the fifty-two captive negroes, together with Montez and Ruiz as passengers. * * * The savages had already learned that their Christian oppressors had no suffering in reserve for them greater than the continuance of life itself in bondage. On the first of July, while they were yet close upon the eastern coast of Cuba, they rose to the appeal of Cinque, a

brave and athletic leader, slew the captain and cook, who resisted them, put the seamen ashore in the small boat, retained Antonio, whose African descent pleaded in his behalf, and spared the lives of Montez and Ruiz, on their agreement to direct the vessel eastward and deliver the insurgents upon the coast of Africa. Montez and Ruiz, in the daylight of sixty long summer days, unwillingly steered the coaster on an eastern course, as they had under such fearful circumstances engaged to do; but in the night-time, knowing that the barbarians were ignorant of the guidance offered to all mariners by the compass and the stars, they treacherously bore away to the northward. By these varying courses they brought up at last near Montauk Point, on the shore of Long Island, perhaps to the equal surprise of the impressed pilots, the ignorant mutineers, and the peaceful inhabitants of that cultivated coast. Urged by the common want, twenty of the Africans, leaving all the women and children on board, went ashore to beg of white men, their natural enemies, water and bread. During their absence, Captain Gedney, of the United States Navy on board the brig *Washington*, engaged in the Coast Survey, discovered and hailed the *Amistad*, and at the request of Montez and Ruiz, seized and secured the Africans who were on board, as he afterward secured the shore party on its return, and conducted them all, with the schooner, into the port of New London. There they were delivered into custody of a Marshal of the United States, to await judicial investigation. * * * The Americans, who had aided in the recapture of the schooner, now put in a claim for salvage. Montez and Ruiz appealed to the United States Government for its aid in securing their negro "property." * * * The Cuban owners of the *Amistad* claimed her restoration to themselves. Her Catholic Majesty assumed the case of Montez and Ruiz as her own, and demanded of the United States that the Africans should be surrendered as slaves, without reservation, detention, or hindrance. Her Protestant Majesty of Great Britain took a very different view of that transaction. She not only remonstrated with her Royal Sister of Spain against that demand, but insisted on her punishing Montez and Ruiz as pirates, and instructed the British Minister, residing here, to invoke the good offices of the President of the United States in behalf of the Africans, and to endeavor to secure to them "that liberty of which they were deprived." * * *

The President of the United States at first affected neutrality, but, soon afterward, openly intervened, and by his attorneys urged that the Africans should be condemned as slaves and returned to Montez and Ruiz. Confident of success in this appeal to the court, he kept a national ship at anchor near the scene of the trial, ready to receive the captives and convey them back to Cuba, there to be consigned to bondage. * * *

The Federal Judiciary, however, maintained not only its independence but its fidelity to truth and justice. First, the District Court for the District of Connecticut, then the Circuit Court sitting within the same district, on appeal, and lastly, the Supreme Court at this capital, finally reviewing the whole subject, overruled alike the claims of the pretended salvors, and even those of Montez and Ruiz, notwithstanding the intervention of the Court of Spain and the President of the United States, and decided, in effect, that the captives of

the *Amistad* were guiltless and injured freemen, entitled to liberty by the laws of the United States and by the laws of nations. * * *

Benevolent citizens received them at the prison doors, with acclamations and thanks to God for their deliverance from so many, and so great perils; and placing them on board a vessel prepared for that purpose, sent them back in safety to their native shores.

This is the short and simple story of the Africans of the *Amistad*. It proves that the human heart can be more treacherous than the irresponsible winds, and that things are sometimes found on the surface of the sea, which are more wonderful than even the rayless mysteries which it conceals. Had those captives been white men, the American people would have agreed, with the whole world beside, in approving the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the *Amistad* case would have been at an end. But they were not white men, and hence arose an appeal from that judgment, although it has long since been executed. The bill now before the Senate, brought in at the instance of the President of the United States, proposes to pay Montez and Ruiz the estimated value of the captives of the *Amistad*, on the ground that they were slaves, wrongfully set at liberty by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is, therefore, in fact, what I have already called it, an appeal from the Supreme Court to the Congress of the United States.

Such a recital of the facts of the case ought to have insured the defeat of the bill, and perhaps would have done so. Possibly its movers feared to face the narration. At all events the bill was not called up, and the speech was never made.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was again discussed, and Seward renewed his advocacy of it in several speeches. In the discussion of the various questions of detail, he favored amendments providing the rails should be of American manufacture, and that the road should end at San Francisco. He thought that instead of giving the public lands to a company to build the road, it would be wiser to employ the capital and credit of the Union in building the road, and throw open the land to actual settlers. Finally, in answering some of the objections of opponents, he remarked:

It is said that the road will cost a hundred or more millions, and will be worthless, when it is made, because it will not be self-sustaining. This road for the present is to be, chiefly, a road which will have three purposes; the first, the conveyance of mails, thus making it a postal road; second, the conveyance of the armies, and the military and naval stores of the United States, to the Pacific States; third, the introduction and establishment of society in the recesses of the continent. For one, I believe that society will be permanently organized and maintained in peace, in the interior of the continent, and that union will not be perfected between the East and the West until we shall have completed this bond of connection.

Early in January, 1859, the new Senate Chamber, in the extension

of the Capitol which had been some years in progress, under the direction of Captain Meigs, was announced to be ready for occupancy. Before proceeding thither, Mr. Crittenden, who was the senior in official service, made a brief speech, recalling the memories that were associated with the old hall. His allusions to historic scenes, and old companions, "in parting from this Chamber," which "had known us so long, and is to know us no more forever," were full of feeling. The Vice-President followed in a more elaborate address; and then the Senate, preceded by its officers, passed out through the long corridor, and entered into possession of its new Chamber. A prayer was offered by the Chaplain; the Chair rapped to order, and business in the new hall was inaugurated by the presentation of petitions and reports.

One of the chief topics of debate this winter was Senator Slidell's bill, placing $30,000,000 in the President's hands to "facilitate the acquisition of Cuba." The Administration favored, and urged it. Southern Senators did not hesitate to avow that they sought the annexation because it would increase the number and strength of slave-holding States.

The Committee on Foreign Affairs reported in favor of the scheme. Seward, who was on that committee, presented a minority report. Debate followed, which was continued during several weeks. In the course of it, he took occasion to define his own position:

> We, who have disputed so earnestly, year after year, over the question whether slavery shall be introduced into Kansas, are expected by the President to allow him to determine for the North and for the South, at his own pleasure, the terms and conditions upon which Cuba shall be annexed. Cuba, in the language of John Quincy Adams, "gravitates to the United States, as the apple yet hanging on its native trunk, gravitates to the earth which sustains it." Yet it certainly is true that the time and opportunity do not now serve, in my judgment, any more than they have served for the last sixty years. We may be nearer, as, indeed, I doubt not we are, to the acquisition of Cuba; but we have not arrived at the point at which the acquisition can be made consistently with peace, prudence, justice, and the national honor.

He wrote to Weed:

January 17.

> Contrary to what I have expected, the Democracy have concluded to make a party test of the $30,000,000 appropriation, to purchase Cuba. I do not think they indulge the least hope of getting it; but it is a desperate expedient to retrieve fortunes they conceived to be ruined.

During the first week in January, he presented the memorial of "the people of Kansas, assembled in Constitutional Convention, at

Leavenworth," for admission to the Union. It was accompanied by the Constitution, and the evidence of its adoption, by the citizens, at an election duly held. But the pro-slavery men were not yet ready to give up the struggle.

Another question which Seward was determined to press, and to which the majority were determined to turn a deaf ear, was that of the African slave trade. Recent attempts to renew it had been made; some of which had been successful. He offered resolutions, and introduced a bill to promote greater efficiency in suppressing the nefarious traffic. But those who were engaged in increasing the number of slave States were not inclined to take any steps to decrease the number of slaves.

A significant utterance by one of the Southern Senators, in the course of this debate, attracted little attention at the time, though afterward remembered. He said:

> The election of a Northern President, upon a sectional and anti-slavery issue, will be considered cause enough to justify secession. Let the Senator from New York (Mr. Seward), or any other man avowing the sentiments and policy enunciated by him in his Rochester speech, be elected President of the United States, and, in my opinion, there are more than one of the Southern States that would take immediate steps toward separation. And, sir, I am free to declare here, in the Senate, that whenever such an event shall occur, for one, I shall be for disunion!

Lord Napier had now received information from the Foreign Office that he was to be transferred to The Hague, and that Lord Lyons would be his successor, in the British Legation at Washington. Genial and hospitable, as well as an accomplished diplomatist, he had made many friends during his brief sojourn in the country. Both he and Lady Napier were much liked, and the news of their departure was received with unaffected regret. As an evidence of the regard in which they were held, a ball was given in their honor, at Willard's, on the 17th of February, the anniversary of the ratification of the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States, after the War of 1812. The ball was a brilliant and long-remembered social event. Three hundred guests were invited; and among the managers were Senators Crittenden, Seward, Mason, Cameron, Wilson, Jefferson Davis, Douglas, Gwin, Z. Chandler, and Hammond, Speaker Orr and Messrs. Washburn, Pendleton, Clark and Blair of the House, Captains Wilkes and Maury of the Navy, Professors Bache and Henry, while the citizens were represented by Messrs. Seaton, Reverdy Johnson, Corcoran, Vinton, Taylor, Ledyard, Hodge, and others. Many invited guests from New York and other cities came to attend it.

On the same day, the Homestead Bill, which had passed the House, came up for consideration in the Senate. In the lower House only three Southern members had voted for it. The Northern Democrats were divided, and the Republicans united, in its favor. In the Senate, it found one sturdy Southern Democratic defender, in Andrew Johnson of Tennessee. The rest of the Southern Senators voted against it; but, with the help of some of the Northern Democrats, the Republicans carried it through the preliminary stages. Then it was opposed by a motion from the Administration side, to take up the Cuba Bill. The debate was protracted. On the night of the 25th Seward said:

> The Senate may as well meet, face to face, the issue. It is an issue between these two questions. One, the Homestead Bill, is a question of homes, of lands for the landless freemen of the United States. The other, the Cuba Bill, is the question of slaves for the slave-holders of the United States.

For that very reason, however, the majority adhered to the Cuba project and postponed the Homestead Bill; so that it did not reach a vote before the end of the session. Few other matters of importance were considered. There was a discussion about the Overland Mail service to California (as yet performed by stages), ending in a vote, requiring the route to be a circuitous one, near the Southern frontier, instead of the shorter and more central one advocated by Seward and other Northern Senators. There was a bill to give tracts of public lands to several States for the support of colleges devoted to agricultural and mechanical instruction, which was supported by Seward and other Republicans, and with the help of some of the Northern Democrats, was carried through both Houses, and then encountered the President's veto. There was a project to increase the rates of postage, which Seward strenuously opposed, and it was finally defeated. There was a disagreement between the two Houses over the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, and the report of the Conference Committee was still under debate, after an all-night session, when, at noon on the 4th of March, the Vice-President's hammer fell, and he announced that the Thirty-fifth Congress had expired.

Two minutes later, he rapped to order again for the special session called by the President. As this was the opening of another Congress, the newly-elected Senators presented themselves to take the oath. Among them were several Southern men who had been re-elected. From the North there were three new Republican Senators — Anthony of Rhode Island, Bingham of Michigan, and Grimes of Iowa — beside Fessenden, Hale, and Wilson, who had been re-elected. Douglas was the only Northern Democrat who had been returned. The

called session lasted but a week, and was chiefly devoted to the consideration of the President's nominations. After its adjournment, there was talk of calling an extra session of both Houses to take up the Post-Office Bill, and the Cuba question. Several caucuses of the supporters of the Administration were held, without reaching a conclusion. Seward, who had delayed his departure for home, wrote to Weed:

Monday, March 21.

They resolve and re-resolve, and then resolve again, about the extra session. I suppose they will finally decide to-day or to-morrow. I shall not think now of going away, if an extra session is proclaimed.

When it was finally decided in the negative, Seward found himself free to accomplish a purpose he had long cherished, but hitherto had found no time for. This was to make another visit to Europe. There would be now an interval until December, during which he could visit many of the European capitals. As his former trip, in 1833, had been chiefly devoted to the study of places, he desired now to study the people — to inform himself in regard to the condition of the masses, the character of rulers, and the working of governments, in the principal countries of Europe.

Returning to Auburn, he spent the month in arranging his affairs preparatory to his long absence. Toward the close of April, he went down to New York, and passed a few days at the Astor House, prior to the sailing of the steamer *Ariel*, on which he had taken passage. Many friends availed themselves of the opportunity to visit him there, to take their leave, express their good wishes, and ask counsel in regard to the political situation. In one of his letters home, he said:

Weed reports to me that Greeley has become all right at last, politically, and goes off to California, seeking to be useful there. Greeley is going by the Overland route. He has been with me to-day at dinner.

On the last morning, he wrote to Mrs. Seward:

May 7.

Despite of resolute and persistent endeavors to avoid a show, I am to be met at the door of this hospitable house, at ten o'clock, by hundreds of citizens, and escorted beyond the gates of the ocean, by crowds of friends. There will be no lonely place, no leisure moment, to take leave of you. I must do it now. The sky is bright, and the waters are calm. The ship is strong and swift: the season of storms is past. There is every reason to hope for a prosperous voyage. If it shall prove so, you will not remain long without proof of my constant affection. But we know not the casualties which are before us. If I come back to you no more, doubt not that whenever and wherever I taste of death, my last thoughts will cling to the memories of yourself and my children. Adieu.

Immediately after his breakfast, he was called to the parlor, to receive the greetings of the two Republican committees, who had come to go with him to the steamboats, on which they proposed to accompany him down the bay. Embarking on one at Castle Garden, the party was joined by two or three hundred invited guests. She left the wharf amid music, cheering, and farewell salutes fired from the shore. Shortly after noon, she reached the Lower Bay, and lay off Fort Hamilton to await the coming of the ocean steamers, three of which were to start at about the same hour. Before long, all three were seen threading their way slowly through the maze of smaller craft, the *Ariel* taking the lead. The great black hull of the steamship drew momentarily nearer, and the hour of parting was at hand. His friends gathered around him on the upper deck, for farewell salutations. In his brief speech of reply, he remarked:

It will depend upon my own temper, whether I am able or not to gain the material for which I go abroad — the knowledge derived from the sufferings and strivings of humanity, in foreign countries — to teach me how to elevate and improve the condition of my own countrymen. I trust it may be my good fortune to return among you, and resume the duties, now temporarily suspended. But two voyages separate me from you. What may happen, in that space and time, no one but a beneficent Providence knows. If it be my lot not to return among you, I trust I shall be remembered as one who tried to deserve the good opinion which his friends entertain for him. I know that, at last, the great questions of justice and humanity before the American people are destined to be decided, and that they may be safely left to your own hands, even if the instructor never returns.

And now, kindest of friends, who have attended my passage from my country home, to the very gates of the ocean, farewell. God be with you.

As he uttered the closing sentences, the *Ariel* was alongside. The quiet sea rendered it an easy matter to step from the paddle-box of the steamboat to the ocean steamer's deck, where he was received with cordial greetings by officers and fellow passengers. The vessels separated. The huge wheels of the *Ariel* slowly began to revolve, and she resumed her outward voyage. But the enthusiastic friends on the little steamboat were yet unwilling to part. Again and again they made the captain run up within hail of the *Ariel*, for "one more parting cheer." The passengers who crowded the decks of the other two ocean steamers, becoming infected with the spirit of the scene, joined in, and re-echoed the cheering. And so with shouts and music, bells and whistles, dipping ensigns, waving hats, hands, and handkerchiefs, he was escorted far out beyond Sandy Hook, before the vessels would separate for their respective destinations.

CHAPTER XLVII.

1859.

Visit to Europe. The Ariel and Her Passengers. Great Britain. London. Lord Lansdowne. Kossuth and Pulszky. Dhuleep Singh. Sir Charles Napier. Lord Lyndhurst. The Comte de Paris. Dr. Mackay. Lord Palmerston. Blackwood. Lord Derby. Stafford House. Duchess of Sutherland. Presentation at Court. The Queen and Prince Albert. Lord John Russell. The Marquis of Westminster. Macaulay. Hampton Court. The Argyles. Opening of Parliament. Cardinal Wiseman. Court Balls and Routs. Gladstone. Disraeli and John Bright. Louis Blanc. Oxford. Its Memories and Celebrities. The Duke of Devonshire. Sir Joseph Paxton. The Charity Scholars at St. Paul's. Westminster Abbey. The Metropolitan Club. Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich. Leave-Takings. Warwick Castle. Kenilworth. Stratford-on-Avon. The English Lakes. Miss Martineau. Scotland. Glasgow. Fires and Forges. Stirling. Ruined Castles. Scott. English Manufacturing Towns. The Capitalists. The Artisans. Leeds. Bradford. Manchester. Birmingham. Republicanism and Aristocracy. Trentham. Ducal Life. Litchfield. Dr. Johnson. Dover. France. Calais. Paris Under the Second Empire. Lamartine. Ristori. Count Walewsky. Lord Cowley. The Four Great Parties. The Next Revolution. Lyons. Avignon. The Mediterranean. Italy. The Coliseum. St. Peter's. Roman Daily Life. The Papal Government. The Temporal Power. The Jews. Churches and Columbaria. The Vatican. Cardinal Antonelli. Pius IX. A Day at Pompeii. Capri. Malta. A Cruise in the Levant. "Mah-Brooka the Blest." Arab Passengers. The Holy Land. The Shrine of Three Faiths. The Hebrew Race and History. Mahometan Life and Modern Civilization. On Board the Macedonian. Naval Life. Austria. Its Armies and its People. The Future of the Empire. Prince Esterhazy. Count Rechberg and Baron Brock. The Emperor. The Tombs of the Hapsburgs. Venice. Its Past and Present. Verona. Its Monuments and Memories. The Battle Field at Solferino. The Irrepressible Conflict. Magenta. North and South. Cavour. Dahomeda. King Victor Emanuel. A Day at Compiegne. Waterloo. Brussels. The Hague. Old and New Amsterdam. King Leopold of Belgium. Rogier. Constitutional Government in Europe. Americans in Paris. Returning Home.

SEWARD'S long and closely-written letters described the scenes of each day's travel. The limits of this volume will permit only brief extracts from them:

I said to myself yesterday, when I lost at last the sound of cheers and the sight of waving signals on board the barges of my escort, and they took their course to the Battery, that if good wishes could secure me a prosperous voyage, such an one was before me. Certainly it begins auspiciously. As soon as we reached the open sea we spread foresail and mainsail to a generous western breeze, which labored emulously not to be left behind by the motion derived from the massive engine. Engine and breeze have worked harmoniously together. I have seen the sun and the moon set successively behind the western shores, and the sun rise again from the eastern floods, each unobscured by haze or cloud. Spite of all I was told, I think the *Ariel* a proper ship. Her captain is certainly a true seaman and gentleman. Her passengers courteous and

social. I wish I could assure them all that they will be successful in the enterprises which lead them to Europe.

The young American, who, with certificates that his voice is sonorous and practicable, goes to Naples to study for the opera,— how sore his disappointment if the vouchers were written in courtesy, without knowledge!

The inventor who expects to enjoy the profits of his monopoly under patents to be obtained in England, France, and Russia,— will his fortune be increased or wasted? I do not know — I would prefer a simple trade, or regular profession.

Is it really true that a rich man died, leaving six acres of dwellings and shops in Paris, fifty years ago, to unknown heirs; and have these two adventurers, at last, proved the true and lawful inheritors, in St. Louis? And will the proofs they carry with them secure them that vast estate, just as soon as they intrust them to a notary in that metropolis? I doubt it.

Our passengers are generally beginning to recover from their sea-sickness, and to appear on deck. They are for the most part of European stock, but domiciled in America. There are Western men from Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin, Louisiana merchants, and Cuban patriots. They practice good manners, and affect fashion,— but the absence of a laundry works disastrously on dress; and sea-sickness cannot endure wine. The ship's literature is not of high pretension. Guide-books, travels and yellow-covered pamphlets constitute our libraries; and truth to say, life on ship-board generates an *ennui* that can endure nothing more severe. In politics the party are nearly unanimous — all are for Italy and France; and most think that the imbroglio in Europe ought to be improved by the United States, by seizing and annexing Cuba.

Music floats upon the decks, and falls over the sea. There is a bassoon, which though it has not yet called up Tritons from the deep, does not fail to draw always a full house on the fore-castle. Germans sing as if trained in the opera, and some of them even whistle in the tones of the flute. Favorite tune among them all, though with national variations, is "Home, Sweet Home."

Noon, the day's crisis! The observations taken; the reckonings made; the stage of our voyage ascertained. The beginning of the ninth day — thermometer 60°— barometer still "set fair." All the passengers dressed with uncommon care — all desirous of some act of public worship. Though differing in language and sects, they would compromise on any. But there is no priest, and no layman who would dare to lay hands on sacred things. When one considers how, in the infancy of mankind, all phenomena seemed the immediate result of supernatural or divine interference with nature, he cannot wonder that all men sought protection and solace in religion. Imagination led them to temples, altars, oracles, wherever any one pretended to show them the presence of God. Now, when all phenomena are explained by the application of fixed, unvarying eternal laws, and men seek safety, and study success by conformity to these laws, Imagination surrenders the reins, and they are assumed

by Reason. Will mankind, under its influences, become less religious, or, in other words, more irreverent? Doubtless they will not. Imagination impresses religion on our race, by the agency of Terror. Reason wins to faith through the demonstrations of Divine Love.

Southeast-by-East-half-East, steadily the ship toils through the waves — while we are speculating whether we make first the Scilly Islands, or the Lizards, and enter Cowes on Friday before, or on Friday after noon. An obstinate fog hangs over the ocean behind us. The wind struggles to lift it from the horizon before us, and the sun tries with still less success to shine upon us through the misty curtain overhead.

It is my birthday -- strange that it finds me here — among friends indeed, but then only of yesterday — alone in a hemisphere distant from family and home. God be thanked for His gracious preservation so long, and save that family and home until my safe return! * * * The passengers are generally intelligent and agreeable — Shall I tell you of the one I affect the most? He is an Englishman, who born to the water near Dartmouth, stood on board a boat in Torbay, when Napoleon the First, after the catastrophe of Waterloo, appeared on the deck of a British transport in that harbor and surrendered himself like Themistocles, to the one whom he truly called the greatest, but falsely named, the most magnanimous, of his enemies — George IV.

Some signs of approach to the world of men — vessels occasionally seen moving in parallel lines to our own, but in opposite directions, far away in the horizon. How much of intelligence of what great events may be thus passing by us, while we, practically, are asleep to the affairs of nations, occupied with the infinitely little concerns of ourselves, our meat, drink, sleep, and likes and dislikes. Ten days' confinement together is more than any fifty human beings can endure with good temper. So last night there was an *émeute* in the steerage — coats stripped, knives drawn. When will war-making kings and emperors lack for armies to fight? Not in our day, I ween.

"He is dead, sir," was the mate's report, made to the captain, while I was sitting with him in his state-room, after breakfast this morning. "He is dead, sir," said a physician, one of the passengers, who came up a moment afterward. "He is dead, sir," said an Italian steerage passenger. The captain was not surprised. We had been called to the sick man's room, two days ago, by his unnatural groans and supplications, and had concluded that he would not survive the voyage. A poor Italian, thirty years, or so, of age, arrested in his adventures in America, by the consumption, and striving to live until he could see his mother and his sunny native land once more. How sharply business is done, even the business of duties to the dead, at sea! Twenty minutes later an open trunk stood on the gangway, the ship's clerk over it, with pen and paper, a crowd pressed around, and an inventory of poor Pedronillo's effects was taken — $80 in cash, a coat, a hat, pantaloons, shirts, hose, a brush, a comb, a guide-book, a bottle of medicine, and six prayer-books.

The scene rapidly changed. A corpse was brought on a mattress out of the dead man's state-room, and placed on the roof of the wheel-house. The bosom was then filled with coarse flannel, the mattress brought close over the body, the whole wrapped in two or three thicknesses of canvas, sewed tightly up, great iron weights lashed upon the legs, and then the whole inclosed in a worn-out bunting, which still retained the Stars and Stripes, that had fitted it for a ship's flag, a strong cord lashed around the body and made fast to a stanchion, thus securing it against its being prematurely engulfed by the rolling of the ship — and there it lies now "in state," waiting for the hour of four in the afternoon, when the prayers appointed by the church will be read, and the deep will receive what once was an object of a thousand tender affections into its cold and most repulsive charnel-house. All this has passed and no woman's voice or foot-step has been heard. Men have done it alone — rudely — but God be thanked, not irreverently.

A little boy stood looking on. In his hand was the little play-thing, which to his imagination, was a boat. He looked until the end of the sad arrangements came, and then went on and dropped his boat, suspended by a cord, over the ship's side to try its capacity for the sea. A passenger, who had witnessed the whole transaction, turned to the captain and asked whether he thought we should reach Cowes to-morrow? I think we shall.

We are making land, and to-morrow will debark at Southampton. The voyage has been exceedingly pleasant and agreeable.

I salute England, the wisest of the nations, though not the most learned, the strongest of nations, though not the most valorous, the freest of nations, though not the most chivalrous — the most magnificent of nations, though not the most hospitable.

Perhaps I may be able to make some notes of such distinctly public characters as I happen to fall in with, that may interest you, without indulging partisan sympathies, or offending against the rights of hospitality.

First among them, I mention our countryman, Joshua Bates, of the great banking-house of Baring Brothers. He is a modest, intellectual, and well-informed gentleman, his love for America manifesting itself agreeably to all his American visitors, while his position and association in England are of very influential and respectable character.

A visit to the Marquis of Lansdowne is a duty which every true American owes to that eminent British statesman. Although he yet attends the meetings of Parliament, he is practically a retired statesman. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer so early as 1806, and retired from the Presidency of the Council so late as 1852. Always the friend of progress and civil liberty, he was the strenuous advocate of the abolition of slavery, on convictions formed by the instructions of Wilberforce himself. He has, I think, secured more than any other man now living, the general respect and esteem of the people of England. His manners are unaffectedly modest and deferential, while the library and halls of his mansion show that he is a liberal patron of

art. He employs the evening of an honored life in labors devoted to the amelioration of social evils, and in cultivating the society of the good and wise. One may learn from a visit to him, how a great man may be independent of parties. It was pleasant to find him tolerant, liberal, and sincerely friendly toward our country and its institutions.

At St. Albans Villa in the suburbs of London, I found a patriot of another land, and in a very different condition — Count Pulszky — the secretary of Kossuth. He is an exile faithful to his chief and his Fatherland.

Madame Pulszky, endeared as well as her husband to so many of my friends in America, is still the same cheerful, benevolent, intellectual and affectionate lady that they all recollect so kindly.

Just now, they, and Kossuth, their chief, are renewing their long interrupted dream of Hungarian emancipation; and are, in a subdued manner, re-enacting the campaign of proselytism, which they performed with such sad success, in 1852, in America. I will not just now venture to express an opinion on the prospects of freedom in Europe, as affected by the war that has just begun. There are abundant good wishers for Italy and Hungary now, as there were in 1850, but the war opens questions of power and safety to the ambitious, as well as questions of sentiment to the oppressed. We shall see the solution of all soon enough.

I met at breakfast to-day, a youth of Caucasian features, but very dark complexion — by name, Dhuleep Singh, by title Maharajah, by birth, prince, and heir in the Punjaub of India, to an ancient and vast kingdom,— by conversion, a Christian,— by education, an Englishman,— by conquest, a British subject,— by treaty, a pensioner, retaining his title with a pension of $100,000 a year. It is, perhaps, the result of misinformation, that he fears to go to America, which he nevertheless earnestly desires, lest the strong national prejudice against the African race should insult him, although he owes his complexion to an Asiatic, and not to an African sun. But what will be the influence of the conquest of India on the stability of the British Empire? Strange as it may seem to you, conservation of the empire is the one thought of all British statesmen; and all questions of morality, humanity, social progress, are subordinate to the one policy of so keeping the balance of power, in Europe, adjusted, that England and her colonies may be *safe*.

Sir Charles Napier is an impersonation of the English Admiral as the character is drawn by the classical essayists of Queen Anne's time. According to him, the British Navy is no insufficient or ornamental thing, but an every-day, necessary and effective, police. He has ideas about reforms in elections and canvasses; but the chief reforms that he troubles himself about, are reforms in the Navy. He is a hearty, bluff, old sailor. I am curious to hear him debate in the House.

Lord Lyndhurst is now eighty-seven years old, but apparently unabated in force, as any peer of England. You would know him to have been a lawyer, and

an active one, in a moment's conversation. When I entered his room alone, and only announced by my card, I found him sitting before a table. Without rising, he drew a chair, and said: "Come sit down here by me. I want to talk with you." Such a talk, I never had before. He courteously asked question after question about things in America. Each question intelligible, pertinent, and admitting a direct answer. In three-quarters of an hour, I had received, and imparted more information than one is often able to do in a conversation continued through many hours.

In the year 1833, General Lafayette said to me at Paris, that Louis Philippe would reign eighteen years, but no son of his would ever fill the throne of France. I think it was two years later, that I met Louis Napoleon, the heir-apparent of the Empire, in exile, in America. Now I am in Europe again, after a lapse of twenty-six years, and Louis Napoleon is Emperor of France.

At Chiswick House, to-day, I met an exile, the Comte de Paris, heir-apparent of Louis Philippe's dynasty; and found him waiting for the downfall of the Empire, and a restoration to the throne. He is a gentleman of great modesty, and apparent worth. He preserves a very kind feeling toward the United States, and seemed much gratified with relating the experiences of his father there, in times that have already become historical.

Who shall I place in my next panel? Why not Dr. Charles Mackay, the great song-writer of England — nay, since Beranger's death, the great song-writer of the world? I need not, however, speak of his songs. All the world knows them. But all the world don't know his antiquarian value. How many monuments he pointed out to me, on our way to the Crystal Palace, I can't tell. Here is a Roman mile-stone 1,400 years a monument. Here is the spot where Charles I was beheaded, under the judgment of the Revolutionary Court. And here is the identical building, now an humble shop, which Cardinal Woolsey built for a palace out of the profits of his place.

The Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench and Exchequer, I have to-day looked down upon them from the bench in either tribunal. Such is the courtesy of the friendly Judges to a stranger. The conduct of proceedings here is dignified; but it is at the same time quite courteous and genial, both between counselors and between counsel and the Court. I heard the name of our countryman, Theodore Sedgwick, pronounced from the Bench, with distinguished respect. It is certainly a very pleasing thing to see legal contention under moderate bounds, and yet be free from implication in the strife.

Lord Palmerston differs in every respect from the prejudgment of him I had made. He rules a party, or a large interest in the Liberal party, not so much by the weight of his age and experience, as by his vivacity and spirit, in spite of great age and experience. As old as General Cass, or Mr. Buchanan, he, nevertheless, is youthful and genial. No one of his followers claim for him the attribute of venerable.

The "Nobility and Gentry" must be seen once, at least, in a ball or assembly, to understand it. When you see it in such a place, and hear the names and titles so familiar to you, in history and romance, handled as familiarly as the names and designations of persons in society among ourselves, you come to regard the class as distinct, peculiar, and chivalrous; and you come to regard it only as the class of persons most active and prominent in political, social, and fashionable life.

How did the class arise? Those who rose to stations of power and wealth, by superior knowledge, or virtue, when education and facilities for acquiring it were limited, aggrandized themselves, shutting other and ambitious competitors out, so far as possible; and they fortified themselves as a class. How will it end? Equal education, in any state, will equalize society. The British nobility may go down in that way. In France, the nobility went down because they had fortified themselves too strongly, and had become too despotic to be endured. Equality, which we theoretically call the natural condition of society, is certainly the condition which belongs to the highest state of social development.

I met Mr. Blackwood, the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, to-day. He is a very quiet gentleman, of cultivated taste and easy address. He delighted in the established popularity of his periodical in America; but was by no means satisfied with the small share of the profits he derived from it. I learned from him, that Mr. Warren (author of the "Diary of a Physician"), is the author of the dialogue between Tickler and his Mentor, which interested so many readers a year ago.

Beyond a doubt, Kossuth is the most serene, dignified, and graceful person in address and conversation whom I have ever met. The reports of his decayed health, dilapidated appearance, and dejected spirits, which I heard at home, are unfounded. He seems to me, in all respects, as youthful and as vigorous as when he visited our country. He is calm, cool, and collected. There is a moral sublimity in his persevering devotion to his country and to liberty. I wish I could bring myself to believe in the auspices which have revived his hopes.

Lord Derby is a model of ministerial manner and address. Although the fate of his ministry is suspended on the great parliamentary debate, which is less than ten days distant, he is calm and easy, apparently prepared, but not rash or defiant. I think one can easily see that the statesmen of this country draw an immense advantage from early training and fixed habits. They practice coolness and deliberation, even in early or middle life, which few of our American statesmen acquire until they are ready to retire from the field; and which many of them fail to acquire even then.

On Wednesday morning I breakfasted with Lord and Lady Hatherton, who have become already sympathizing friends. I dined merrily with the Dallas family; and enjoyed many reminiscences of friends and events in America.

On Thursday, I rode out to Chiswick, where I lunched (at 2 P. M.), with a party invited by the Earl and Lady Granville. It is one of their several country-seats, and is a lovely place. The principal guests were, the Comte de Paris, Lord St. Germain, and Lord Stanley. Lady Granville, after the lunch, retired to the shelter of a grove of cedars of Libanus of great age, and of almost venerable dimensions; and there we talked over the political affairs of the world. She has given me an invitation to come to her house in the evening of every day while I am in London. Evening here begins at ten o'clock. I dined and spent the evening of the same day with Sir James and Lady Tennant — a pleasant entertainment, with fine singing by Italian and native artists.

Yesterday Dr. Mackay gave me a dinner at the Reform Club, where I met many of the leading statesmen of the times.

To-day I dine with Mr. Edward Ellice; and to-night I attend a party or reception given by Lady Palmerston. Nothing could surpass the kindness shown me here. The press is very generous; and leading persons of all classes are honoring me with their calls and entertainments. To-day I was at the Earl of Shaftsbury's, and at Lambeth Palace, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. While there attending that Protestant Prelate, Cardinal Wiseman, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, called at my lodgings.

I dined yesterday in a party in which a grandson of General Lafayette, and his family were guests, as well as a patriot Italian family. It gratified me exceedingly to find that the memory of Lafayette's relations to our country is highly cherished by his descendants. I need not tell you that all our party were republicans of the American school.

The world seems to grow small, as I find myself introduced to some personage, or monument, that has heretofore been regarded as forever inaccessible to me. It would amuse you to see how the consideration of the people of this house, for me, grows, as the great and titled visitors successively appear to call on me.

The Derby races are festival occasions for England. Races and sweepstakes are run on a great course, seventeen miles from London, and all the world go out to see them — high and low, rich and poor, refined and vulgar. I went with Mr. Morgan, a banker, who took a party of four ladies, and one gentleman beside myself, in a great barouche drawn by four horses, and managed by two postillions. We found ourselves in a procession of three carriages abreast, and thus we were four hours making fourteen or fifteen miles. The whole scene was one like a carnival, John Bull appearing in his gala dress. He behaved just as well as Brother Jonathan does on the Fourth of July — no better.

At Stafford House, yesterday, the Duchess of Sutherland had invited a small party, among them the Marquis of Lansdowne. The house is the finest, and most magnificent private dwelling in England. The grand hall and stairway, and the gallery of pictures, are on a royal scale. The Duke is old, infirm, al-

most absolutely deaf, but honest, benevolent, and amiable. The Duchess is the most accomplished lady in England. I could not tell you how kind and gracious she was to me. She detained me after the party had left, and we had a long, and most agreeable *tête-a-tête*.

On the same evening I dined with her brother, the Earl of Carlisle, and a large party of nobles and statesmen of the Liberal class. It would be tedious to recount their names,— Lord Granville, Lord and Lady Shaftsbury, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Delane, editor of the *Times*, and others. It was a most agreeable party.

The Queen, somehow, on coming from the Isle of Wight, heard that Mr. Dallas had been denied leave to present me at the ball on the 8th of June. The rule is, that no person can be invited to any Court entertainment, until he has first been presented, and no person can be presented, except at a levee. No levee is to be held until the 20th. Of course I was not to see the Court until that day. I was under an engagement to dine last evening, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was this that hurried me back from the Derby. On coming to my room, I found the Queen's invitation to a concert to be given at nine and a half o'clock. The Archbishop's dinner was, of course, excused. Lord Napier put tailors, shoemakers, and hatters in requisition. Mr. Dallas sent his secretary, with a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, explaining that the matter of my presentation had become known to the Queen; that she directed me to be invited, and expected him to present me at the concert.

At half-past nine we entered the concert-room — a hall in Buckingham Palace, as large, or larger, than our church. One end was fitted up with ten rows of benches cushioned in red, and extending quite across the room, elevated in tiers, reaching from a stage up to the base of a grand organ. On the benches were about two hundred and fifty male and female artists, including two prima-donnas. In front of the stage was a row of chairs for the Queen and royal family; behind them a large circle for ladies and gentlemen in attendance on them; the rest of the spacious hall was fitted with crimson-covered seats adequate to seat six or seven hundred persons. On one of them appropriated to the Diplomatic Corps, I sat with Mr. Dallas. The party being assembled, the Queen and royal party entered, and passed down one of the aisles. She bowed and spoke graciously to the persons nearest her, along the way, the whole audience standing, and those whom she saluted, gracefully bowing to her. She took the middle chair in front of the orchestra, distinguished from the others by having arms. Then giving leave to her companions, all sat down. The performance began, and continued for an hour or more. Mr. Dallas flattered me by telling me that Her Majesty looked toward us, to ascertain whether I was there. Presently, the Lord Chamberlain came and informed us that I would be expected to be presented at the end of the first act. When that time came, the Queen rose and walked through the aisles, saluting those of the party she had not passed in coming in.

Then Prince Albert performed the same duty. When he reached the diplomatic benches, he stopped and spoke to Mr. Dallas. Mr. Dallas presented

me to him; he bowed, and I returned the salute. He asked if I was recently from America? I replied briefly. Did I expect to spend some time in England? I replied, a month. He bowed, and I bowed; he passed on. The Queen soon came up. I was presented to her. She asked how long I had been in England?

"About ten days."

"Is it your first visit?"

"I might say so. I was here once, but many years ago."

"How long?"

"When you, Madam, were at school, as I then learned.'

"You must observe some changes."

"All is changed, Madam."

"Is it improved?"

"Vastly improved. There were then no railroads."

"Your own country, I understand, is much improved also."

"Yes, all is changed. There were then no steamships on the ocean, no telegraphs."

"Do you think the improvement will go on?"

"I trust so, if we can preserve peace between the two branches of one great family."

"I hope so, indeed. How long shall you stay in England?"

"Until I see the end of the great debate in your Parliament, to which I look for much instruction."

She courtesied, I bowed, she passed on. The Queen led the way now to supper. All followed. The banqueting hall was nearly as large as the concert-room, the supper-table extending one-half way around it. After supper, we dispersed ourselves where we wished, and I made an hundred distinguished acquaintances during the last act of the concert. Then the Queen, taking leave of the company in the manner in which she had received them, the carriages were summoned, and at half-past one I was at my hotel.

The Queen is a sturdy, small, unaffected, and kind person — and is eminently the woman, as she is the popular sovereign of England. Not one person have I heard speak reproachfully or unkindly of her.

The Duchess of Inverness retains Kensington Palace, one of the royal demesnes in the city, a curious relic of ancient times. She made a party yesterday for the Napiers, which I attended, and met there the Duke of Bedford, one of the first statesmen of Great Britain, but now retired from public life. The party had several other agreeable persons.

At eight o'clock, I was at Pembroke Lodge in Richmond, dining with Lord John Russell, one of the most eminent and active of the statesmen of England, and lately Prime Minister. He contests with Lord Palmerston, the position of chief of the Liberal party in the realm. His residence in the country is Pembroke Lodge in the royal domain of Windsor Forest on Richmond Hill. Windsor is ten miles from London, and is almost as large as Auburn, but is a very beautiful old town.

The party consisted of Lord John and Lady Russell, Lord George Gray, Mr. Arthur Russell, a nephew of Lord John, Mr. Potter of New York, and myself. Lady Russell is a daughter of Lord Minto, highly educated, sincere, unassuming, and quite domestic in her tastes and ways. Lord John is a speculative man, a sincere believer in progress, and just so much more so, than other British statesmen, as to be pronounced a fanatic, sometimes factious. I thought I could read in his character, that, while others claim and divide with him, if indeed they do not deprive him altogether of the conduct of the great Liberal party, his earnestness and sincerity constitute the great strength of the party, without which it could scarcely cohere.

I lunched at Grosvenor House, the city residence of the Marquis of Westminster. He had been among the kindest of my friends here, the party only Lady W., her daughter, Lady Napier, Lord Napier, and myself. We spent an hour in the picture-gallery. It contains hundreds of pictures, and many fine statues. Not a picture without historical interest, and all originals by masters the most renowned — Titian, Velasquez, Caracci, Murillo, Claude, Reynolds, West, and so on indefinitely.

I dined with a large party, gathered for me at Lansdowne House, given by that most venerable and estimable person, the Marquis of Lansdowne. His daughter, the Countess of Shelburn, presided. I cannot recall the names of the whole party — among them Lord Macaulay, Lady Norton, the Napiers. Lord Macaulay seems a heavy-moulded, broad, dogmatical Scotchman. I respected him much, and had a little encounter of wit with him.

At night I saw for the first time, a London rout — a grand ball given by the Countess of Derby, wife of the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Princesses and Princes, and Dukes and Duchesses of the royal party, Indian Princes, and all the Diplomatic Corps. It was a thorough jam — like the Napier ball. I conversed with royalties and nobles, *ad infinitum*. It was two o'clock when I came home, and here is the brief and hurried journal of it. To-morrow will bring new labors of the same sort.

To-day I have spent with the Napiers, in a visit to the palace and gardens of Hampton Court. Any history of England will tell you the story of Cardinal Wolsey's greatness and downfall. You will find it more strikingly told in Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII," than elsewhere. Hampton Court was built by the Cardinal and relinquished by him to the King. On the way we stopped to see Pope's villa at Twickenham, now converted into a Chinese gothic cottage by some ambitious citizen. I cannot at all reduce to readable dimensions an account of Hampton Court. It is now abandoned as a royal residence, although certainly fit for any king, but it is kept up as a resort for the people of London. The gardens and fountains are vast and beautiful.

The gallery of paintings tells connectedly the English history, during a period of three hundred years, while the Church passed from Rome to Protestantism, and the state from a despotism or tyranny, to a free constitutional

PRINCE OF WALES IN 1859.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

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monarchy. The pictures arranged in the galleries constitute an illustrated history of the age. Only think of a family picture painted by a cotemporary, in which the group are King Henry VIII, his Queen, Jane Seymour, and his two daughters, Mary, the Romanist, and Elizabeth, the Protestant! There are a dozen cotemporaneous likenesses of Henry VIII, from childhood to age, and as many of Elizabeth, from girlhood to the decline of life.

I closed yesterday with a party made for me by Mrs. Pulzsky. It brought around me many of the reformers and strong-minded women, as well as men, in London, and the reception was a most hearty one by them all. Kossuth is about now departing to the continent.

To-day I have dined with the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, at Argyle Lodge — a fine villa in the suburbs of London. The Duchess is a daughter of the Duke and present Duchess of Sutherland. They are kind and earnest friends.

I attended the opening of Parliament, in the House of Lords, by the Queen. I stood by the side of three Indian Princes, in the small gallery by the side of the throne.

The scene was a very brilliant one. The figures were the Queen in royal attire, with the great officers of state in their robes, the Bishops in their robes and mitres, the Judges in wigs and robes, the Lords in scarlet robes, and the Peeresses in magnificent costumes, all arranged with the art of a tableau.

The Queen read the speech, sitting; and read it beautifully.

After this scene closed, I listened to debate, in both Houses, until eight, dined then with Mr. Morgan, the American banker of the firm of Peabody, and a large party of Americans; then returned to the House of Commons, and heard a splendid and vigorous debate, which continued until midnight.

I presented myself at eight o'clock this evening at the house of Cardinal Wiseman, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, in chapeau and with sword at my side. I was obliged to dress for the Queen's Ball, before going to dinner. The Cardinal had a large party of Catholic Bishops, Priests and laymen. He is a very able and agreeable man. At half-past nine, I was at Buckingham Palace. The doors of the ball-room were opened at ten; and I attended the diplomatic body, as they passed before the Queen and Royal family. Each bowed to Her Majesty, and the Princesses and Prince Consort, and each received a gracious salutation. The Prince Consort gave me a cordial greeting. Every one who entered the room, and there were one thousand or fifteen hundred, saluted the Queen at some stage of the evening, always between the dances.

The ball was like many balls. The Queen danced gaily and joyously many hours. At twelve, there was supper, after which I ranged through the drawing-rooms; and was surprised to find that I had already a very large acquaintance with the great and fashionable ones of this metropolis.

To-day I have witnessed the most impressive pageant I ever saw. The charity scholars of all the schools in London (five thousand in all), gathered and dressed

in their neat and tasteful dresses, and decorated with flowers, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on seats on every side, rising from the floor to the base of the dome, while the vast nave and transept were filled with ten thousand spectators.

A sublime service with noble music was performed; the children joining their rich and earnest voices to those of the choir, and the great organ accompanying the sacred song.

I dined with a large party composed of Whig and Tory statesmen and ladies, at Lord Lyndhurst's, who has been eminently courteous toward me. Among the party were Lord and Lady Clarendon, and Lord Malmsbury. I went thence to a party at Lord Stanley's, and then to still another at Mrs. Gladstone's. Besides these occupations, I have been in the House of Commons.

On Friday night I attended the House of Commons, on the great debate, which, at a late hour, resulted in the overthrow of the Ministry, leaving it only for dinner. I had already heard Lord Palmerson, Mr. D'Israeli and others, and now I heard John Bright, the great leader of the Radical party.

Saturday was the Queen's drawing-room. How shall I make you understand this ceremony? It came off at two o'clock, here called the "early morning." All the great officers of state, all the Diplomatic Corps, and all the nobility and gentry who will have been presented, as well as all strangers who have been before recognized at court — attended uninvited, and as a matter of courtesy and respect.

On this occasion, also, new presentations were made, and all public officers retiring from official trusts are received and recognized.

Imagine a long suite of state chambers filled with two thousand gentlemen and ladies, their costumes distinguishing their public employments, rank, etc. Beyond all this, is an immense salon; on a dais at the upper end stands the Queen, attended by the court. The Ministry and Diplomatic Corps advance from the ante-chamber, enter the salon, and pass in review before Her Majesty, in long single files. Each one bows, and receives a royal salutation. In this procession I passed, receiving a cordial shaking of the hand, and kind words from the Prince Consort, with the usual recognition of the Queen.

After this, ladies, each with a long, flowing train, made of material and form to suit her taste, passed in a similar procession. When the whole two thousand have passed, all first entered leaving the palace first, all is over, the drawing-room is ended; and the Court Journal next day announces every title that was worn by the visitors.

Where and what is Rowfant, and what am I doing here?

Rowfant is an estate midway between London and Brighton. Ten years ago the estate was bought by Mr. Lampson, an American fur merchant, who now enjoys it. There is a house six hundred years old, with a lawn half a mile in diameter, with trees, shubbery, lake, statuary, etc. — avenues of Linden trees, an old beech filled with rooks, a grove from which I heard last night the song of the nightingale. A swan attends me in my walks along the lake shore, waiting for me to feed her.

I came out here on Saturday night, attended a dinner-party, went to the parish church yesterday morning, strolled around the apparently limitless fields in the afternoon, and slept here again last night.

One hundred and eighty acres are surrendered to the rabbits, which have burrowed swards thrown up in all directions. They gambol there all day long — three or four thousand of them — in undisturbed security.

Five hundred acres, chiefly wooded, are given up to the pheasants, which are raised from eggs found in the woods, and hatched out by common barn-yard hens, in little coops. These rabbit warrens and pheasant preserves are the hunting-fields of the gentlemen of England in the autumn. And this description, imperfect as it is, will give you some idea of the mode of rural life, by the rich and prosperous in England

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At night I attended a small party given by Madame Delapierre, the wife of the Belgian Consul. The company were chiefly literary persons and artists. I met among them the French Red Republican exile, Louis Blanc. He is very small, and in figure and shape resembles Mr. Douglas of Illinois. His expression is that of an honest gentleman, as indeed he is.

I heard music that almost ravished me, and one of the pieces was a song of Longfellow's.

I took my seat on Saturday morning in the train for Oxford, delivered a letter or two, found that my arrival was expected, and immediately on my arrival was taken through the famous Bodleian Library, one of the greatest in the world; then through the Radcliffe Library, little less ambitious; then to the great Museum of Natural Science; then to dinner with the Professor of Chemistry; then through ancient halls and chapels, and to the summit of many ancient and unique Gothic towers; then to a musical party by the under-graduates; and then, wearied to the verge of death, consigned to a luxurious bed at the Vice-Chancellor's. I began the next morning, Sunday, with attendance at the bidding to prayers, and a service at All Souls', an annual sermon to establish and maintain the doctrine of the Trinity. This over, I strolled in the gardens of the New College (five hundred years old) the walls of which were the defenses of Charles I, when he held his Court here, and stood the siege of Cromwell; thence to morning prayer, at Corpus Christi, at one, then to luncheon at the Dean's (of Christ Church) with a very intellectual party. Thence to bidding to prayers, and a sermon, by Dr. Milman, the reverend and excellent Dean of St. Paul's of London; and then to evening prayer at the University Chapel, celebrated by a full choir at five, all the *University* appearing in their places, and in their ecclesiastical and academic robes.

There I sat, face to face with Dr. Pusey, a canon of Christ Church, and, afterward, I conversed with his daughter and his niece. Little did they seem to know the commotion his opinions had excited across the sea. The day closed with a very intellectual dinner-party at the Vice-Chancellor's, Dr. Jennes', in which as the representative of the Republican party of the United States, on which the hopes of freedom rest, I had much attention.

The next morning, Monday, I strolled alone, to walk on the banks of the

Isis, amid the groves once the walks of Addison; and I returned to my lodgings over the ground where Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley surrendered their bodies to the flames in proof of their devotion to the Protestant religion.

There are nineteen colleges in the University at Oxford. They are all Gothic, and nearly all were founded by Catholic kings or bishops. Antiquity lends them a deep interest.

History records the trials of faith and the contests of creeds, even to the stake, and to the siege; and now they are all birthplaces of the Hierarchy, and the Aristocracy of this great realm of England. Nevertheless, the spirit of the age maintains an earnest debate with that of Conservatism, at Oxford.

Academic elements prevailing here have given character to the whole town. The town, indeed, is nothing — the University is every thing.

Each college preserves, proudly, the memorials of its pupils who have won distinction, and these memorials are pictures and monuments. Trinity College has exquisite full length statues of Newton, Bacon, and Byron.

At Christ College, I read the authentic record of John Milton's admission as a pensioner, in 1624, on the payment of the initiation fee of ten shillings. I saw, also, a mulberry tree, planted by his hand, and still most sedulously preserved, and even a clay cast, taken by moulding, from his head, while living.

The most interesting things in the various libraries are manuscripts. There are, besides copies of the Scriptures, written before the age of printing, the very manuscripts of Bacon, Newton, and Milton, in their own handwriting. And here are two leaves taken fresh by my own hand, from the mulberry tree planted by the author of Paradise Lost.

An organ-grinder under my window solicits me in vain. I have resisted greater attractions than his to-day — the orchestra of Punch and Judy, as well as a free two guinea ticket to the Handel Celebration, at the Crystal Palace, honored by the presence of Her Majesty. What did tempt me to the latter place, was the remembrance of the birds, which live free, and sing merrily under the roof of glass, and nestle in the trees and blossoms.

Yesterday I began making serious preparations for departure from the city, by making T. T. L. calls. For once, I found nearly everybody at home, and inclined to long converse. Among new acquaintances formed, were Sir Charles Wood, the new Minister for India, and Lord and Lady Kinnaird of Scotland, very estimable people. My friends, Lord and Lady Hatherton, have given me letters for the manufacturing districts; and dismissed me with cordial adieux.

To-day, after a visit to Lord Napier, and three or four parting calls, I went by railroad ten miles to Barnet, where Miss Bird met me in a wagon, and drove me through fields and meadows as attractive as our own, by a circuitous route to her mother's cottage, which looks out on the public common. I walked under an old lime, under which Latimer preached the Reformation, to the crowds who came to hear the gospel taught in spirit and in truth — just

before his terrible and fearful death. And I stood on the spot where Warwick the King-maker paid, at last, the forfeit of his unchastened and unconquerable ambition.

I dined on Friday evening at the Duke of Devonshire's. He is the father of Lord Frederick Cavendish, whom you saw at our house in Washington. He belongs to the Liberal party, and his family are very active, as they are numerous. Of all the gentlemen I have met in England, no one has more favorably impressed me, by his earnestness of interest in the advance of society, as well as by the unaffected modesty of his address and deportment.

Among the party were the Carlisles and Shaftsburys, Sir Charles, who is a model man, and many noble ladies of winning ways and pleasing conversation. But the character of the party was Sir Joseph Paxton, the architect of Crystal Palace. I was not mistaken in thinking that he who could project and execute that wonderful monument of convenience, taste, and beauty could not fail to appreciate the spirit of the age. I confess to some self-exultation, for a moment, when I found him advancing speculations on the ultimate results of recent scientific discoveries, which I had myself thrown out, to the alarm and consternation of many a sceptical and timid conservative. Nor can I omit to say, for this once, to yourself, and to yourself alone, that there is a recompense for long years of endurance of contumely at home, in the universal respect and sympathy which my poor efforts for freedom and humanity, there, have won for me here.

Saturday I devoted to another effort at leave-taking of my friends, but with bad, though not sad success. Everybody was at home; everybody willing to hear, and apparently anxious for my stay. I made six calls. Among them was the Duchess of Inverness — General Gore's family — Mr. Seniors', etc. At night I saw everybody at Lady Palmerston's, and so ended the week.

The last day in London, and the busiest! I must write hurriedly. Lord Napier talked of his past, present, and future, with me confidingly, and affectionately. We shall separate accidentally, and without leave-taking. His friendship has been earnest and untiring.

At church in Westminster Abbey, in the morning. A half hour's stroll after it among the monuments of poets and kings. The very pavement of the Abbey is of monumental marble; the walls, chapels, windows, crypts are filled with monumental statues and slabs; and these generally so cheerful in form or spirit, that the Abbey seems to be filled with the spiritualized heroes, sages, philosophers, poets of former ages. You almost seem to converse with them.

After church, a most kind and gracious parting interview with the Duchess of Sutherland, a true and noble woman, who has vindicated, by her devotion to truth, humanity, and justice, her hereditary position. Her good wishes are a trophy worth carrying away from this confused and hurried metropolis.

In the evening a dinner-party at Sir Frederick Pollock's at his seat ten miles

from London, on Hounslow Heath. A dreary spot, wrought with magical art into an almost tropical home; and there were genial spirits there, whose converse I profited by. Principal among them all, his maiden daughter, too good and too intelligent to be appreciated by the fast young men of London society. Then I feasted pleasantly on the very spot where stood, in by-gone hours, the hostelry in which Dick Turpin divided the spoils of robbery with his band.

At eleven o'clock, returned to the city, I fell into the Metropolitan Club. And what a gathering was there — all on an equality — authors, poets, painters, historians, princes, and diplomats! There was Elgin, and Phillips, the portrait-painter, Higgins, of the *Times*, and Lord Wodehouse, the caricaturist of *Punch*, and the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, Reeves, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Monckton Milnes; and I was not only among them, but of them; and I wondered that it was so late when I found my place there.

A white bait dinner at Greenwich is a feast of sense; but when you are surrounded by the wits of London, it is a festival also of soul. How I grew fast to some of the generous spirits there! Yesterday the Speaker of the House of Commons made a very small party, to visit the *Great Eastern* steamship, now in very rapid process of completion. Among the party were Lady Waldegrave, daughter and son, Lord and Lady Elgin and the Chief Justice of Australia. Of this monstrous ship, I will only say that her dimensions are so unusual, and her parts so great, that I could not keep my mind steady in the remembrance that the structure was a ship or vehicle for locomotion. It seemed rather like a great palace or town.

At five, I turned my recreant feet from obeying the Queen's gracious commands to a ball, and invitations to dinner-parties, and concerts for the next month, and took the railroad for this place, where I arrived at half-past eight, in the rain, dined, and retired at half-past ten. How delightful it was to wake up to a bright sunshine and the music of birds, at five o'clock in the country, and feel once more that I was free.

Warwick Castle is an old baronial seat, renowned in history, as you already know. You still pass by, though not under the gates of the walls. The gates are well preserved, the wall nearly gone. The castle is a noble pile, its walls and buttresses and towers still perfect, and looking majestically down on the Avon. The castle, after submitting to the mischances of civil war many hundred years, at length became untenable, and was going to ruin, when a modern inventor repaired, renewed, and restored it in its original forms and character. Its gardens and lawns are magnificently beautiful and spacious. Its apartments suited to the taste and wealth of a prince, and filled with armor hereditary in the family, and gathered from all battle-fields in all countries — in all times. So, also, with statuary and paintings of every school and of every age. There are antiques from Rome, Greece, from modern Italy, Holland, Venice, and there is Power's "Prospero." There are antique relics from the Crusaders, and the bed of Queen Anne.

The castle is suggestive of the power and pride of the nobility of England

in its rudest state — its martial one — but it is still the tasteful home, illustrative of the wealth and refinement of the modern aristocracy of Britain.

This is Kenilworth. It is royal in its dimensions, and magnificent in proportions. Built around three sides of a square, of cut free-stone, it incloses a space of five acres. Its towers are square, and high, and once were *strong*. The masonry is fine, and the style ornamental. But Kenilworth is now only a ruin. You stand in spacious squares, halls, and chapels, and even ascend winding stairs in towers, but you look through windows and doors, unobstructed, and out into the open sky. There is no roof; the ivy luxuriates everywhere, and even large trees stand, sure and firm, on the very arches of the portals. What a royal gift it was to Leicester! And there is his marble fire-place, bearing his arms and name, interwoven with those of Elizabeth.

Seen from any front, in any light, Kenilworth is wonderful. It tells, however, of royalty while it was yet a power in England, and of aristocracy while it was yet unconscious of mortality. There is scarcely a nobleman in England who could now build such a house. There certainly is not one who could close its gates to the common people, much less oppress them. Such structures will be built no more, and an hundred years hence the aristocracy will have crumbled into ruins as mournful as these castles.

This pretty, but quaint old village is Stratford-on-Avon. I am now in the low, upper chamber, built of logs and stone, where the wizard youth was born. It has been saved entire. Now, I am sitting in the chimney-corner, against the bacon-cupboard, where he sat by the winter's fire, and learned the fairy and witch stories, and the tragical histories, which he wrought up into such wonderful instruction for mankind. Blessed be that old fire-place — may it be kept forever!

And here are his dressing-case, his table, his bureau, his iron strong-box, that held his will, deposited therein by his own hand, and here are boxes curiously wrought of a tree planted by his own hand.

Through the meadows a mile or two — and now I am drinking from the very spring that Ann Hathaway drew water from, to give to her Will when he came a-courting. The cup is given to me by the hand of a collateral descendant, yet named Hathaway — and she speaks the Warwickshire dialect that Ann did — she says "art" for heart, and "Hann" for Ann. She is poor, but the fees of pilgrims make her comfortable.

Here is a bedstead as old as Shakespeare's day, and here are carefully preserved linen sheets and pillow-cases spun and worked by Ann herself. Stratford is reviving on the revenue derived from the pilgrims, of whom the Americans constitute a large portion. I met seven there to-day.

Hampton-Lucy was the seat of Sir Thomas Lucy, from whose park it is said that Shakespeare, in his boyish days, stole the deer and was prosecuted — a punishment which he retaliated, by giving immortality to the prosecutor and magistrate, in the character of "Justice Shallow."

The Lucy family still inherit this magnificent estate, and recently it was described by Washington Irving in "Bracebridge Hall." It is a beautiful park — the trees as old as the adventure of the poet — and it is filled with deer now, for with these eyes, I saw many — but I will not swear that any of them were lineal descendants from the buck or doe that cost Shakespeare so much, and the knight so much more.

Birmingham is an immense town. Long before you enter it, you see stacks of manufacturers' chimneys towering into air, in all directions, and a dense coal-smoke envelops the city as a cloud. But it would be more proper to call Birmingham a district, than a city. Its suburbs, devoted to manufacture, extend through a circle of thirty miles in diameter, and the intervening space seems inconsiderable. I am here this morning to study the manufactures. My task is an herculean one. All day long, from ten until six, I was occupied in passing through, and examining only the works of Mr. Ostler, a cut-glass manufacturer, and Mr. Chance, a manufacturer of chemicals and glass. In these departments, eighteen hundred persons are employed daily, and the production is immense. I have learned, I think, two things already — first, that manufacturers in the United States have a hard competition with the numerous establishments here, which have secured a large trade throughout the world; and, second, that the manufacturing population of England are its only real republicans. Here is the seat of that firm antagonism to the landed aristocracy, which is working steadily, and right on, but only imperceptibly, a political change in Great Britain. So true it is that if men are trained only to mechanical arts, they become soon self-governing, or in other words, republican.

The English lakes deserve the celebrity and affection they receive at the hands of Englishmen, for, to say the truth, the southern midland portion of their island is very monotonous.

Greenwood Lake, in Orange county, Lake George, and the Thousand Islands, far surpass any thing in this island, in native richness and beauty; and even our loved lakes at home are more varied and attractive, as will be seen, fifty years hence, when genius shall have consecrated them, as it has done the English lakes, for the worship of fashion.

I saw the home of Hemans, of Christopher North, and of Wordsworth, in the vicinity of Lake Windermere, and I reverence it for these noble associations.

But I went there not to see the deserted haunts of poets, much less to study the natural beauties of the lakes, but for a different purpose, namely, to see an intellectual and noble woman, Harriet Martineau.

I find her residence at Ambleside, the head of the lake, a quaint village, of black slate-stone, without mortar. A few years ago, a mere hamlet, now having all the bustle and energetic trifling of the Catskill Mountains, or Lake George, or other summer resorts of the pleasure-seekers. Having secured a "bed-room" (so they say here) at the "Salutation" Inn, and ordered dinner, I doffed my sheep's gray tourist's garb; and donning a black coat and waist-

coat, presented myself at a neat, cottage home, which I reached through winding lanes, bordered by flowering shrubs and roses and which looked over a lawn down upon Lake Windermere.

"Does Miss Martineau live here?"

"She does."

"Is she at home?"

"She is."

"I have called to inquire whether she would see me?"

"You are aware that Miss Martineau is an invalid, and obliged to deny herself to society?"

"Yes; and I did not expect that she would receive me, now, but I had a hope that, at some time during my stay here, she might not be unable, or unwilling to see me. Please give her this letter, with my card, and I will wait to know her pleasure."

The letter and card were delivered. Miss Martineau, a niece, appeared.

"My aunt will be delighted to receive you; and she has been looking for you, but just now, she is more than usually unwell."

"Perhaps, to-morrow," said I.

"Oh, no, an hour or two hence — say eight o'clock."

And at that hour, I was there again. Miss Martineau received me in the drawing-room, where she was seated, and excused herself on the ground of being unable to rise.

She appears florid, and really handsome, something past sixty, a benevolent countenance, with matronly ways and manner.

She applied her ear trumpet; and we talked right on, an hour and a half, chiefly, of course, about the great American question. Her intercourse has been chiefly with Garrisonian Abolitionists, and she spoke almost constantly from their standpoint, and, of course, she was very despondent. I gave her my own more practical views, and spoke, of course, hopefully, if not confidently. She betrayed, or rather confessed, an opinion, that I was a politician, rather than an abolitionist of her school. I explained to her, that there was need of organizers of the anti-slavery movement, as well as dis-organizers of the pro-slavery forces, and that I believed even Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips were content that I should act in my own way. She readily understood and accepted all these explanations. Then asked about our prospects of Republican success next year, adding:

"I know your interest in it."

I replied that I did not have any assurance of such an interest, as she alluded to, nor was I so sanguine as others were of success *next year*, for the cause; but that I was sure of onward progress, and of ultimate triumph. At length, she said:

"You will not go away to-morrow; you will come back." I replied that probably I could do neither, which I, nevertheless, deeply regretted.

She said: "My strength is giving out. I have several days been much worse; and I must forego this conversation now. You know what is the matter with me?"

"No."

"It is enlargement of the heart, and conversation exhausts me. It is not nervousness at all. It is an incurable disease. I only abide its ultimate development; but I am cheerful. I should, indeed, be better, if I did not work, but we can't help but work when there is so much to be done."

She took up some ornamental embroidery, or needlework, that lay before her, and said:

"I have made seventy pounds ($350) this season, by such work, for the Abolition cause, and that will go a good way, you know, in sustaining papers and lectures."

I bade her adieu at ten o'clock, with sentiments of increased respect and affection.

No sooner had I passed Carlisle, than mountains, naked of timber, and sometimes even of heather, with intervening valleys, in which people were cutting out peat for fuel, surrounded me. The conversation of the people became more provincial; the men and women wore more angular countenances, and were dressed less studiously; bare-foot children were running about at the stations; and I learned from all these indications, that I was entering Scotland. Tall chimneys, and coarse stacks of buildings appeared frequently, on either side, rising above the ruins of baronial castles. The neat and luxurious hedges, so universal in England, gave place to mighty stone walls, and the eye could discern mountain slopes of ten miles in length, unobstructed by groves or trees. The sheep were seen on the summits of the hills, in infinite numbers, and every thing looked as if nature had denied to this region, just in proportion as she had blessed the other parts of the island. While I was meditating on this inequality, and the sun was setting (at nine o'clock) on Glasgow, its departing rays shot upward, and illuminated a cloud that hung over the city.

Glasgow had been renewed and exalted within the period of twenty-six years that had occurred since my former visit. Now for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles around it forges, furnaces, and other huge structures fill up the scene, not merely crowding the valleys, but climbing the hills on all sides. There seemed to be no green earth. But everywhere multitudes of men and engines were tearing up the ground to its very foundations, and melting them, or dissipating them into ashes, in ten thousand fires that climbed to the sky, amid wreaths of heavy and impenetrable smoke, which blackened the earth below.

Great Britain, like our own country, has had forty years of peace; and this development of art and industry is the use she has made of it. She makes all America, and Asia, and Africa tributary to her work-shops; and her people, now prosperous, contented, and happy, remain at home. Well does she insist that Germany shall not draw her into the vortex of war that has already alienated France and Austria. For the fires of her forges will go out when she shall seize the torch of war.

Standing here as I do, and looking with American eyes on what I see, the

war in Europe seems to me less a war between nations, than a civil war; for the European states, though not politically united, like the American states, are nevertheless in fact one great commonwealth.

Stirling Castle, at the distance of five miles, seems identified with, and a part of, the high crag on which it hangs — a bleak and weather-beaten monument of the obsolete vices and crimes of ages gone by.

On the north, the Grampian Hills bound the prospect from the one end to the other of the horizon. There is Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond, and beyond them are Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine — at either end of the range lie the two great cities of this wonderful people — Glasgow and Edinburgh.

The ruined castle of Donne stands near the quaint old town of that name, on the banks of the Leith. It belongs to the Earl of Murray; but was seized, and partly barricaded by the Pretender in 1745, who remained a while. The Kings and Queens of Scotland immortalized it by their visits there; and it traces its history back to the reign of Macbeth, whose son is believed to have built it.

After leaving Donne, we came around through the narrow streets, and thatch-covered cottages of Dumblane. It is hardly necessary to say that, although everybody there was eloquent as I, in the recitation of the charms of Jessie, there was no one who could identify the *parterre* in which the "Flower of Dumblane" had blossomed and perished.

My day of sight-seeing closed with a promenade under the gates and through the mysterious chambers, and upon the walls of Stirling Castle, memorable for the birth, baptism, marriages, contests, disasters and crimes of Scotland's Kings; and bearing on its walls wasted monuments of the age of the Roman Conquest, and of the conversion of the island from Paganism to Christianity. The scenes of Scotland's heroism and chivalry lay nearly beneath my feet, and Walter Scott's remembered description of them, made them intelligible, almost without a prompter.

I visited the courts of law in what was once the Parliament House of Scotland. The judges and lawyers wear wigs and gowns, but beneath these coverings, adopted to impress the vulgar, I find them essentially like my brethren of the Bar at home.

There was a dinner party at the Club, where I met Lord Napier, just then fresh from his home at Thirlestane, his cousin Mark Napier, Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland. The theme of conversation — lawyers — their wit, their spirits, and their triumphs.

The monument to Walter Scott is a miniature temple open on all sides, with a statue of the idol of Scotland in a sitting posture in the center of the floor at the base. It is the only public monument that I ever saw that I thought perfectly proper and appropriate.

Burns' monument is a copy of a Grecian temple; but looks like a summer

house in a country garden. Dugald Stewart's, and Professor Playfair's, and Nelson's are equally stupid.

We passed through the Canon-gate, and by St. Ronan's Well, and across Calton Hill, and around Arthur's Seat, the most beautiful drive in the world, I think.

I leap from the grave to the gay — from history to poetry and romance. I fall flat into the midst of spindles and power looms. Just now I am fresh from Holyrood, and old Stirling, and from patrimonial seats of the nobility — fallen into the black thick smoke of Yorkshire.

On Friday morning, I went to look at objects very different from those which had occupied me in Scotland, the monuments, not of decaying thrones and aristocracies, but of rising masses of men of low estate. Then at the Gotts, I saw the flax just as it is stripped from its pithy stalk, stretched out by machines until a single pound makes a thread one hundred and eighty thousand yards long, and these threads then woven into linen and lawn which only luxury can command.

Then I passed into the factory where Mr. Walker employs three thousand pairs of human hands in merely regulating the machinery, twenty times greater in force, in making woolen threads, yarns, and fabrics which clothe whole kingdoms.

All artisans and manufacturers are republicans — all their employees (speaking in general terms) are conservative. How like the United States!

All the manufacturers are for peace, even to the point of laxity in national defense. The spindles are great demoralizers of national valor.

I almost think myself a prophet. I have told all the London statesmen that the war would be short, and England remain safe. Few believed it. Here, to-day, we have the news of an armistice.

Leeds has many and various manufactures, and within a single life-time has risen from ten thousand to a population of two hundred thousand. Best of all, I find the manufacturers studying how to improve, and educate, and train to independence and virtue the laborers to whom England owes her renovation in this century. The children are not allowed to be employed if their physical constitution cannot endure the toil and confinement, and every employer is obliged to see that each child is at school half of his time, working only the other half. Here, in one establishment, I found a thousand children at school.

Mr. Walker took me home with him for the night. He has a villa eight hundred years old, ten miles from the city. We talked late, building up strong mutual sympathies.

At Bradford two young men of low and humble life have built up a manufactory in which they are making three hundred pieces, or one hundred and fifty thousand yards of costly carpeting a day, and employing, besides vast engines and various machines, four thousand persons. And these enterprising men, too, are humanitarians.

How distinctly I see the transition of society indicated in these massive, modern, industrial structures, towering over the dilapidated walls of baronial castles. It will not be long before the struggle in this country, between an ancient class trying to keep up without labor, and a modern community seeking to rise by it, will seriously change the constitution, which all affect, at least, to venerate alike.

I stayed in London so long as it seemed necessary to learn the interests and the men concerned in the government. I find that the element of reform, or progress, or democracy — call it by what name you will — is developed only in the manufacturing districts, and I have come out here for the purpose of studying that force. Birmingham, Glasgow, and Leeds are the only towns I have yet seen. But they are enough to astonish and confound me. I had no conception of the greatness which America has thrust upon England, for the purpose of saving the institution of slavery for a few years more. But, God be praised, it is working out peace and popular rights in England.

In this busy town of Manchester to-day, my first visit was to the most interesting of all inventors and mechanics I have ever seen — Mr. Whitworth. I think a thousand men are at work, with the aid of steam-power, in his workshops, and the whole scene is quite as noiseless as a village school, or the Senate Chamber at Washington.

All I have seen here confirms my conviction that our American trade is enriching England, and not relatively enriching ourselves; that the system is made so prejudicial to us, by the influence of the slave States in their desire to abridge the importance of the free States.

At Stokes, the Mintons, the most celebrated china manufacturers of England, did not suffer me to leave any thing unseen, or, if possible, not understood. They have five separate areas covered with buildings, each area equal to five or six acres, I think. They employ fifteen hundred hands, and they make all kinds of earthen and china ware — from the encaustic tile which they have sent to pave the floors of the Capitol of the United States, to the china, dinner, and tea services in which a single plate costs a hundred dollars, besides all forms and fashions of vases and other ornaments for the table, the parlor, and the drawing-room, as well as for the garden terrace.

I saw and studied carefully every part of every process. I was astonished by the fact that machinery does almost nothing, and the human hand almost every thing in this department.

You will say, "Why do you not describe Trentham? Tell us at once about Trentham!"

Well, I will do so. When I looked out of my window, this morning, I saw all the fountains, great and small, throwing up their crystal arches into the bright sunlight. The music was sweet and animating, and I could scarcely believe that this fairy exhibition was gotten up for me. But Mrs. Stewart said the Duchess had directed that every thing should be shown to me, that

could interest or amuse me. I am spending the day in going over the gardens.

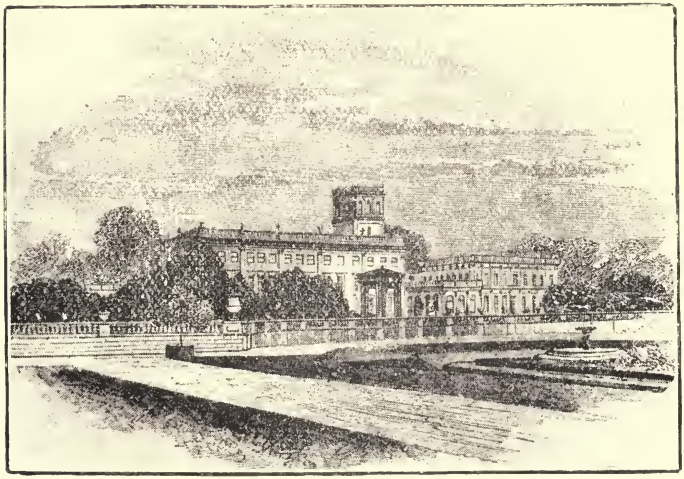
Trentham is a landed estate, which covers a circumference of many miles. There is no one point from which you can see the whole. It contains, I know not how many thousand acres — whole villages, and even large towns nestle within it. It is entailed, as going always to the oldest son. Its rental is about $200,000 per year. It is the *least*, I think, of four or five estates, all of the same character, belonging to the Duke, in different parts of the kingdom. Most of the lands and dwellings are rented out to tenants, from year to year, but if a tenant is honest, and thrifty, and punctual, he remains for life, and his children succeed him. About twelve hundred acres are managed by the Duke's steward, who conducts its affairs as if he were its owner, and renders semi-monthly accounts to a principal agent residing in London, who really conducts the whole as if it were his own, under the approval of the Duke. Each estate is again subdivided into departments of works, or buildings, gardens, farms, etc., very much like the government of a State. Its tenantry seem to be independent, in regard to all the world except their landlord; toward him they carry the idea of service even to an extravagant length. Even the steward of this estate, who is a man of genius, and cultivation, and taste, calls himself the head servant of the Duke. They also pay great homage to the nobility and gentry. Not one of the upper servants here, although assiduous to please me, ever think of sitting in my presence — much less at the table which they prepare for me.

The Hall, as the dwelling is called, is a palace as large, or larger, than the White House at Washington, elaborately built, and embellished in the Italian style, with cupolas, towers, clocks, balustrades, and conservatories. The Hall and church occupy the site, and are in part the relics of an Abbey.

On the west the land rises into hills. A mile or more square of this declivity constitutes the park, and is filled with lawns studded here and there with clumps of trees. The residue, as far as the eye can reach, is covered with woods, and in them are gathered the waters of several streams, which, conducted together into the valley on the south front of the Hall, are made to serve dozens of fountains in the gardens, besides making a lake half a mile long, and a quarter wide, with wooded shores, and promontories, and islands which might deceive Nature herself.

The *parterre* is a garden with flower-beds, fountains, classical statues, and vases. Descending from this to a lower terrace, you reach the "Italian gardens," as they are called, and these fill up the space till you reach the shore of the lake, along which runs a balustrade surmounted with choice statues of marble and bronze. These gardens, from the Hall to the lake, cover twelve acres. On the left, the gardens are continued from the lake across the river to a massive wall, and they cover eighty-seven acres. What are these gardens? They are green-houses, houses for tropical plants, with spacious intervals filled with hardy shrubs and flowers. These gardens bring you quite round to the park, whose entrance is screened by thick groves, and the trees are various as the climate will tolerate.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



TRENTHAM.

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Standing now on the esplanade in front of the Hall, your view is bounded on the sides by the gardens until the lake opens before you, embowered in wooded hills, and on the very summit beyond, overlooking the whole scene, is a massive towering monument erected in memory of the late Duke, by his tenantry. Deer are free denizens of the park. A drive of a mile brings you to a preserve, overgrown with shrubbery, and brakes, in which the pheasants and rabbits are raised under the care of the game-keepers. Velvety roads winding in all directions give you drives which constitute a labyrinth to the stranger.

The dining hall, the drawing-rooms, the parlors, the conservatories, the billiard-room, the state bed-rooms, the grand staircases, the corridors, and even the ordinary bedrooms are finely painted and embellished with rare works of sculpture, painting, and engraving. My bed-room adjoins the room dedicated to the Crown, in memory of its having been honored as the dormitory of George III. If his ghost lingers there now, it must be scandalized by the proximity of so radical a rebel as I am.

Every thing shows a care to maintain a paternal relation between the family and the people of the vicinity. You would imagine from what you hear, that the Duke and Duchess live only to provide for, and bless the poor. There are male schools and female schools for the children, and even spacious and beautiful gardens maintained by the Duke for the use of the tenantry and public; but the palace and its gardens are shut up to all but the family and their guests. One sees readily when here, how such vast estates are accumulated. The nobility and gentry intermarry, and so, many estates are gathered into one. The last Duke of Sutherland was only Earl of Stafford. He married the Countess of Sutherland, who held the earldom and estate of Sutherland in her own right. This union brought two immense estates into one, and the dukedom was created on that basis. It is but just to say, that in all England, I have seen no jealousy of the people toward the aristocratic class. They are sought for as patrons of every object of modern enterprise, and they profit by the enhanced value of their estates from the extension of manufactories, and internal improvements. Their tenantry and laborers constitute the bulk of the electors in the counties. The sick are cured at their own expense, if able, but thrown upon the estate upon a certificate of the doctor.

I have gone at length into this description that it may stand once for all, an attempt at describing an English nobleman's country estate. How much time do the family spend here? Full three months in the year. One-half of the year in London, three months here, and the other three months divided between their other and similar residences.

This, indeed, is an unnatural division of a country. At a distance one would think it could not last long. But since I have got near enough to it, I have found that there is a natural affection between the classes hard to break. Of course, the world is moving. These immense estates must ultimately become prizes to the active and industrious classes; but it will be a slow progress, if there be no disaster; a rapid one if want, or famine, or pestilence, or war should scourge the island.

What have I said to give you an idea of the groves of laurel, the intermina-

ble colonnades of honeysuckles, the meadows of geraniums, the long banks of forget-me-nots, the arches of passion flowers, the groves of jessamine?

A word about how all this is made. Here labor and skill are infinitely diversified and cultivated. Persons educate and train themselves for every department; and money commands the services of such. They design, and estimate and do, all that the wealthy proprietor ever wishes done. The inside of this palace is as neat as the tidiest American lady could require, and yet the Duchess sees it but twice a year.

The gardens are made by a Scotchman; who, born poor, on the estate, studied his art until he designed all the modern improvements, and even suggested the constructive devices of the Crystal Palace. He is now the steward. The farmer sows and gathers the crops, and raises the cattle as if they were his own. The game-keepers hazard their lives to preserve the rabbits and pheasants. The poultry-keeper lives for the performance of his duty.

Yesterday afternoon, after visiting the barns, stables, granaries, mills, mechanics' shops, and other things of that sort, I sought the poultry-yard where I saw every species, the ducks, geese, barnyard fowls of every nation, doves, pheasants and pea-fowl, each established in quarters constructed with reference to their peculiar habits; but with a stability and architectural grace worthy of a human residence. Thence to the dog-houses and yards, where my visit brought up to the gates hosts of scholars, impatient of restraint, and howling, barking, and yelping in a deafening chorus. The mastiff tried to tear me to pieces, and turned to fawn on his master. The shepherd dog kindly stole up for a caress; the hounds yelped for deliverance; the terrier fretted and barked; the pointers moaned. I found that dogs do not like to be confined at school, any more than other children.

In all this survey of animals domesticated, the poor hen seems to be made the butt of all manner of tricks — always laying eggs for the continuance of her family, she is made to sit on all other hen's eggs but her own, nay — they shut her up in a cage to hatch the pheasants which straightway they have learned to walk, desert the poor fool of a step-mother, all at once.

The pea-fowl observe no laws. They fly the inclosures, and feed on strawberries in the front gardens. But what so graceful as the family of swans constantly sailing on the smooth lake from shore to shore?

The church is certainly a very pretty one — a mediæval church restored. The house-keeper showed me the way through halls and corridors to the only gallery. It stretches quite across the end of the church opposite the desk; and is exclusively appropriated to the family. There, quite too conspicuously, I was seated in the Duke's seat. Below me the people, one-half of the church appropriated to the servants and tenantry; the servants having precedence, and in truth looking very unlike servants. There is no organ — the music is vocal exclusively, and is conducted by children; "because the Duchess likes to hear them sing, and have them trained to sing."

At the end of the church, beneath the gallery, were the children of the Duchess' schools — tidily dressed in uniforms. At the doors great baskets of

huge loaves of white bread — one for each poor person in the parish. It was apparent enough that the Rector is not a "fast" clergyman, but a sincere and earnest one. The Duke has caused water-works to be constructed, which supply the village and tenantry with pure and wholesome water. The preacher, on the suggestion of this fact, chose a text which, in substance, says that it is God who supplieth us with water, and keeps us in peace without contention. He ardently complimented the great land-holder for his benevolence, and drew a pleasing picture of English rural life — a people living under the protection of one who is at once their landlord and their friend; and following their preacher in the performance of the duties of religion.

"This," said he, "is peace, the peace on earth, which alone shadows forth the peace in Heaven."

He admonished his simple flock that they should never seek a change — for change is war; and then, in contrast, depicted the disasters, the carnage, and the miseries of the war in Italy, only just now closed.

They were satisfied with his conclusion, although it seemed to me by no means a logical one — and they devoutly followed him afterward in prayers for the Queen and the aristocracy.

No wonder that the English peasantry who go to the United States are always conservative. They are eminently loyal here.

What a vigorous race the Gypsies, of whom I meet a few in the high roads, have been, to resist the influences which mould the mass of English people into relations of docility and subserviency.

"George Whitfield, vermin destroyer," was the inscription on the Gypsy cart.

"How do the Gypsies destroy vermin?" said I to the steward of the estate.

"They don't," said he, "they are the vermin themselves, and the police is fast destroying them."

I am sure never was sovereign beloved and respected more than the Queen of this realm. Never did this existing constitution seem so safe, and I think it is mainly owing to the fact that every man and every woman in England is sure that there is no vice protected by the Throne, but that the Court of England is moral and pure.

Here is one of the turns of the wheel of fortune! I fell out of my dukedom at Trentham this morning, and here I am, a vulgar lodger at an inn in Litchfield, to-night. The fame of the Cathedral seduced me from a direct journey to London, and I am glad of it. It is a noble gothic monument — and its three spires, how delicately they are chiseled! There are saints, and martyrs, and kings, all in effigy, as living or as dead. How quaint they made such things five hundred years ago! Such delicate tracery, stone cut and wrought into lace. Alas, that the days of delicious art are gone with the sunset of blind, bigoted faith. Monarchy has left us pyramids and superstitious temples, the wonders of all ages. Is freedom to give nothing to admire? Is truth to give us only the unsatisfactory pleasures of the spiritual sense? It is sad to think of it. But after all, railroads and steam-engines avail more than pyramids, and the electric art teaches faster and far more widely than temples.

Dr. Johnson is to Litchfield what Shakespeare is to Stratford-on-Avon. Carved in stone of colossal size, he sits in the public square directly fronting the well-preserved three-story house in which he was born. His fame is enough for a town even as neat and pretty as this.

Can there be a true literature in our great country? Take out all the interest that female endurance and virtue give to poetry and romance, together with all the dignity that they borrow from State and aristocratic positions and relations, and what would then be left to Walter Scott's creations, or even those of Shakespeare himself? Our republican system banishes kings, queens, and nobles, and even women from all public occasions. It sinks them to the level of humanity.

Take Paris, and Helen, and Eneas out of the Iliad, and what would be left?

Milton alone has dispensed with human affectation of divinity. His is truly a republican poem, but he substitutes God and angels for our homage and reverence. Certainly he can't be imitated. It seems to me that this new age must have a revelation of new elements of poetry or it will have no poetry at all.

England is divided between two forces, one of which is the ancient aristocracy, the other the growing republic. They harmonize better than might be supposed, and England improves by their eternal conflict. I would not be an aristocrat here — I could not be a plebeian. Aristocrats diminish in number and in power; plebeians wax stronger every day. But all are alike insensible to the revolution that is going on, to assimilate them to us, who, although the younger members of the family, are really its leaders, and the formers of the destiny of the British race.

Here is a sprig from a yew tree at Trentham, one thousand years old.

At eleven o'clock I embark for France, on a summer night, and on a summer sea. The voyage is only an hour and a half. I have been just two months in England — I leave it with respect and kindness for all I have met. I hope I have learned something worthy to be remembered, and something to compensate you and your mother for my long absence.

Good-bye to England.

Good-night to my loving little reader.

How quickly do I discover here that I am not in England, or at home; not in a free country, but in one despotically ruled; not in a Protestant, but in a Catholic land. I was marched incontinently, with the crowd of passengers, into the police office, where sat at two in the morning, a magistrate with two secretaries to examine, and register, and *viser* our passports. Two or three detectives stood around, scrutinizing us to discover any known political offender there might be in the arrival. In my case, however, the examination was not merely formal, but was distinguished by courtesy, which was due, I suppose, to my official description contained in the passport. So, also, at the Custom-House; no one put his hand into my trunk, or asked any annoying questions.

Take down the "Sentimental Journey," from the shelves, and imagine, as you read the chapters on Calais, my delight in finding myself a lodger in the very chamber occupied by Sterne when they were written.

France has been fifty years enjoying a subdivision of lands, like America. It seems a land of indefinite plenty. The crops are wheat, rye, oats, beets, barley, beans, peas, poppies, and flax. There are some apple orchards, but I saw not one vineyard, not even one vine.

The men and women seem peaceful, just as you might suppose when the tenant of the throne at Paris, be who he may, can at any day call out one from every household, to fill up the army, thinned by contests for empire in Africa, or glory in Italy.

Even by night, I could see how Paris had been changed and improved since I was here a quarter of a century ago. Wider streets, and lighter architecture presented themselves on all sides. The Boulevards now filled the roadway with equipages, and the space between the sidewalks and dwellings with people sitting, conversing, and drinking cooling draughts: I should have known that this was Paris, had I been dropped into it blindfolded. It has just extorted from the world its needed tribute of admiration for its chivalry; now it amuses itself, and all the world. It gives freedom to Italy, and it wishes for emancipation to all nations; but it makes the Army, not the Press, the minister of Liberty.

The great feature of modern Paris is the stretching out of gardens (shaded by walks or groves), from the Tuilleries, on the banks of the Seine, quite to the forest of Boulogne, eight or ten miles. Splendid edifices, arches, temples, monuments, statuary, adorn these gardens. Theaters, repositories of art, concert halls, coffee houses for singing, balconies for concerts, are located at small distances from each other. The promenades in the gardens, by day, are cool and pleasant, at night, gas-light is poured forth profusely from the walls, the trees, the houses, and the scene is that of a general illumination, and society surrendering itself up to recreation and amusement.

I notice one peculiarity here, unseen in England or the United States. The army is everywhere, and seems like a favored domestic institution. Manifestly the glory of France is regarded as the private fortune of every Frenchman; and the intensity of nationality seems almost egotism in every one you meet. I will not venture now to reflect on the fruits of this patriotism.

Yesterday I went to the Louvre. My only previous visit was made twenty-six years ago, and lasted only one day. Short as it was, it sufficed to instruct me in regard to art, so that I have been ever since able to distinguish a good work from a bad one, and one school from another. Yesterday I assigned the day. I gazed with interest and delight on the treasures of every modern age and school, and began to be able to distinguish the hands of the different masters of the same school. I ceased only when I could stand no longer.

I think that the pictures which satisfied me best were Murillo's heads, Claude's landscapes, and Flemish scenes.

Those which satisfied me least were historical subjects, allegorical paintings which require a key, and battle scenes, which I have no love for.

Society in Europe is full of paradoxes. England is a free country, yet the division of rank is painfully apparent on every side. France lives under a military despotism, yet the equality of the people is as great as in the United States. Who shall account for this? Perhaps the truth is that the first republic achieved the great ends of equality in society, and equality in political rights, leaving freedom yet to be attained. Does this portend that a bloody revolution must occur in England, before equality can be secured, in addition to the liberty already enjoyed?

The ashes of Napoleon! History banishes art from your sight, while you look upon the urn that holds them in its trust. I looked upon it, with interest indeed, but shall I confess it, I looked without reverence, without affection, without awe, and even without compassion. There was a sad and painful discordance between the green laurel wreaths, the long roll of battle-fields, the sword and plume which garnish the tomb, and the religious emblems which properly adorn the temple which incloses it.

Every day I live I grow more intolerant of military despots!

There are three systems upon which men are governed; one of force, acting by terror; one of fraud, acting by appeal to the imagination or the passions; the third of reason, by addressing the understandings and consciences of men.

Each of the ever-changing dynasties seeks to impress its own character on the monuments of the day, and even changes old ones for that purpose. When I was here twenty-five years ago, the symbols of legitimacy were newly displayed. The first Revolution inscribed on its edicts, and on the public monuments, "Liberty and Equality." The Empire erased them all. The Revolution of 1830 restored, in part. Its motto, everywhere seen, was "Liberty and Public Order." The Second Empire has suppressed all these; and, instead of expressing homage for either liberty, or for order, it has substituted monuments of the heroism and valor of the French nation, and nothing else.

I did not enter the Hall of the Legislature. The name in England and in America suggests the idea of the controlling will of the people. Here, the *Corps Legislatif* is only practically a body organized to express in due form and with official solemnity, the will of the Emperor.

I am surrounded by evidences that the present Emperor has been successful in satisfying the people of France, and even its intelligent classes. But, to me, this contentment seems as unreasonable as it is unworthy. What is it but confiding the whole future of a nation, as well as its present, to the caprices, or at best to the fortunes of a man, without security from him, or from fate? Suppose Napoleon III to die to-night, what must happen, but a revolution? It is incident to every dictatorship that it be followed by violent reaction

toward the system which dictatorship displaced. So it was with the administration of Cæsar, so with Cromwell, so with the first Napoleon. Even the present system is only a stage of what yet seems an endless revolution.

The first Napoleon arrested and subdued the Republic. His fall brought back the despotic system of the Bourbons. That was intolerable, and so a reaction began. The Bonapartists favored it. Louis Philippe, the representative of the popular cause, restored the statues of Napoleon on the Place Vendôme, finished the Arc de Triomphe, brought Napoleon's ashes to France.

The Bonapartist movement has now culminated, or is culminating under Napoleon III. Who can doubt that, on the recurrence of any great disaster to the system, or even to the man who represents it, the return of either the Republic, or of the "Legitimist's" despotism must occur. Probably the former, because it is, of the two, that one which is most in harmony with the spirit of the age.

Lamartine, as you know by the popularity acquired by his writings, became the arbiter of the Revolution of 1848; and was, for a period of three months, the prominent Republican ruler of France. Since that period, the Republic having been subverted, he has been in the shade, and oppressed with pecuniary embarrassments, such as Walter Scott endured.

Last night I sought this great and good man, who is to-day, as heretofore, the recognized head of the Republican party in France. I found him in very modest lodgings, on the ground floor, with his wife, and a small circle of friends. He received me with distinguished kindness, as one not entirely unknown to him by report. He is one of the handsomest of men, and of commanding presence, dignified, but unassuming. He speaks English imperfectly, but apprehended all that I said, and was pleased to say that I had analyzed truly the character and condition of France.

His wife is an English lady, who it seemed to me was oppressed with cares; but she has a noble spirit of devotion to him, and of faith in the ultimate triumph of liberty and truth. She says, and evidently thinks, that his financial trouble resulted from the sacrifices he made for the public during his brief, but glorious political ascendancy. Her walls and tables are embellished with pictures in oil, and statuary in marble, wood, and porcelain, all exquisite, and all the work of her own hands. All of these he showed to me with pride and pleasure. I shall be tempted to try again the fraternal hospitalities of these noble patriots.

After I left Lamartine, I stopped at half-past ten, at a *café*. It will seat one thousand persons, and late as the hour was, half that number, mixed of both sexes, were there. The French, like our own people, are politicians, and want always to know the news. Free people learn it through public journals, and they get at least the whole truth, if they get much more than the truth. The French people practically never have had a free press. They turn out into public streets, highways, and other places to hear and to discuss, and this is why the revolution always begins in Paris, and is carried to the end there. The passion for participation in public affairs cannot be suppressed.

I thought I saw, in that crowd last night, the Dantons and the Robespierres of some future revolution, and that, not even a remote one, unless France shall then be so fortunate as to have some other La Fayette, or some other Lamartine to mediate, when the crisis comes, between the two conflicting powers of conservatism and progress.

Last evening was given up to a reunion of what the French call "*Beaux Esprits*" at the home of Dr. Castle. I met there, Madame Ristori, who is now held the greatest actress in Europe. I reserved my judgment for trial, before surrendering my partiality for Charlotte Cushman. Ristori (as they call her here) is an Italian lady, very handsome and intellectual. She goes soon to the United States.

To-day, I have missed the visit of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but have had the pleasure of seeing Fanny Kemble, who stops at this hotel, and of Jerome Bonaparte, who is waiting here to see the Emperor.

France reveals the activity of several contradictory forces. First, that of the ancient regime, or those of the party of the Legitimate Bourbons. Second, that of the Orleanists, or Cadet Bourbons. Third, that of the Bonapartists, or the Emperor — a military despotism. Fourth, that of the Republic. Each party seems intent on the establishment of its own principles to the exclusion of all others. Which will ultimately prevail, and how soon? That is what I am studying.

Mr. Grinnell tells a good story to-day, illustrative of life in Paris. Yesterday morning, crowds of persons rushed into the *Champs Elysees*, attracted by a party carrying flags, and a band of music. The ladies at Grinnell's called up a French servant from the kitchen, and asked what the excitement was, that had left her alone there? She announced that the servants thought it was the beginning of a new revolution. Soon afterward, the servants came quietly back, and said that it was only a picnic party going at that early hour into the country.

How artistic the French Government is in all things! It banishes grief from the national heart (excited by the loss of 50,000 peasantry, drawn by conscription, in Italy), by a grand metropolitan celebration of the victory over the Austrians, and a conquest of a province, renounced in the very moment of acquisition.

I went to see the place of the revolutionary guillotine, and to imagine where fell the head of Madame Roland, and the Girondists without number. I found the sad spot; it is embellished with monuments. Cleopatra's needle lifts its beautiful form there; and the painful memories of revolutionary fury are extinguished under the sweet name of *Place de la Concorde*.

I went to *Notre Dame*. Its portal is a noble specimen of mediæval architecture. One proof, among a thousand, that in society, art develops before reason matures. *Notre Dame* is metropolitan; and one might think that the "Vicar of Bray" was a study derived from its history. Its Cardinals, Archbishops,

and other prelates, go directly to Heaven, under the guidance of good angels and ministering saints, if you judge from their tombs. The church is tolerant to all rulers; and preserves their costly presents. Each great political event, which is celebrated with a mass, brings rich robes as a present to the church. Here is the costly gift of this kind of the Emperor Napoleon I, and it includes also, his coronation robes, mace, and cushion. There is a similar one on the coronation of Marie Louise, and another on the baptism of the King of Rome. In due historical sequence, come the gifts of Louis XVIII, Charles X, and the pious wife of Louis Philippe; and this in its turn gives place to the precious treasures acquired by celebrating the marriage and coronation of the Empress Eugénie, and the baptism of her son, the heir-apparent to the restored Empire.

From *Notre Dame*, it is only a step to the Hotel de Ville. When I saw it, so long ago, it was a history in stone, of the Legitimate Monarchy, from the time of Francis I, to the fearful overthrow in the Revolution of 1793. But this new Emperor has changed all that. The walls still celebrate the piety of the extinction of heresy, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Henry IV, on horseback, is still allowed to grace the portal. But all revolutionary memories and illustrations have given place to Napoleonic forms, figures, and inscriptions. You only know by referring to history, that here in this hall sat the provisional Republican Councils of 1793, and 1830, and 1848. That here from this window, La Fayette presented Louis XVI to the people. That here, in this same place, the same noble patriot presented to the people, and they accepted, another constitutional king, in the person of Louis Philippe. And here, in this hall, stood Robespierre, when brought before his own revolutionary tribunal. But who remembers all these things?

The court of the hotel is now visited as the finest ball-room in the world; and the Place de Grêve, and the lantern, memorable as the scene of the Reign of Terror, now wears the name of Victoria, impressed on them, when that good, motherly Queen became a guest in the Town Hall of Paris.

It has puzzled me much to know how it is that Napoleon III makes alterations — at his own pleasure — in the streets, edifices, parks, and palaces of Paris. The whole secret was learned, when I found that he, himself, appoints and removes at pleasure the entire Common Council.

To-day I spent an hour deeply interested in my interview with some noble, some royal, some divine personages, of times far more ancient than any I had ever known. In short, I held converse with Rameses I, II, and III, with his gensdarmes, with the prisoners whom they were conducting in their trains. I found that they affected pine-apples and oranges; that they had a great admiration for bulls; and that the horn of that animal was an ornament as highly esteemed by them, as the ostrich feather is by some modern rivals. I learned to see that there was sense, and even poetry, in the Jewish expression: "I will exalt my horn before the Lord." I saw kings of Nineveh and Babylon riding in thrones placed on wheels; and so found that there was sublimity in the expression that the "Chariot wheels of the God of the Jews were of fire."

I looked into the faces of gods and goddesses, which had terrified millions of millions — unterrified, and indeed hardly able to hold my own face in seriousness, before objects so grotesque, puerile, and ridiculous. I looked into sarcophagi, and tombs in which kings had reposed for centuries, and until their proud forms had become dust and powder, blown away by the winds.

I must not omit to set down that I did find, on a corner of a house fronting the Place de Grêve, an inscription, once obliterated, but which has again come out into the sunlight, commemorative of the Revolution, in the words once so portentous, but now obsolete everywhere; "*Liberté — Egalité — et Fraternité.*

The Secretary of State had invited Mr. Mason to present me to him to-day. It was his day for giving audiences to the ambassadors of foreign powers. I attended our Minister. We were shown into a fine hall embellished with pictures and statuary peculiar to the Empire. Over the mantel was a very large picture, commemorating the treaty of Paris (which closed the late Russian war). I recognized at once the British Minister, Lord Clarendon. The most important figure, however, was that of the French Secretary of State, the Comte de Walewsky, in whose house I was. I saw at once that it was the likeness of the first Napoleon, softened and made agreeable. When I asked who that was, I was surprised by the answer that it was the Comte de Walewsky. I remarked the strange resemblance to the Napoleon head. The answer was that Walewsky was the son of a Polish lady with no acknowledged father, and that he was usually acknowledged to be the natural son of Napoleon I.

The Count Walewsky was a very intelligent and engaging man. He conversed freely; and I learned that the present dynasty here has no especial respect for England. It feels strong. I was introduced to Lord Cowley, and all the foreign ministers; and found the state of Europe was the subject of much anxiety. Lord Cowley told me that his sister, Lady Bulwer, was desirous to change the Turkish embassy for a return to the United States.

Lyons was a town when Julius Cæsar conquered what is now France. The town is rich in the memory of Christians martyred for conscience's sake, and for patriots murdered for liberty's sake in the French Revolution. Equally at Lyons and Marseilles, I find that the memory of the atrocities of that great Revolution has extinguished the respect for it, which it justly receives, as the great, though sad beginning of a new and better form of civilization and government.

At last I am on this old and famous sea. We embarked at ten last night. We ran for sixty or seventy miles along the coast of France, and then lost sight of land. Now, at ten in the morning, we are approaching Corsica. An Italian sky is better than an English or a French one, but it does not surpass the American. The Mediterranean has hitherto been calm as a lake.

We have thirty passengers — mostly French, two Englishmen, we two Amer-

LAMARTINE.

THE CONGRESS OF PARIS.

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icans, one lady (French), three priests, two Capuchin friars, with crowns shaven, bare head, bare feet, except sandals or soles strapped over the feet, long woolen gowns with hoods — fine looking, but unclean men. Most of the passengers, like ourselves, are invading Rome in August, a remorseless hot season. There is one child — a French one, with a sunny face. He has become mine for the voyage, and we play all manner of games, unconscious that we are without a common language.

We have awnings stretched over the deck, and we wander about seeking for fresh air, and continually calling for ice-water. Some of the passengers of the lay order seek to forget the heat in sleep. Others play chess. The common clergy seem to have finished their prayers, and are engaged in reading and conversation. The Capuchins seem to have a harder duty. They read incessantly, and count their beads, and make signs of the cross, and fall asleep in performing these routine duties of devotion. But they rally again and renew the task.

How you would shudder to enter, at Avignon, the hall in which the Inquisition held its session, and the funnel-shaped dungeons with their fire-places for heating irons for the torture. How impossible it is for mankind to pass, without martyrdom, from religious error to truth, without blood, from slavery to freedom!

Just above Avignon, is Orange, the capital of the ancient Duchy which gave its name to its sovereign, who carried the title into the reigning family of Holland. From William III, Prince of Orange, we borrowed the name of my native county in America — and yet neither we, nor even the successors of that Prince, have any interest in the territory, which became a possession of Prussia, by the treaty of Ryswick, and soon afterward, by bargain, a district of France.

All the people of Rome, of all conditions, were swarming in the narrow streets. We dashed through them, leaving them to take shelter in the doorways of their homes, and yet they manifested no anger or impatience. Occasionally a coach with fine black horses, and two or three footmen in livery, dashed along the path. A red gown and cap, worn by the person within, indicated him for a Cardinal. Priests and religieuses wearing every form of costume, and of every color, white, black, blue, purple, mingled among the people, and occasionally marched in procession.

All sorts of merchandise were exposed on every side, and all manner of arts were exhibited by the merchants; beggars of both sexes gathered around our carriage, when we stopped to make way for some other vehicle, or to force a way for our own.

We stood before the Coliseum; its lofty and massive walls, built in arches rising upon arches, in varied style of architecture. We marked its graceful and accurate elliptical form. We entered by the grand porch, where Emperors, Senators, Priests, Generals, and Vestal Virgins had so often gone in solemn pro-

cession, to witness games in honor of the triumphs of Rome. We summoned all our powers of imagination to give the just effect to the archings within, that supported once the benches from which eighty thousand spectators had looked down upon the great festivals.

The moon was just rising, and looked in through the arches lighting up the arena where gladiators first, and afterward Christians, fought with wild beasts, to gratify the tastes of the Court and the people of Rome.

On the square in front, a French soldier was blowing on his trumpet, the retreat, to call his comrades to their quarters. The instrument produced a magnificent concert, each note being distinctly repeated as it reached the yet perfect arch of Constantine, and afterward reverberated through every vault of the massive Coliseum. "Two thousand years," I said to myself, "work strange changes. Time was, when a Gaul, stationed on that place, and sounding a call to scattered comrades, would have been suddenly brought to a very different kind of entertainment, within the walls, which now cheerfully re-echoed his martial strain."

At four this morning, we had a breakfast of coffee, bread, and eggs, and at five o'clock we began our excursion. The sun, I suppose, had risen; but a dense fog hung over the city. The gates had just been opened; and the country-people, dressed in their picturesque peasant style, came moving on through the streets, in their carts, freighted with butter, veal, chickens, eggs, and wines, and drawn sometimes by a horse, sometimes a mule, sometimes an ass, and more often by sturdy white oxen. Ecclesiastics and laymen gathered around the marketmen to make their purchases.

Two parties of nuns, all youthful, and even all fair to look upon, dressed gracefully, though in their ecclesiastical costume, came down before us. I will swear, notwithstanding my respect for their vows, that they did look at my companion, Mr. Forsyth, whose hair is not yet gray; nay, I did think that, for a moment, they even looked at me; but it was certainly, in my case, only a casual glance, and in his, by no means a studied one. They passed by us, and by the sentinel, into the open porch.

How I climbed up one staircase after another, at St. Peter's, first, to the roof, an hundred and twenty feet; how I surveyed Rome from that elevation; how I toiled by winding staircases over the inner roof of the dome, one hundred and fifty feet more from its base to its top; how I looked up through the lantern, another hundred feet, and saw there the Heavenly Court, the Almighty Father, surrounded by His angelic hosts, far above the blue sky, and ever-shining stars; how I climbed, not irreverently, I hope, even above that lofty elevation, and sat down exhausted on the stone pavement of a small conical chamber, with the canopy, and the high altar, and its hundred candlesticks, which burn day and night, around the urn that contains the ashes of the Chief of the Apostles, directly beneath me, where this conical chamber was itself a contraction of the whole massive edifice below me, into a sphere of ten feet in diameter, and marked off by lines which indicated accurately the vast compartments and proportions below; and, finally, how I climbed, yet on

a narrow ladder, thirty or forty feet more, and entered the brazen globe, which here is a sphere spacious enough to hold a small troop of men, while seen from the earth, it dwindles to the size of a helmet, and then stood five hundred feet above the base of the temple, and looked down from there on the ruined palaces, forum, theaters, and arches of Rome!

But I may confess that I was fatigued to very exhaustion, when I had descended, and found my breakfast waiting for me at ten o'clock, with half St. Peter's huge area altogether unexplored.

You will find it difficult to understand how the new or modern, and the ancient Rome are mingled. The ancient Rome was three or four times larger, and more populous, than the modern Rome. With the subversion of the Roman Empire, the seizure of the city, its sacking, and devastation by alien races, the people fled, the language changed, and practically, a new people, having only some elements of the former, appeared. This new people, ceasing to be pagans, conquerors of the world, had a new, and at first, a lower civilization. The old habitations, streets, forums, palaces, and so forth, were not adapted to them. It was necessary to build anew. The old decayed, and fell, and covered the ground to depths varying from twelve to twenty feet, according to the nature of the structures. The new, and poor inhabitants found it easier to build, either entirely outside, or, as they needed no cellars, to build on the ruins of the old city. They, therefore, in part, built on ground, unoccupied, outside the limits of the old city; and in part, built among, and chiefly upon the ruined mass of the ancient structures, appropriating as much of the materials as they found adapted to their new use; and leaving the rest to moulder and decay. Sometimes they built mean edifices behind triumphal arches, and porticos of temples. Even the streets of old Rome were buried up.

Thus Rome grew up, and becoming anew a great commercial and political city, in modern Italy, and taking the lead of the world in arts, arms, and chivalry, an elegant, mediæval Rome, obliterated the memory of the ancient city. With the revival of learning, came back a curiosity, and an interest in reclaiming what could be rescued, of the monuments of the old civilization. This has been done by removing modern or mediæval structures, and excavating the earth beneath them, and thus restoring whole streets, avenues, and ways, and with this, a partial restoration of the most prominent of the old monuments.

St. Peter's Church is built wholly of stone, in solid walls and columns. There is no place for a mouse or a rat there, wherefore I can't explain what that cat was doing that I found on the roof of the church. But, I think, celibates of both sexes have a weakness for cats. It is, nevertheless, mysterious. A goose saved Old Rome — who knows but the cat may have become inspired to watch over the new one?

Broken up in the civil wars, only the magnificent piers remain of the great aqueduct of ancient Rome. But the system was a gigantic and effective one. Descending the pathway, we find this great aqueduct, its covering renewed in

part, and the purest water flowing in it. Men, women, and children, two thousand years ago, resorted to that spring continually with their pitchers and urns. There is such an endless procession attending it now, for the same purpose. But how different their language, habits, and character! *Those* were heathen, on whom the light of pure religion had never shone; or at best, had shone in its morning twilight. *These* are Christians, educated and trained, and governed by the long world-confessed Chief of the Church itself. Which shall we pronounce the wisest and the best? Mankind would divide on that question.

At the cattle-market in ancient Rome, there is a marble arch which opens into the court. It is a high and beautiful structure of white marble, which might serve well for a triumphal arch. And then there is a marble porch which leads into the butcher's stall. It is engraved in bas-relief, admirably executed, in which the farmer is represented bringing the bull into the market; and again another plate shows the butcher standing beside the ox, with an axe raised to bring him to the ground; a third plate, the dog worrying the bull; a fourth, the butcher cutting his throat. These curious relics excite a deep interest, by showing the familiar life of ancient times. It is the familiar daily life that history does not teach; and in the yearnings for knowledge of it, we seize on even trivial indications of it.

In Rome the Papal Government and Hierarchy kept alive a contempt and hatred of the Jews, as retaliatory and relentless in its character, as the "Know-Nothing" prejudice in our country against the Catholics themselves. It is even as intolerant as the American, but inhuman dislike of white men for the African race, which they have wronged so deeply.

The Jews here are assigned a special quarter where only they may dwell. It is filled up with five thousand people of both sexes, and all ages and conditions; their dress, their walk, demeanor, habits, conversation, and manners indicative of a subjected and loathed condition. But what was more striking than even this, was the identity of features and expression peculiar to that race, wherever found. Many of the persons were vile and ugly, but it was Jewish vileness and ugliness, and nothing else. Some were beautiful, and a few were even spirited, but it was always Hebrew beauty and Hebrew vivacity. Never was my good friend, the Catholic priest who accompanied me, more astonished, than when I told him that Jews are legislators, judges, and ministers in the United States.

We ascended a broad, easy, graceful staircase, and in a suite of apartments, extensive, and elegantly furnished, we were received by His Eminence the Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State to the Pope. He was dressed in the ecclesiastical habit of his order. He has a careworn and anxious aspect; is about forty-five years old, and wears a most pleasing and courteous and unaffected demeanor. He met me at the door, extended both his hands, grasped and pressed both of mine, brought me to a sofa, seated me, and pronounced a hearty, spirited, and genial welcome, that put me quite at my ease. We con-

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

IN THE VATICAN.

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versed half an hour, of politics in Europe and America, of social and political opinions and customs, and the future of both continents, and during all that time, he showed so much personal kindness toward myself, that I with difficulty found opportunity to let him understand that I appreciated his own difficult position, in European affairs. The Vatican, he said, should be wholly at my command, when I should come to visit it, and his Holiness would welcome me as cordially as he himself had done.

One of the first observations that occur to a stranger here, is that ancient Rome is regarded by the modern Romans with exactly the same curiosity, and interest, as by foreigners. So stupendous was the ancient Roman State, and, in the fall, so entirely dissevered from that which has succeeded it, that no sentiment of devotion, or kindred, or sympathy is felt by the present possessors toward their predecessors. The moderns seem to regard themselves as merely encamped, in a country which a race of giants had abandoned, or on which, like our aborigines, they had perished. Wonderful tribute to the genius of ancient Rome!

The Church government first won the allegiance of the Roman State, and so established itself firmly here. When that great State, worn out and exhausted, fell into ruins, the only half-converted Christian world naturally consented to see the Church here assume its place as a sovereign, and allowed it the exercise of plenary political power within its limited territory, and conceded to it political functions and influences throughout the world. Thus become a temporal power, with vast influences upon the opinions, and sentiments, and affections of mankind, other States have recognized it, negotiated with it, propitiated it, defended it, or opposed it, as they thought at times expedient. When it had strength enough to be independent, it often favored freedom; now that it is dependent on foreign States, which are monarchical, its influence goes in that direction.

Seen from our side of the Atlantic, the Roman Church, with its present political organization, seems ready to fall, as it seems desirable, for the greater advancement of mankind, that it shall fall. But this view is modified when you come here. The Temporal Power is indeed weak, listless, and contemptible. But Rome is now, as much as it ever was, the seat of a vast congregation of clergy, who despise the temporalities of the Papal system as unworthy their ambition, but who are engaged in extending and fortifying the Catholic Church, identical in their view with the Christian religion, and this Church Spiritual was never more earnest, diligent, vigorous, or enlightened, than now. They are opposed by no effective Protestant or anti-Christian organizations. Protestants, Deists, and Mussulmans are divided, and the latter are breaking down under the weight of the defects of their religious creed. Very little Temporal Power is now needed by this Catholic Church Propaganda.

Rome has been two thousand five hundred years. Each of its five hundred generations has exacted a burial at the hands of its successors. The Romans

buried their dead chiefly beyond the walls, and as is now ascertained, the cemeteries bordered on both sides this great avenue which led to the city.

I rode out yesterday eight miles on this wonderful Appian Way. I found an old Roman inscription upon a porch, which informed me that the remains of Emilianus lay behind in the recess beyond it. I entered, and found in a vaulted apartment, two thousand years old, not the bones, or even the shade of a Roman Senator, but an ass quietly sheltering himself from the heat of the sun.

I stopped next at a place revered in the history of Rome. It was at the Fountain and Valley of Egeria, where the good King Numa received from that goddess the benign laws, which, faithfully administered by him, secured honor and empire to the then youthful Roman people. But I found no trace left of either the fountain or the garden.

I was equally unfortunate in my search for ruins of the Temple of Honor and Virtue, as well as for the Temple of Mars, at which the conquering armies used to stop, when returning to be received with triumphal processions within the city.

But I was more successful in regard to Christian monuments and events. I found the very spot on which St. Peter, when going up to Rome, met our Saviour, and held with him an important conversation.

"*Domine quo vadis?*" (Where are you going?) said Peter to our Saviour.

"I come to Rome, to be again crucified," was the reply.

You will doubt the authenticity of this history. But there on the identical spot stands a church built by the disciples of the Apostle, and bearing the name of "*Domine quo vadis?*"

Beyond this point, the road on both sides is bordered by excavated vaults called *Columbaria*. On each side are rows, often one above another, of nicely arched niches, with hollows in the bottom. In these niches were placed the urns which contained the ashes of the dead after the bodies had been burned. The structure took the name of *Columbaria*, from its resemblance to the haunt of doves or the dove-cote, with the nests arranged in rows. Inscriptions, statues, and bas-reliefs indicated the persons thus honored, many of them singularly quaint, and some are ludicrous. After seeing these ancient examples, I incline to think that popular elegiac literature is always a failure among all nations. Here is an epitaph:

"*Tito Claudio, Secundo, Philipiano Coactori, Flavio, Irene Uxori, Indulgentissimo.*" (Irene erects this monument to Titus Claudius, second son of Philip—who was a tax-gatherer, and was the most indulgent of husbands.)

Among this wild chaotic confusion of sepulchers, seven miles in length, is only one bearing a name known to history.

Judge now, with what reverent emotions I stopped at the place which history and tradition concur in describing as the site of the Three Taverns, where Paul relates that he stopped, and was entertained on his journey as a prisoner to Rome.

The full round moon was looking down upon us, and it was ten o'clock when we entered the dark and narrow streets of Rome on our return. A funeral pro-

cession was in progress. First, a band of Capuchin monks, then a body of Augustine friars, then a similar body of regular priests, then the body on a hearse, then penitents dressed in gray mantles with hoods covering the whole person from head to foot, with only small eyelet holes, and mouth apertures permitting the wearers to see and breathe, then a few carriages. Each member of this long procession bore a long candle, and all in concert, sang or chanted the *Miserere*, in tones loud and deep. The whole population stopped and uncovered their heads while the procession passed. But there must be something of the little, always, to mingle with the great — something of the comic, to mar the effect of tragedy. So here, ragged, coatless, hatless, boys, with papers artfully folded, crowded up to each of these mourners, and caught the tallow as it dripped from the candles, and carefully saved it to be sold to the tallow-chandler this morning.

Pausing at the Porto Maggiore I found a monument which is as unique in its construction as it is expensive and magnificent. It is of marble, with columns, pilasters, bas-reliefs, and other ornaments that would seem to indicate the resting-place of an Augustus. It is crowned with bas-reliefs showing the whole process of making bread, from carrying the wheat to the mill, through the grinding, kneading, baking and depositing the loaves on the table; while the most conspicuous figure in the whole mausoleum is a sarcophagus in the form of a bread-basket. There are several inscriptions; one of which informs us that this costly structure is the mausoleum of Eurysacius, a baker; and another announces to these remote generations, and to visitors from all continents, that "Alista" was the wife of the self-honored baker; that she was the very best of all wives; and that her precious remains may be found in this latter bread-basket.

"*Fuit Alista uxor enihei Femina optima veixsit quonsque corporis reliquiem quod superant, sunt in hoc panucero.*" Do not show this letter to your Latin teacher, because I fear that he will say that the illustrious dead, however he excelled in baking, was not well versed in grammar and spelling.

I must stop to mention one epitaph more, on a costly tomb. I do it because it has escaped the notice of the antiquaries whose books I have seen. It is the record, short and sweet, of one self-contented man, and is in these words:

"*P. T. Scrulius extruxit suo aerumma.* (P. T. Scrulius built this monument with his own money.)

How luxuriant is life! Here among these mouldering, wasting monuments of the proud and mighty dead, every thing is animate — lizards and chameleons glide over broken columns and urns; and birds find houses in the foliage of the capitals. Nay, I saw here the thistle flowering everywhere among the ruins: and attached to each single flower was a fully-developed snail, with his house of curious workmanship, wrought by himself without tools or hands.

Just before reëntering the city, I surveyed the very ancient and interesting Church of St. Lawrence, where I saw the urn that holds the ashes, or remains,

not only of St. Lawrence and of St. Martyn, but also of St. Stephen, the Proto-martyr. I know what you will say now. You will say that I told you that I saw the grave of St. Stephen (the same St. Stephen) in the church at Paris; for I did tell you so, if I told you all I saw in that great city. Well, what if I did? What should hinder the dead saint from having two resting-places, as every Pope has, at the same time, two palaces? Saints have privileges I would have you to know.

My morning's excursion closed with the Pantheon. It is at once the most simple, the most beautiful, and the best preserved work of Old Rome.

At ten o'clock I stood on the base of one of the marble columns which support the roof of the magnificent Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, overlooking the heads of the whole congregation of the faithful; and from there I saw the Holy Father ride through the broad nave of the church, on the shoulders of ten nobles, and descend, and take the throne in the tribune, surrounded by the whole body of Cardinals; receive their adoration; go through the ceremony of High Mass; and then, borne in the same way to the balcony in front of the church, and there pronounce his blessing on the people of Rome. He entered and departed with a military guard; and a like guard, stationed about the columns, and in front of the altar, protected the Bishop from any irreverent approach of his spiritual sheep.

You will ask me when will all this strange confusion of the Kingdom of God with human authority end?

I can only answer that, even here, it would be repudiated, if it were not upheld, from interested motives, by foreign monarchies. France and Austria maintain it here by armed force. But neither France nor Austria can persist in that policy forever. The latter is a part of upward rising Germany. The Bonaparte race alone keeps down the republic in France. That will soon end.

Returning homeward, I entered the Protestant burying-ground, the one place assigned here for the burial of those who reject the authority of the Catholic Church. Thus Rome divides the dead, as well as the living, into two classes — those whom she owns as children, and those whom she regards as heretics.

How strange did it seem to me to find, in that small inclosure, that fraternity among Protestants established in their death, which they were so unconscious of, while living! There the tomb-stones tell you promiscuously of the decay of Englishmen, Germans, Americans, Russians, and Greeks; and the hundred sects, in many nations, seem to commune in grief over their bereavements.

This morning, we entered a door at the corner of a very spacious room, three sides of which were filled with book-cases stored with books. Father Smith turned to the right, as soon as he entered, and kneeled. I, standing behind him, saw a venerable, gray-haired gentleman, sitting a few feet from us, dressed in a simple white woolen cassock, or gown, and a library table covered with a very common red cloth before him — and this was His Holiness,

Pope Pius IX. He directed Dr. Smith to rise, and turned toward him with extended hand. He said, speaking in Italian, that he was very thankful to him for bringing Mr. Seward to see him. The Doctor then introduced me. I bowed to the Pope respectfully, and I think I should have bowed again, but he extended both his hands, invited me to come on, and took me at once with a cordial grasp of the hand, and said that he hoped I would excuse him for not rising, that he was suffering severely of a lameness in the foot, and could not move.

With an expression of benignity and vivacity that it would be hard to describe, he said he desired to thank me for the liberality and justice that I had shown to the children of the Catholic faith, in my own country, and to express the hope that a policy so generous would be continued; and he desired also to assure me of the great respect he entertained for my character.

I answered that it was very grateful to me to be thus assured that he appreciated the sentiments of religious and civil liberty that my country had adopted.

Here he corrected Dr. Smith, by telling him that my name was pronounced not Sew*ard*, but *Sew*ard. He said I was formerly Governor of New York, and now Senator, and playfully said something of good wishes for my higher advancement. He said that he had received many books from America, from our Government, on geology and natural history, and admired them very much; and he desired me to understand that he was very thankful for them — saying, also, that the Americans cultivated the science of natural history very earnestly.

I replied, that we had succeeded to a continent full of treasures. It was only a simple economy to study its resources, in order to develop and improve them. That our liberty (of which he had already spoken) was only to be secured by such a course as would enable the people to become great and happy.

He answered, smiling, "Oh! yes. In America you can allow liberty — civil and religious liberty. But here, it is different with us. I represent a principle, and that is, there is only one true religion, and diversity of views would be inconsistent with it."

I replied, "You act logically from your position, and we also logically from ours. Our position is that the truth is yet a subject of dispute, and we hold that it cannot suffer by discussion — so that we reach, in the end, the truth, which both parties hold to be the great object of human pursuit."

"Oh! yes, yes," he said, "we are all devoted to the establishment of truth, and it is quite logical for you to pursue so liberal a course, as a consequence of your principles." He then asked who was the last President of the United States. I replied, "Mr. Pierce."

"Oh, yes,—and who is President now?"

"Mr. Buchanan."

"And Mr. Cass?"

"He is Secretary of State."

"Well," said he, "I believe General Cass is an enlightened and liberal man."

He then thanked me for bringing a book to him from a friend in London.

He asked how I was pleased with Rome? I said I was learning much that was quite new and interesting to me, although really old and less interesting to the Romans themselves.

"Yes," he said, "it is well to come to see Rome, but you will learn little here compared with what your own great country affords. It is a great country, and a happy one, but for us here, there is little to learn, and little to enjoy."

Turning to Dr. Smith, he said that he desired him to assure me again of his great respect, and his pleasure in becoming acquainted with me.

I replied that I should always remember his very kind welcome, and I desired him to accept my best wishes that he might live long, and enjoy a prosperous and useful administration.

"Oh! no! no! I see no hope of prosperity or of usefulness for me, nor of prosperity or of happiness for poor Italy. I am placed here to defend a principle, with a few quite valueless palms in my hands — valuable to the Church, but useless to other nations, yet all the world, all the great nations, are trying to take them away from me. If it were only a question affecting myself, I should give them up at once; but I am a trustee, and must hold them as well as I can. I believe that the trust is of God, and that it will be saved, but if it is not His pleasure then it will be lost. No! no! there is no prosperity, no future for me, but for you, for you, all is different."

I feared to pursue this conversation, so frank and ingenuous, and signified my readiness to depart. He made an effort to get up, gave me both his hands again, and blessed me; and then begging Dr. Smith to express to me how much gratified he was with my sentiments and conversation, he took leave of us again.

Serious as this conversation was, it is necessary, in order that you may understand the man, that I should add that, throughout the whole interview, he was cheerful and animated, and even playful in his manner. Certainly I forgot, from the very first, that I was standing before a Pope, and felt that I was in the society of a genial, benevolent, kind, and gracious old man.

There is nothing spent by that good old man on his appetites, pleasures, or ambition, I am sure. No monarch in the world does so much for art and science, as he does, in proportion to his means.

That his principle is erroneous is evident enough to us; but it is the error in which he has been educated, with the concurrence of the largest part of the Christian world. If the Roman Catholic system is seen by us in all its absurdity, let us be just, and remember that, absurd as it is, it was the system that saved the religion and Church of Jesus Christ during its contest with Paganism and Mahommedanism; and that it was, in fact, the highest development of the human mind, when it took its present form and character. It must fall; and it cannot escape responsibility for its errors and crimes. Let it then have the credit due to it for its achievements, and the blessings it has conferred on mankind.

The early Christians were iconoclasts in Rome. Paganism opposed and

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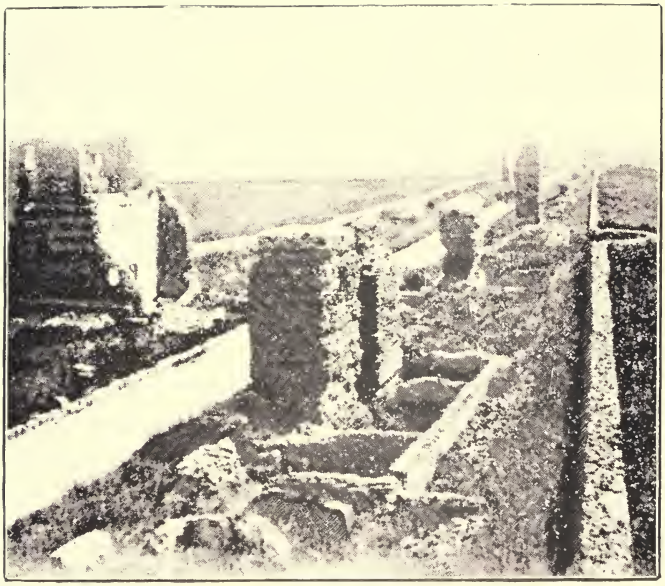
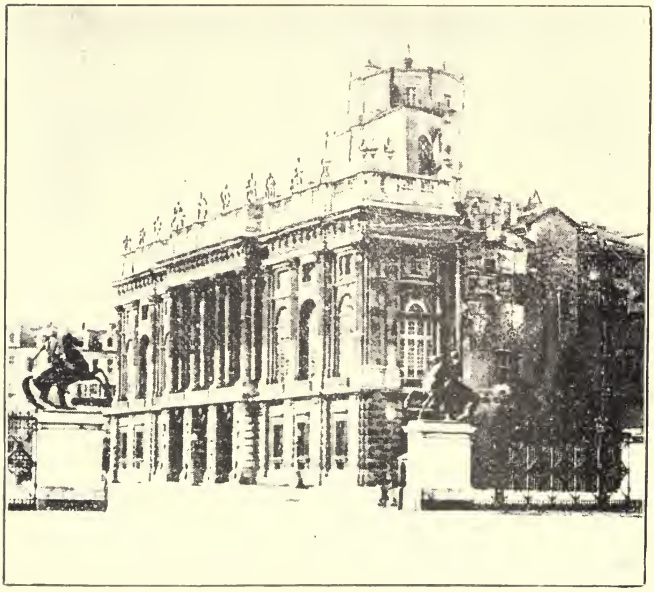


ON THE APPIAN WAY.



PALACE AT TURIN.

persecuted them. They advanced by two lines; first, by making martyrdom vindicate the true religion; next, by destroying the symbols and implements of Paganism. When the battle was won, the Catholic Church relented of its war against the innocent symbols of the pagans, produced by the arts; and chose justly to regard them as monuments of civilization; and seeing how useful they could be made, as models, in turning the arts into the service of the true religion, it became the conservator of the works of the ancients. In this simple statement, you have the explanation of the art treasures of the Vatican — and indeed of modern Rome.

The pagans, at that time, were accustomed to burn their dead, generally, and to preserve their ashes. The Christians rejected this practice; and adopted the process of burial, out of regard to their cardinal doctrine of the resurrection of the body. But they buried stealthily, in catacombs, under the terrors of persecution. The Church has gathered the rings and seals, and other ornaments taken from their graves; and amongst other things, the screws, hooks, pincers, and other implements of pagan torture, deposited in the graves of the Christians, as evidence of their martyrdom. It came easily to be understood that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church; and so the early Christians, by every art and device, saved, if possible, some part of the blood of the sufferer, which they put into a small bottle or phial, and deposited with his body in the catacombs. These phials, permanently discolored, were rescued, and preserved in great numbers.

Imagine yourself stationed at one end of the enlarged Capitol at Washington, with a long row of chambers, opening before you, quite to the other end; then imagine just such a row of chambers crossing the first, and of equal length. Imagine these chambers successively filled with sculptures and paintings, beginning with Phidias, and Praxiteles, and coming down to the days of Canova — not one production unworthy of association with the first masters — the Apollo Belvidere, Venuses, Laocoons, Diomedes, Hercules, Jupiters, Christs, Pauls, Marys — that the chisel and the pencil have given to the world, to excite ambition, love, awe, devotion, veneration, pity, or any other passion — and then you have an idea of the Vatican.

It is in the department of manuscripts that the Vatican excels all other libraries. Of course, all manuscript copies of the Holy Scriptures, and of the works of the Fathers are there. But the Church has been equally energetic and persevering in collecting and preserving the manuscripts of the classical authors of old Rome, and some of the modern authors. I saw a recovered copy of *Cicero de Republica*, a poem of Petrarch's, in his own hand, portions of Dante, and the handwriting of Boccacio, and a large part of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," apparently the original work, from which all our reprints have been produced.

If one wishes to shorten the long period that separates us from the civilization of the old world, and to connect himself in feeling with the buried past, I know of no way of doing it so simply, as to stand and look up to the gigan-

tic statue of Pompey, before which Julius Cæsar, his rival, but his triumphant survivor, when stabbed by the bold conspirators, folded his senatorial robe, and fell. So natural and lifelike does it seem, notwithstanding its immense proportions, that it is recognized at once as a living witness of that startling tragedy. The imagination has already been wrought up to a pitch of extravagance, in dwelling on the magnitude of the act, and its mighty consequences, and forgets that the witness is of stone; while the colossal size serves but to heighten its authenticity.

I came here, to Albano, to find the villa of Pompey, and his tomb erected by his wife Cornelia. A great square tower, forty feet in diameter, and more than a hundred feet high, now of rugged stone and brick exterior, but once covered with a thick veneering of marble, dwarfs all other structures in the vicinity, and challenges attention far across the campagna below. I needed no guide to recognize it. But it stands in the midst of a field lowly cultivated; and I needed permission to enter. The owner was found, and brought with his key to the potato-patch; but not without raising a troup of mendicants, who formed for me an escort, in numbers worthy of the Republican pilgrim, who came from a far distant land to pay homage to the ashes of the Republican chief, who nobly died in resisting the fatal ambition of Cæsar.

On I went, until I came to this gigantic tomb. Were the ashes still within? Was not the urn there? At least, was there not a statue? What was within the sepulchral chamber? One side was solid. I tried another. That was solid also. I tried a third. That had no aperture. A fourth had a door wide enough, and high enough, to permit the mourning Cornelia to enter. I entered the solemn sepulchral chamber, as she, doubtless, had done so often before. There was a chamber twelve feet by eight, a recess in which funeral urn, or sculptured sarcophagus, doubtless once had stood — but alas! the ashes of the mighty dead were gone — no one knows where, or how; and the sepulchral chamber has a living tenantry, black, hideous, and loathsome. It was a hog-sty! How, in this case, has "vaulting ambition overreached itself!" How much better to let the earth with its green mantle receive and cover up, deep, the dust which remains of us after death, than to preserve it, only to be desecrated by successors reckless of our honor, our fame, our pride!

Passing through the villa of the Duke Cæsarina, I came upon the lofty shore of the beautiful lake of Nervia, a gem, encased with a mountain frame, and here I wondered not, when I looked down upon the smooth and lovely surface of the little lake, that Diana had chosen its banks for the spot where she would be worshiped of men. Certainly there is some relation between nature and virtue, when we see that a scene so quiet, so lovely, is thought by nations so little refined as the ancients, unfit for the worship of power or passion, and worthy only to be consecrated to purity and truth.

On the brow of the mountain, overlooking a valley of rich extent, and covered with trees and shrubbery, we found the now verified ruin of the

Tusculum of Cicero. Alas! it is only a ruin. Hall, salon, chamber, library, or other apartment, or corridor, where the philosopher, orator, and statesman lived, there is not one that can be traced. Still this is the ruin of his home. The antiquarians have begun to excavate, and they have found and removed to safe places, statues, urns, and other works of art. They have left some of the marble relics they found there in heaps upon the marble slabs. The metallic ones are so far covered by rust, that their original forms or uses cannot be discovered, but graceful earthen and porcelain and glass vessels in broken fragments abound, with shattered mosaic pavements, and frescoed ceilings; and oyster shells enough are there to tell that this was the home of a man of taste, who was not altogether disdainful of the Epicurean philosophy.

And this is all that this, his greatest material monument, tells us of Cicero. Happily for him, and for mankind, he left less perishable monuments.

I paused to tread leisurely on the pavement excavated for large distances through the city of that old "Latin Way" which has been traced from Jerusalem in the East, through the Eternal City of Italy, to York in England on the West, traversing the whole breadth of the whole ancient empire. Hard and flinty as its unshapen stone floor is, the crust still preserves its place, and the floor itself is furrowed into ruts with the wear of chariot-wheels. What is there of virtue, of ambition, of heroism, or of crime and treason, and shame in the history of Rome, that these stones would not confirm, if stones could preach?

A staircase of twenty-eight graceful marble steps, covered with beautiful carving of some fine hard wood which had apertures permitting the marble to be distinctly seen, was before me. This is the identical staircase which led up to the audience chamber of Pontius Pilate in Judea, and which the Saviour trod when brought before that Governor. Devout pilgrims come from the ends of the earth to behold it. Irreverently I began to walk up it, to see whether the audience chamber itself had been brought from Jerusalem with the blessed staircase by the blessed St. Helena. But I was soon called back by a Cistercian monk, having charge of the Holy Stairs. A manuscript book in English was put into my hands, which informed me that the steps were only to be ascended by persons on their knees. The book contained bulls of successive Popes, taking fourteen years of purgatory off from any penitent for every one of the steps he shall ascend on his knees. But even this liberal offer did not tempt me to change my position, and so I gave up the enterprise.

At three o'clock I visited the Church of San Pancrazio, outside of the walls of the city. An inscription tells us that the saint was slain underneath the church. Dr. Smith spoke, in Italian, to a monk who was in attendance, and he immediately brought from the adjoining monastery three lamps. Each one of our party took one. The monk opened a door, and led the way down a rough stairway hewn in the earth and stone, tortuous and low, and so dark that I could never see the ground before me for the next step. "It was here,"

said the monk, "that St. Pancratius was slain." I held up my lamp, and read an inscription that confirmed the monk's statement.

I passed on slow, left behind by my associates, and bewildered. They would call out to me to come on, but their voices came from directions opposite, or angular to that in which I was treading, with a cold, damp sweat dripping from my face. There was room at no time for more than one person to walk, and often it was necessary to stoop, almost to kneel.

Presently I saw caves on either side of me — and rude shelves made in the solid rocks, one, two, three, four, five, six shelves, one above another, some sunk lower than my feet, some far above my head. It was necessary to take hold of the shelves to support myself and assure myself against falling. A white substance, like lime almost slaked, was strewn over them. The lime dissolved under my hand. Then there was a roof eight feet high, cut smooth with a chisel, and it was plastered and painted in fresco with rude devices; and this arch covered a floorway on which tables were raised that upheld sarcophagi, and these too contained lime. It was not difficult to know where I was — I was in the Catacombs of Rome. These caves were vaults; these shelves graves; that lime the dust of human bones. Narrow, circuitous, and irregular descents, sometimes with one step or two or more, hewn in the rock — often by an inclined plane, not graded with any care, led me down to similar caves, vaults and shelves, and inscriptions — one course and path over another, until I shrunk from further progress in a place so lonely, so dark, so loathsome.

I examined the vaults, read the inscriptions, and studied the arrangement very briefly, and gladly hailed the offer to return to the world where acts of pardon may yet be passed, and deeds of propitiation, if not merit, may yet be done.

The Christians labored under persecution at Rome, three hundred years, until the conquest, and conversion of Constantine. They burrowed in holes in the rock tufa — soft when yet in the earth, unexposed to the air — they sought refuge there, made rude chapels there for their inhibited worship, and they buried their dead there. They closed up every grave hermetically, air tight, and so their places of refuge and worship were prevented from becoming offensive.

In three hundred years they undermined large districts. They built family cemeteries, and rich vaults, and chapels, according to their wealth. They ornamented them with sarcophagi, and bas-relief, and frescoes.

These excavations form a labyrinth whose lines, in their entire length, would be more than ten thousand miles. Not less than two or three millions of graves were made there. When the persecution ceased, the Christians built churches over the entrances to these vaults, gathered martyrs' bones from them, and dedicated the churches to the memory of the martyrs. Then the rite of Christian burial was performed above ground. Then the Catacombs came to be superstitiously feared, then for ages to be forgotten.

The antiquarians and devotees have, within the last twenty years, become aware of the treasures of art, and of Christian relics deposited there. They have opened accesses; ascertained and mapped the paths; broke through the

coffins; and lifted the covers of the sarcophagi. They found the remains perfect in form, but as soon as the air was admitted, the corpses sank into dust. They have removed all the marbles that can illustrate the history which the Catacombs preserved, leaving the dead to rest in peace, but bringing their memories back to life.

Rome is old, and dull, and black, mediæval, and inconvenient. But when you have been in it long enough to forget its general aspect, and to see distinctly, and without prejudice, its architectural and artistic embellishments, it is then that it rises in majesty before you; surpassing, in elegance, all the capitals of the whole world.

Sit down now, by me, for half an hour, and I will try to enable you to understand — what I never could understand by mere reading — the ruined city of Pompeii.

Remember that Naples is on the sea-shore, and that Pompeii is, or rather was, also on the sea, fourteen miles east from Naples; and that Vesuvius stands just back from the sea-shore, half way between the two places. Remember now, that Pompeii stood on the slope of the coast, and on a hill, with a valley lying between it and the mountain. It was a town about as large as Auburn, but infinitely more compact. Vesuvius was a volcano, ages before Pompeii was built, as we see from the fact that it was chiefly built of lava, and other stones that had been poured down from the crater. It was an unfortunate town always. It was involved in, and knocked about by an earthquake in the year 63 of our era. Its people or authorities had collected materials, and were restoring the city in the year 79. Then Vesuvius broke forth. A storm of ashes and cinders fell upon all the country round, and on Pompeii; and by its weight, broke in the roofs of the buildings; filled up the streets and apartments to the highest summit of the broken edifices, and all the descent below, and into the city. When the storm had ceased, whether by aid of the earthquake or otherwise we do not know, the sea had been crowded off two miles from Pompeii. That ill-fated city was buried up in ashes and cinders (now called pumice stones), but not at all with lava. The lava being heavy, could not flow up from the valley to reach the city. History tells us minutely of its destruction, but the very site of the town was lost, until about one hundred years ago, when it was accidentally discovered by a farmer. In digging a well, he came into a finished and painted chamber of a former human dwelling. Then began the excavations which have opened and exposed just about one-third of the city. The rest still remains in its grave. In short, they thus restored the lost city to its ancient condition in all respects, except the roofs; and it is the old Pompeii, roofless, with the sun and air upon its temples, forums, theaters, dining-rooms, saloons, shops, stores, stables, and courts.

It is carefully watched, and nobody, unauthorized, can enter it. It is cleanly swept, and you forget in traversing its streets, and its chambers, halls, and courts, that it is a ruin. It is untenanted, and lifeless, and you experience all the while a sentiment of wonder, where its inhabitants are gone.

The ashes were a good preservative from air, rain, and other elements of de-

struction, and so natural, and bright, and sound do the walls, and the floors, and columns appear, that they seem not even old, or dark, or dingy, but modern and bright, and you expect at every turn that their occupants will meet you, and explain the disaster which has made them abandon their homes.

The temples you see are not Christian churches, but altogether different in their construction. Their altars and their monuments are such as history tells you belonged to the worship of ancient gods. There is no such forum now in New York, or London, or Paris, as you find here.

The dwelling-houses, built of stone with mosaic floors, in all cases without windows in the first story, with courts in the center, opened to the heavens, and admitting light for the interior; the rooms mostly smaller, and more contracted and lower than those you allow to your domestics; the walls not papered, but always covered with a very thick and enduring coat of plaster, made smooth, and then invariably painted in arabesque or fresco, with imitations of cornices, doorways, surbases, and with figures single or in groups, according to the literature, the religion, and the traditions of the ancients, show you that the owners of these deserted dwellings are not Christian, not moderns, but those who had their time allotted to them to live two thousand years ago.

The utensils they used for worship, or for luxury, or for necessary domestic occupations are different from those we use now-a-days. There are large and long earthen stone jugs, or amphoræ, with small mouths, in which the wine is kept in cellars. The wine is out, and in its place are ashes.

The shop-keeper advertises his name over the door-posts; not on a painted and printed board, but in a language and handwriting in paint, that you do not recognize as like any you know. The baker's oven is indeed our modern large oven; but you would never think of the mill for grinding the wheat being contained in the bakery, or of this clumsy contrivance of a conic stone set up with a hollow conic stone placed above it, for grinding, much less of turning these two stones in opposite directions by means of a lever moved round by an ass, as you see is done here. Then such a counter as this, for the sale of wines or oil, with great wide-mouthed jars set down in stone masonry; or such a shelf as this for holding the vessels used in supplying customers.

When you descend into the cellar of the Villa of Diomed, and find the places where eighteen human skeletons were found, who had taken refuge there, thinking that the flood of ashes could not penetrate that retreat, and see that nevertheless it did flow in through the circular apertures which had been made to let in air and light, and that they had perished standing up against the walls, and thus buried standing in the ashes, one with the key of the gate in his hand, others with money on their persons, and others with finger-rings, bracelets, and other jewelry upon them,—you cannot but feel an unavailing sympathy for their alarm, their horrible sufferings, and their sad fates.

If I could take to you the niche in which I found the household gods of the dwellers of one of these habitations, you would place in it at once your Bible and your cross. If I could remove this beautiful center-table, unequaled by any thing in modern art, you would prize it as the most classic and beautiful article of furniture in your parlor.

I made myself, for the time, a Roman. I sat down on the floors of the temples of Venus, of Jupiter, and of Vesta, and I brought up before me the priest, and the worshipers, and saw the animal writhe, and pour out his blood on the altar which stood before me.

I sat on the seat of the Tribune in the Forum, and tried the culprits brought before me, from the dark dungeon below. I walked up and down the Forum, and debated on the baseness of Nero, and on the virtues of Cicero, with gowned men who came around me. I talked with Livia the Priestess, whose statue I found there, on the probable efficacy of the sacrifice she was directing.

I sat down on the privileged seats in the theater, and conjured up without difficulty, a gladiatorial combat in which a Gaul was already prostrated, and his Thracian victor stood impatiently waiting to give the mortal stroke. I appealed to the audience around me on the stone benches which rise up tier upon tier, for many feet, but they hatefully rejected my appeal. I addressed myself to the women of high degree, who are enthroned on the still higher seats which seem to approach the open sky over our heads, but they too are cruel; the fatal word is clamorously uttered on all sides and the bleeding Gaul tastes of death, in my very presence.

But at this moment, a Neapolitan police officer crosses the stage, and says to me that the sun has set; that it is night; that the theater and the city must be cleared. The audience and the actors have vanished. I leave the town, hurriedly, by a gate which once opened down to the sea, but now on a broad plain, and at ten o'clock at night, after eight hours alone in Pompeii, I am in my chamber in Naples, weary and ready for sleep.

From Italy, Seward went to Egypt, visiting Cairo, the Pyramids and the Nile. As he traversed the same region twelve years later, and described it in his "Travels Round the World," it is needless to reproduce his letters here. But his voyage to the Holy Land was a unique experience.

A CRUISE IN THE LEVANT.

ON BOARD THE "MAH BROOKA."
MEDITERRANEAN, *Friday, September* 16, 1859.

As no steamboat would serve me, for a fortnight, and I would not so near relinquish a sight of the Holy Land, I took passage yesterday, together with an English officer, and my courier, on board this vessel — a fruit boat, belonging to Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. It is a cruise like my voyage to Labrador; but attended with much greater privations and inconveniences. The ship is a schooner of about twenty tons; her name, "*The Blest*," is her only good trait. There are the captain, and seven seamen, all Arabs, speaking the Arabic language only. Although we chartered the vessel exclusively, we were persuaded to let half a dozen of the Jaffa people go home on her deck. The captain, crew, and all are very civil and kind to us.

There are no berths, no beds, no tables, no provisions, no dishes. We hastily extemporized our arrangements. A dozen chickens, a bologna sausage,

six dozen eggs, with rice and bread, and tea, constitute our stores. Four pieces of matting, two laid under us, one over us, and one wrapped around the courier, serve for our beds. The cabin is filled with dry sand for ballast; and ants, cockroaches, and all kinds of vermin inhabit it. We therefore sleep, as well as sit, on the deck.

The courier is our cook; an inverted half-barrel is our table; but we do not approach it too near, lest it may expose us to vermin. For lack of chairs, we sit down on the deck, and screen ourselves from the sun, as well as we can, by the shade of the sails. I am using my hat on my knee, for a writing-desk. Scanty as our comforts are, we are luxuriously appointed, and served, compared with the other persons on board. They lie and sleep in the sun or shade, and eat, I know not what. Some prove themselves to be not Mussulmans, but Christians, by having a cross on their rosaries; but in all else, they are as veritable Arabs as the followers of Islam could require; at least so they seem.

The days are hot, the nights delicious. The water blue and warm. The moon and stars magnificent: and just now a fine breeze. The length of our voyage is about three hundred miles. We are a day out, and, as yet, only fifty miles advanced toward our destination. Wind and waves forbid my writing more now.

Saturday, September 17, 1859.
Still on the "MAH BROOKA."

Ulysses, in the Odyssey, laments that as he had made no vows and had no victims slain, Fate long denied him a favoring gale. But we, though equally impious, have had fair winds. On the first day we made our exit from the harbor of Alexandria, which is rendered very dangerous by rocks and breakers.

We passed the Isle of Pharos, and for many miles more, the coast is marked with the remains of the forts and other defenses, built by the French, in Bonaparte's memorable campaign of 1804. We passed through the Bay of Aboukir, the scene of the memorable battle. Yesterday morning we lost sight of Alexandria, and its light-house; and in the evening we passed Rosetta, an important seaport in the Delta. This morning, the third day of our voyage, we looked out upon a coast indented with sand hills, and thronged with many ships. Soon Damietta, situate at the easternmost mouth of the Nile, appeared in view. The coast is low and sandy; the mouth of the river unseen, but the crowd of shipping indicating a great sea-port. We are now creeping from that port toward Jaffa. We still live on good terms with our Syrian seamen. They are polite and attentive to us. But we live in distinct groups. A Syrian Christian old woman is the only female. She lives under the lee of the small boat, on the deck, wrapped in a blanket. She moves a distance of six feet, to get the necessary change of shade. Two Turks, Mohammedans, sleep at the further end of the boat, in their costly embroidered blue dresses, continually seasick. The Syrian fruit merchant, with his little grandson, lives in the small boat night and day; and they have opened it to me. At the present hour, it is very attractive, by being the only place in which I can enjoy the breeze, and be protected by the sails from the eastern sun. The seamen sing continually Arabic songs. The old woman is mother to one of the seamen. She quarrels with her son, and scolds the whole crew, in her occasional waking

hours, during the day; and at night gathers all the watch around her, and discourses most merrily, to the annoyance of us honest sleepers.

Off Damietta the sea is dirty, and muddy from the flood of the Nile. But since we have passed that port, the sea is blue as the violet. The nights are balmy, and the skies are bright as Paradise. I wonder not that the dwellers on the Mediterranean shores have always been poetical and devotional. Farewell Egypt! long sought for — seen at last!

Farewell Africa! the one region of the world which Providence seems to have fortified against civilization!

ON BOARD THE "MAH BROOKA,"
Sunday, September 18, 1859.

Light breezes, but fair all night. Stars multiplied, larger and more brilliant than I ever saw — the "milky way," an irregular white fleece stretching quite across the heavens. The habitual temper of the East is patience and indifference to natural developments. This is the third day of our voyage, the beginning of the fourth.

"Joppa to-morrow?" inquired I of the captain, an Arabic Christian.

"*In sha Allah*" (if God pleases), he replied. We see no land. These primitive sailors carry no compass; take no observations; keep no reckoning; but steer by land-marks where the coast is visible; and by sun, moon, and stars when out at sea. We have seen no land since we passed Damietta; but we know by the rate at which we have sailed, that we are still off the African coast. If we are fortunate, the first land we shall look upon will be Syria, Palestine, the high hills that overlook Gaza, and stretch beyond Ascalon.

The sea is a strange reconciler of conflicts. I always thought that the understanding so early established between St. Paul and his profane companions, the crew and the passengers of the vessel that was carrying him a prisoner to Rome, was the fruit of the experience of common fears and dangers. The old man and boy whom I took for Greek Christians, turn out to be Jews from Algiers, going home to the land of their forefathers, to await its promised restoration, under a Messiah yet to come. As the evening draws on, and we are no longer obliged to seek hiding places from the sun, all the passengers and crew unconsciously gather near the after-deck; and then they hold what seems to us a pleasant conversation, forgetting about their national hatreds. Jew, Mussulman, Greek, and Catholic Christians, all exhibit a degree of reverence for sacred things and names, unknown in our part of the world, and all seem animated by a spirit of genial kindness. We reciprocate courtesies with them all.

A dreamy life is this, of floating under canvas in Eastern climes. I am becoming quite an Arab. I eat without a fork with considerable success, and I sleep soundly stretched on my mat on the deck with the brightest moon and stars watching over me. Nevertheless *Mah Brooka*, ship of the Blessed, I pray thee hasten to Joppa, the seat of Japhet, the son of Noah, for I am weary of the Land of Ham.

MAH BROOKA, *Monday Morning, September* 19, 1859.

The birds came fluttering and singing about in our canvas, during the twilight this morning. The sea became paler and more like vulgar floods — a

sign that land is near. The sun rises before us as usual, but now a low shore with a central mountain intervened. This is Asia. I look down upon Asia for the first time; Asia, the cradle of the human race; Asia, where art, science, religion, and government — civilization in fact — has run its active career, educating the Western world to an imperfect standard, and then, exhausted with the effort required in so vast an achievement, has fallen to the earth, powerless for self-preservation — lifeless.

The part of Asia that I see first, what is it but a sandy coast, rising from the sea into a fertile verdant terrace, with a mountain dominating over it? The ancient land of Canaan. On the terrace I see a village; pitiful enough in its semi-barbarism, as all Arab towns are. But it is, nevertheless, the identical Gaza; and a few miles beyond it, along the seashore, the eye draws in a vision of Ascalon and of Ashdod. The mountain is Mount Sampson. Here, then, already, the scenes of Jewish adventure, trial, and conflict, open before me. But of all the mighty transactions here of which the Sacred Historians and Prophets wrote and sung, there remain no monuments, no relic, only "the local habitation and the name." Every thing here seems to partake of the reacting spirit, which has reduced the land of the Philistines to its primeval barbarism.

Jaffa is the only port at which we can enter, and still distant, although it is only sixty miles off, for wind has died away, and sails are flapping against the masts. The movements and countenances of the crew and passengers all manifest content and composure. The breakfast, the great event of the morning, has passed. It would amuse you to see the morning repast on board our ship. First, comes the toilet of my English companion and myself. I rise from my mat bed on the deck, wash in a bucket of sea-water, and shave. I am the only person on board who plies the razor. Then the Englishman dresses with fresh water. Then we sit down on the deck, with a half barrel between us for a table. We indulge in luxuries — tea, cold boiled eggs, bologna sausages, and bread. Our breakfast removed, the others begin. The Christian crew can have pea-soup with bread, and all eat with wooden spoons from a common dish. The two Turks, without knife, fork, or spoon, breakfast from one dish of lentils, or beans and rice boiled together with garlic, using their fingers with crusts of bread for spoons. The old Arabic matron feeds on bread. The Algerine Jew, with his pretty boy Anastatius, eat sweetmeats and bread, without implements of any kind. Our three tea-cups and saucers, knives, forks, and leaden spoons are the only table furniture of the ship. But the Arabs, Turks, and Jews surpass us in the luxury of personal ornament. They wear turbans, tassels, and gimp embroidery profusely. All the nails on their hands and feet are painted with henna, and their fingers covered with golden rings.

Sunset, Monday Evening.

A fine breeze filled our sails; at noon we set in toward shore, and are hugging the coast. The shore is one long stretch of low sand hills. The Desert of Arabia, of which I saw the western border at Cairo, comes near to the shore of the Mediterranean, and fills the space intervening between the delta of the Nile in Egypt and Gaza, the ancient Gath in Syria, formerly Canaan.

We passed that place at too great a distance to see it distinctly; but I could see in the distance the mountains which separate the Desert from Canaan. I looked for Pisgah but it was too far south. We are just now passing Ascalon, which is in full sight, and about six miles from us. I can trace the walls, and distinguish houses and groups of trees. There are now no Goliaths or Sampsons there. If there were, I could see them from the ship. Ashdod only lies between us, on the long white coast, and Joppa, our destination, which we expect to reach in the night. The ship and her crew have become intolerable. There has been a general stripping off to the skin of fine exterior garments, and a search of them and the skin for vermin. Behind the sandy shore is a range of the mountains of Judea. They are blue in the distance, but whether wooded or not, I can't ascertain.

Tuesday Morning, 10 *A. M., September* 20, 1859.

Still on board the "*Mah Brooka!*" We passed Ashdod in the night, and, since five o'clock, have lain becalmed, in full sight of Jaffa, which we are now trying to reach, by being towed by men in the small boat.

We have skirted the shores of the Amalekites and the Moabites of old. We see persons bathing in the surf, although only one habitation of man has been seen outside of the villages. That is the castle of Amurad, the Sheik of the Bedouin Arabs, who dwell in tents under his protection, and execute his commands. We should have left the ship, and advanced by land to Jaffa, or directly to Jerusalem, were it possible to pass with safety through the country of this Philistine lord.

Abdallah is a Mussulman, who with his wife, is just returning from a pilgrimage to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. Having performed this act of devotion, the most meritorious one in the esteem of the Prophet, Abdallah now has taken the pro-name of Hadji or saint, and has become Hadji-Abdallah. His wife this morning said to my traveling companion in Arabic when saluting him — "God is merciful, and if we had a better wind, we should have arrived earlier."

My friend replied, "Yes," and quoting the Koran, added "*In Sha Allah.*" (Be it as God pleases.)

Hadji-Abdallah who had just completed the saying of his prayers, with due prostrations, took offense at the Christian's quoting the Alkoran.

"Do not mind," said his wife (who was, at the moment, picking the vermin out of his tunic, that he had handed her for the purpose), "It is true they worship fire; and they will have enough of it in the next world; we ought, therefore, to have compassion on them in this world."

Was not that amiable?

It is amusing to see these barbarians, who in every way confess their inferiority to us, yet supremely happy, in the possession of the true religion, while we are destined to the devil!

The wind became adverse, and beat "*Mah Brooka*" back on her course We had no way left, but to take to the small boat. Four sturdy Arabs towed the little craft through, and over the breakers, three miles to a point two miles from Jaffa, and then carried us ashore in their arms. In about half an

hour, the collector and health officer came to us on the wall, looked at our papers, took us by the hand, and showed us with great politeness into the city. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders of Rhode Island, missionaries, act for the Consul of the United States, in his absence. They received us with great kindness; and, being of my own political school, they would not suffer us to depart from their house while in the city. You may imagine how comfortable and refreshing the entertainment of an American family was, after a six days' cruise on the deck of an Arab boat.

I rose early the next morning and opened my window, which seemed to stand almost perpendicularly over the waves. At a stone's throw from the shore, was the rock on which Andromeda was chained by the Nereids under the watch of a sea-monster, until relieved by the sword of Perseus, according to the classical mythology of the ancients.

Right beneath me was the spot whence Jonah embarked, when he found the mission of a prophet too heavy for him. It was the same wharf at which Noah built the Ark; the same on which Solomon received the gift of the prisoners of Tyre and Sidon; the same on which the Queen of Sheba debarked on her visit to the wisest of kings; and the same from which Paul embarked as a prisoner, carrying his appeal to Rome. Pompey, Titus, and Bonaparte had come there as conquerors; and now there lay in the little port half a dozen Arab boats, the most conspicuous of them all being "*Mah Brooka*," which in the course of the night had been rowed up to the dock, bringing up my courier and baggage.

Of his journeyings in the Holy Land, through the Vale of Sharon, up to Jerusalem and down to the Jordan, his letters contained minute descriptions. But his subsequent "Travels Round the World" cover the same ground. He returned to Alexandria in the U. S. frigate *Macedonian*.

U. S. Ship-of-War "Macedonian,"
Sunday Morning, October 2, 1859.

Once more on the blue Mediterranean, half way to Alexandria, with my face set homeward. A noble ship, a gallant crew, a fair wind, content with what I have seen, little as it is, of the East, although compelled to relinquish Constantinople. * * * Every thing on board is the liveliest contrast to "*Mah Brooka*," the Blessed. There are, all told, some fifteen or sixteen officers, and near two hundred men. Compasses, quadrants, and all the apparatus of science, with charts as our guides. We have airy and spacious cabins, clean sheets and mattresses, floors that would make the tidiest housewife ashamed of her own, — meats, fruits, and wines, of the richest, and in abundance. I am learning a little of the Navy, of its weariness, its ambitions, and its contentions, that it is not pleasant; something of its discipline and spirit, which is gratifying. On Sunday we had divine service, and a sermon, and school, by a chaplain. It was a solemn, and I am sure not a profitless day. Yesterday, the "general quarters," the drill of the whole crew, "all hands" in the exercise of battle, with the casualties of boarding, being boarded, the ship taking fire, and all that.

I come to like men better when they are afloat, than ashore. Here we are, carrying along a whole flock of little birds that flutter about, not only on the decks, but in the cabins, seeking flies and crumbs. The commonest sailor cherishes them with great kindness. The Egyptian dog has the graceless ears and head of a wolf. A year ago some British men in Alexandria, were beating a dog, just as some of the "*Macedonian's*" crew were coming on board. They clapped the animal into the boat, and represented the case to the captain. The dog was received on board. Daily, night and morning, when the drums beat to call the crew to muster, the dog comes with them, and takes always one place, and there stands until the drum beats retreat. In the drill of the battle, he mounts a high place out of the way of danger, and surveys the scene of conflict. I found him, yesterday, the safest guide, when I wanted to be out of the way.

I shall never dream hereafter of the restoration of the ancient Jerusalem, and of Judea, in a literal sense. In the very age of their greatness and glory, empire and commerce and civilization were traveling westward, as they have continued to travel ever since. There is only solitude, desolation, and mourning for the East, magnifying always the authority of its religion, but the advancement of men and the elevation of women are to be effected in the ever-civilizing regions under the setting sun.

Mahometans can nowhere form a sound and healthy civil state. The relinquishment of that religion must precede any constitutional system of government. I see no prospect, however, of a relinquishment of that religion. The Christian ministry, the Christian reform, must reach the family, everywhere, to sow at the hearth, the seeds of European civilization. There is no family in Mahometan life. The men are despots, and constitute the whole of society. The women are slaves, and excluded from the province of men.

The Austrian Lloyd Company sent me a note, at eight yesterday morning, to say that their ship would sail at noon for Trieste. At ten, the captain of the *Macedonian* had his barge manned. I left that noble vessel, receiving a kind farewell from the officers, sailors, and marines. As soon as we had got off in the bay, the guns of the *Macedonian* gave me a parting salute, under which I passed to the *Neptune*. As I mounted her deck, she ran up the stripes and stars of my country to her mast-head, and under their genial auspices, we set sail from Africa at the hour appointed. The day was beautiful, the sky bright, the sea calm and blue, and I saw the forts, palaces, windmills, and rifled catacombs of Alexandria, recede rapidly from my sight. Arab faces, and black legs in red slippers, Turkish turbans, and guttural voices suddenly disappeared, and in their places I found Europeans only — Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, in the conventional costumes of the West. The change was agreeable, indeed, and for a while, at least, I was prepared to forget all differences of sect and politics, and welcome once more the fraternity of Christians.

The land was out of sight, when the wheels stopped their motion, an alarm went forth into all the cabins, and decks, and we all rushed to the side of the ship, to ascertain the nature of the disaster. Far behind us, half a mile at least, a human head was seen in the billows, and the cry rang out, "a man overboard!" The engines backed the vessel on her track, a small boat was quickly let down. We all watched the sufferer. Our hearts sank within us, and rose again, as he alternately disappeared, rose again, and battled with the engulfing sea. In twenty minutes, he was dragged on board, recovered his exhausted strength, and walked forward to his place in the steerage.

"Was he a passenger — a seaman?"

"How did he happen to fall off?" were the universal inquiries.

The answers told shortly the tale of an unhappy life. He was destitute — a German. The Pacha of Egypt had ordered him to leave that country; and sent him on board the ship to be conveyed back to his own country; but whether from compassion, or as banishment for crime, he did not tell, and no one knew. He had thought to end his sorrows, by death, but repented in the trial.

About four o'clock, I was sitting on the after-deck, leaning backwards against the stern rail of the ship, intently reading, when I felt something fall lightly on my arm. It was a tame spotted dove. He sat contentedly there, while I walked forward and committed him to the steward's care. Overhead, his mate was circling about the masts, as if she wished, but dared not seek, the same refuge. After half an hour, we freed my captive, and he perched on a spar and soon he was joined by his companion, and they then composed themselves to sleep. But presently a hawk, to whose pursuit we were indebted for their visit, was seen scouring the sky, and watching to seize them. The sailors took the doves carefully in. But the bird of prey now needed a refuge. He alighted on the spars, and as night came on, fell asleep. They shook the rigging, and he fell into their hands. He was safely caged, to be freed, I hope, with the rest, when we reach the coast.

So clean, so strong, so vigorous, so graceful, so intelligent do the people of this region seem, compared with the population of Syria and Egypt, that civilization seems to me, just now, to have culminated here at Trieste. There is nothing squalid in the sights around me. I am loth to believe it, yet it does seem to me, now, that Italy is less happy in its people than this part of Austria. What I see agreeably surprises me in its evidences of cultivation, and intellectual development and taste. There is always a neat white stone church on every hill. The people are peasants; but they are comfortable, clean, and live in substantial dwellings. Dahlias, and all other flowers of the season embellish every cottage ground.

Every thing reminds me, however, that Austria is, just at this moment, a camp. Soldiers of all arms and uniforms, military evolutions, martial airs, thundering ordnance are heard all day long, and late at night. I have indeed found one, and only one universal language on this side of the Atlantic, excin-

sive of England. It is that which speaks through the trumpet. It is the first voice spoken at daybreak, and the last heard at midnight. It comes off from every hill and tower, and wharf, when you enter, and when you are leaving towns. Vigilance is lynx-eyed. Passports are demanded at every port of arrival; and grudgingly viséd and delivered to you, at every port of departure. Everywhere you are reminded of the irrepressible conflict going on between freedom and tyranny.

Austria has an immense army of not less than four hundred thousand men, with armaments and military stores, exactly proportioned. Such are the vast efforts she has put forth to consolidate under German sway, an empire composed of Croatians, Dalmatians, Greeks, Italians, Sclavonians, and Hungarians. My conclusion is, that Austria gains strength instead of losing it; and that she is unconquerable and indivisible. No army that I have ever seen, surpasses hers, in the excellence of its appointments and discipline. I do not wonder that her credit is endangered, and her finances depressed; when I contemplate what she has done to establish and consolidate her empire. But the people of Austria are laborious, frugal, and persevering. It would seem that the agricultural labor devolves almost exclusively on the women, so many of the men being withdrawn for the army. But the agricultural labor does not, therefore, suffer. No part of the United States shows more perfect cultivation; France a much inferior one, and England one that is not better. You nowhere see any symptoms of poverty. The people, a peasantry as they are, seem contented and comfortable. The secret is that the Germans produce every thing, make every thing, and sell every thing; and they do all this well. Whoever may be Emperor in Austria, her policy will always be the same. Perseverance wins.

Vienna is clean and neat and substantial. There is no poverty in the streets. Not a beggar has accosted me; no one has asked a gratuity. Only a Brother of Charity calls and asks a small contribution, which he does not stop to value when given for the support of the poor in the city, without distinction of country, or of religion. You will think I have become German in my sympathies. I have indeed; but not any the more a lover of despotism. Germany will some day become free and Republican.

I spent yesterday, until two o'clock, in receiving visits from the American Minister, the Austrian Ministers, Minister of Finance, etc. I wait here to-day and to-morrow to see some of the public characters of Austria; and then I shall resume my journey homeward.

At two o'clock, Mr. Jones, our Minister, presented Mr. Winthrop and myself to Count Rechberg, Minister of Foreign Affairs, or Secretary of State. He is all German in face, stature, and manner, evidently laborious, as well as intelligent. He speaks English tolerably well. He received us very kindly, and invited us, through the American Minister, to stay for a presentation at Court. He conversed quite freely about the condition of public affairs, which I thought was very oppressive on his spirits. At least, he spoke more seriously

and gravely than other statesmen are accustomed to speak to strangers. I met at the Secretary's, Lord Loftus, the British Minister, as also the Ministers from Spain and Holland, and had very pleasant conversation with them.

The Church of the Capuchins has no particular interest, except that it contains the vault of the Imperial Family. It is almost enough to stifle all ambition to see this cemetery. The basement of a church, imperfectly lighted from above, and so resembling the front basement of our Capitol, constitutes the vault. Here the remains of each member of the great house at death are deposited, in a sarcophagus of iron, or bronze, or silver, elaborately wrought with bas-reliefs, statues and other artistic decorations — a burying-ground, rather than a vault. All that genius, when commanded or stimulated by reward, can do to embellish the metallic coffins, is done lavishly and boldly. There are only sceptres, swords, cannons, flags, sieges, marches, and the like in these illustrations, and even these are studied only by torchlight in open day.

Two faded wreaths of artificial flowers rested on coffins of the most recently interred; and that was all that I found to speak of kindly or gentle affection there.

Maria Theresa reclines in silver over her own perishing ashes, even more martial in death than in life. She has the proudest tomb of the whole dynasty, as indeed she deserves it. But it is the tomb of an Amazon, or a Semiramis, rather than of a Christian woman.

Maria Louisa's tomb is all that she deserved; and the epitaph tells all there is to be told. She was the daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria; wife of the Duke of Parma; and had been before married to Napoleon, *then* Emperor of France.

The tomb of Napoleon II is as common. Its inscription describes him as the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, *then* Emperor of France, and Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria; and it describes him as singularly gifted, highly cultivated, and states that he died of consumption. Austria has not yet found out that he was in fact Emperor of France, a title prouder than his derivation, through his mother, from the House of Hapsburg.

What have you and I in common with kings, queens, and emperors? Yet custom makes their fates subjects of interest, and most to those who have least concern with them. Strange human nature!

At twelve Mr. Jones, the American Minister, called for Mr. Winthrop and myself in his state carriage. We repaired first to Prince Esterhazy's, a magnate of the Empire. He is a gentleman of immense wealth, a feudal prince. His palace is one of vast dimensions. We ascended to the third story. He is old, and lives so high, so as to see better. We found a fine drawing-room elegantly furnished. I was struck with the fine marble bust of Napoleon I and Maria Louisa, and a fine portrait of Prince Metternich, the Absolute. Of all these persons Esterhazy was a contemporary. He came to us a spirited, affable, loquacious, old man. He discussed the affairs of the Empire with us, freely and frankly. It is sad to think that he sees dangers all around. He betrayed rather than admitted, a conviction, that there was a necessity for reform to

prevent revolution. He told us of the advice he gives the Secretary of State and the Emperor.

Would the Emperor be likely to take it? If he does not, he has a stormy career before him.

From Prince Esterhazy's, Mr. Jones leaving us, Mr. Winthrop and I proceeded to the Palace. Sentinels opened for us at the door. Troops with martial music were treading the streets and court. An officer showed us up stairs, where in a large ante-chamber were stationed guards. We laid down great-coats and canes, entered another ante-chamber — guards — a third, the great officers of the body-guard, magnificent in their uniforms and equipments. A chamberlain asked who we were, and whom we came to see.

"The Emperor, by appointment; Mr. Seward and Mr. Winthrop from the United States."

He repaired to an inner chamber. Presently the door opened; we entered; the chamberlain left. There stood a young man about twenty-eight or twenty-nine, erect — a military young man most decidedly, dressed in the gray uniform of some Austrian corps. He said in French that he was happy to see us, and welcome us to Vienna.

I replied in French, that being travelers in Europe, it was of course, that we must visit the Austrian Empire; that having been already kindly received by his distinguished Secretary of State, that it now afforded us a very great pleasure to be permitted to pay our respects to His Majesty.

"You have traveled widely in Europe?" he replied in a questioning manner.

(Mr. Winthrop.) "Mr. Seward, my companion, has traveled in the East; I only in Europe. He has well expressed our common feelings. I may perhaps add, for both of us, that we have been deeply impressed with the interesting objects and monuments we have seen in Austria, especially with the monument of Maria Theresa, whose fame is known throughout the world."

"Yes, but you have a great country at home. America is a very interesting country indeed."

"It is a great country," I replied, "but as yet a new one. All things here interest by their antiquity."

"Ah! but America is a very great country — a very beautiful country, I hear. Do you remain some time in Vienna?"

"No; I am in Congress, and must be at home by the first of December. My friend, Mr. Winthrop, will stay longer.

(Mr. Winthrop.) "I am detained for some time here by the illness of a child.

(Emperor.) "You are in the Senate also?"

"No. Your Majesty. It is eight years since I was in Congress."

(I.) "But he will return to public life."

(Emperor.) "Public affairs are very interesting in the United States. I hope you will see whatever Vienna affords that is interesting."

(I.) "I am already quite deeply interested. I have looked with wonder and admiration on your great railroad from Vienna to Trieste."

(Emperor.) "Oh! you like that!"

"Yes, it is a stupendous work."

"I am glad that you like it. I regret that your stay is so short in Vienna. Do you leave very soon?"

"I leave Vienna for Trieste to-morrow morning. Will you suffer me to congratulate Your Majesty on the establishment of peace?"

"Oh! yes, it is very well."

Here His Majesty looked as if to inquire whether there was more to be said. Mr. Winthrop begged to express good wishes for the health of His Majesty, and the prosperity of his Empire. And thereupon the Emperor again wishing me a pleasant and safe return, and wishing for Mr. Winthrop the speedy restoration of his child, and hoping that he might enjoy his visit here, bowed to us, and we, of course, to him, and we retreated to make room for other audiences of more importance.

After leaving the Palace, we called upon Baron Brock, the Minister of Finance, and found him cheerful, buoyant, notwithstanding the sad condition of his finances.

It was only on Saturday that the Cabinet had an explosion. One Minister who was very popular, resigned, and another, who was very odious, was dismissed. Austria is full of discontents. Hungary on one side and Venice on the other, are little better than seditious. I confess that I do not think things will go on long without a serious disturbance in the Empire. If finance is deranged, and taxes oppressive, the other provinces will become disaffected. In short, the time has come when constitutions must be conceded, or there will be revolutions. I think the young Emperor is brave; he anticipates the use of the sword, and is calculating to rely upon it. I think that it will prove that the sword cannot extirpate the disease. When Italy shall next move, I look to see her find sympathy, rather than oppression, in Germany itself. How strange, how portentous, the fact is that this youthful Emperor has never been seen in the costume of a civilian, but always in that of a soldier! His army is faithful to him, now, but the Empire is being exhausted in supplying its demands. All is martial everywhere. One-third or one-half of the passengers on the railroad are officers. They are consuming the substance of a hardy, vigorous, laborious people.

This is Venice. I have as yet seen only what might be looked at from the gondola which conveyed me from the boat to the Hotel Danielle. But even that view is sufficient to disclose the great solidity, and the exquisite richness and luxuriance of the architecture of the city. It has sufficed also to correct an idea I had long entertained, that Venice exhibits a rapid dilapidation. On the contrary, the effect of a *coup-d'œil* is to impress you with a belief that the city is prosperous, as well as magnificent. There is a fair show of shipping. The houses are high, fine, and the colors are bright. It seems as if a common fancy, a fancy for the artistic and the beautiful, influenced everybody, and filled every thing. The gondolas might have been invented by fairies. The men, even the commonest, affect a jaunty air in their dress. Sculpture is bold in its subjects. The bells keep up a full and merry chime.

I have gone through the Palace of the Doge, from its lordly halls to its lowest and darkest dungeons, looked into the "Lions' Mouth," and crossed the Bridge of Sighs. I have stood in the Senate Chamber, in the Chamber of the Council of Ten, in that of the Inquisitory Council of Three, as well as the hall where Venice received ambassadors from all nations. I have studied as well as I might, St. Mark, its magnificent proportions, its wilderness of ornaments, its trophies won from neighboring Christian and distant Turkish States, its winged lion, and golden horses. I have stood on the Rialto. It is still a place where merchants congregate. I have traversed aisles of twenty other churches, and the courts of as many palaces. I even live in a palace. All is, substantially, as it was in Venice of the olden time — proud and magnificent to look upon.

And yet, this is not the ancient Venice. The political life has fled. The social life has changed from a nobility, a dominating priesthood, and artists who gave laws in their arts to the world — Venice has subsided into the condition and estate of a provincial town, an unimportant seaport. Wealth, power, art, genius, pride have fled, and only common, poor, and helpless people possess the palaces, and monuments of their proud ancestors. They show them for money, and they live in them without pride. The palaces are converted into hotels. The warehouses are abandoned to vermin. But the change is only recent, and is not yet complete. I saw one new house only.

The porch of the Cathedral at Verona bears on its walls the figures of the famous, but fabulous knights Orlando and Oliver; and the former has a sword drawn, on which you read the name "Durindane," rendered so familiar to us by Ariosto's great poem, the "Orlando Furioso." The Veronese are proud of having furnished to Shakespeare, subjects for his genius. I found the palaces of the Montagues and the Capulets, the home and chamber of Juliet, and even her tomb; but the latter is apocryphal. At present all are taverns, and of the lowest order. It is so that the moderns see the monuments of their predecessors. The great Coliseum is now used as a stable for Austrian cavalry.

It would be impossible for me to describe, so as to bring up before you, the magnificent tombs of the Scaliger families, once the Dukes, or feudal lords of Verona. Fortunes or estates that would satisfy a modern grandee were expended in building them. They were built four or five hundred years ago; and are of most elaborate design and execution. They are all of exquisite marble, three stories high, and flatter the pride of the dead, by painting them in effigy, as dead, or mounted on horseback, and in armor, as in life. Nations go in circles. Our cemeteries in America are reproductions of those of the middle ages, with variations. Doubtless they will seem as strange, five hundred years hence, as these do now.

My time is up, and I must be off to new scenes. Farewell to Verona — not only to the "two gentlemen," but to all the gentlemen of Verona, to Church of Crusaders, to tombs of lovers, and to the theater of the Romans!

Making up a party, with an Englishman and a Pole, we rode, in a covered wagon, to the world's latest battle-ground. That battle-ground is, as you

know, sixteen miles long, and three, four, or five wide. The combat reached its crisis, and was determined, at Solferino, a place practically central. Thither we went, passing over lines where the combatants had fought. The country is highly cultivated; and there was no sign that indicated it had been so recently the theater of a fearful conflict.

Solferino proper is a straggling village built at the base, and around the lower terrace of a lofty hill. On the hill, are a church, convent, and old chateau. Here, on this hill, the Austrians, if I recollect aright, made their most determined stand. We left the carriage in the town, and climbed the hill on foot; then as our recollections of the descriptions of the contest allowed us, we called up the dreadful conflict in its various places, and at its different hours, which, beginning at daylight, lasted until ten at night, closing in the midst of a war of the elements. Over all the plain, where perhaps fifty thousand lives were sacrificed, all was calm and still as it was before the conflict occurred. The church, the school-house, the chateau, the walls, the gates, even the earth itself, of the Hill of Solferino, gave evidences of the fight. There are breaches in the solid stone walls, made by bombs and cannon balls, and musket and rifle balls had thickly spotted every structure. The earth has not yet settled over the graves of the tens of thousands buried under its bosom. A few rude monuments to the dead spoke of the sorrow of their surviving comrades. Fragments of armor, uniform, equipments, are yet found plentifully. Nearly every peasant is clothed in the garments of the Austrian soldiers.

How hard, said I to myself, is the progress of the human race to its better destiny! Here were a people of five or six millions, seeking a higher freedom, and a better social condition. The effort to obtain it brought on a conflict, on this spot, and I stand among the graves of fifty thousand of my fellow-men, who fell in that fearful combat. It was really a combat for freedom, but of those who engaged in it, even of those who perished in it, perhaps not one of one thousand knew or cared about the question involved in it. Nearly all were mercenaries; and more than half were opposed to the cause of freedom itself. Nevertheless, even these anomalies show how irrepressible the principle of human liberty is, since it will force even despots to wage wars, out of which it may gain only consequential advantages.

I stopped on the now historical field of Magenta, the field of the first battle in the recent war. It smiles now in the sunshine, as calm, as beautiful as if no conflict had ever taken place. But there were here, as at Solferino, unmistakable monuments of the dreadful battle. Tumuli, or rows of tumuli, oblong in form, each twenty feet long, by ten feet wide, line the way of the railroad. They are raised a foot or two above the earth; the grass does not yet fully cover them. On each is a rude cross, and when I asked the meaning, I was answered: "Two thousand of the field of Magenta are buried here."

Turin lay concealed in a valley which the mountains seemed to surround. All day long I saw only signs of activity, life, art, cultivation, taste, no poverty, no begging, — a country that is free already, and self-governing, and capable of being so. The Italian question, which has been a puzzle to me

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ever since I entered Rome, has resolved itself promptly in my mind. This is North Italy. It has a healthy, vigorous, active, energetic population. It deserves to be free, and is so, and with its moral forces, and its bravery, it will remain so.

But Rome and Naples are South Italy. Its population are all poorer, more indolent, less vigorous, less energetic. It sighs for freedom, but is not prepared for it. Despotism and superstition have enervated it. How strange that even here, as in the United States, slavery and freedom are questions of climate!

Yesterday, Count Cavour being out of town, at a country seat, I went there to visit him. He received me very politely, very gratefully. He asked where I had been, and what opinions I had formed of men and things in Italy. I told him I thought the Pope pious, sincere, and determined to endure, rather than concede, or conciliate; but I thought the question whether he would be sustained by the Roman Court in this policy would depend on the measure of support he would receive from the Catholics in Europe. While I refrained from repeating any thing that had been said to me in Rome, Vienna, or elsewhere, I told him how the Italian question stood, in my judgment. He, and, of course you, have my opinion of the sovereigns engaged.

He was pleased to confirm all the opinions I expressed, except when I spoke of obstacles that seemed to me at present difficult, if not insurmountable. He was, on the contrary, confident.

I told him that I am deemed a sanguine man at home; and such, just now, was the character awarded to him in Europe.

He says the Pope may be allowed to remain in the city of Rome, as the See, but not a foot of territory outside of it; and that Austria must resign Venice.

I doubted whether so much would be obtained just now.

He spoke of Louis Napoleon, guardedly, in temper, but frankly as to his policy. He thought Louis Napoleon's letter to the King of Sardinia was visionary, and that the writer caused it to be published by way of apology for the failure of the policy it proposed.

I thought so too; and I thereupon expressed the opinion that the publication would seriously detract from Louis Napoleon's credit for wisdom and force as a statesman.

To this he assented. He hoped the Italian cause had the sympathy of the American people.

I did not confess, what I feel, that slavery in the United States strangles sympathy with freedom in Europe. Our conversation was long and free; but I cannot repeat it all. He understood our system; and generally our politics; and made many inquiries about our Administration, particularly the Slavery Question, and the Lecompton matter. He thanked me for coming to see him, and offered all he could to make my stay pleasant. The interview confirmed the opinion which I had received from the statements of others, that he, although now in retirement because he would not compromise his consistency, is still, in fact, the great leader in public affairs in this kingdom, as well as the leader of the popular cause in Italy.

I have just now come from a long and pleasant interview with General Dahomeda, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of this kingdom. * * * He received me very graciously, and conversed very freely on public affairs. It is quite clear that this great Italian question is resolving itself, or has resolved itself, into the question of depriving the Pope of his temporal power and estate. Here, they make no concealment of their policy, or of their demand. The Pope will be allowed to retain Rome, the City of Rome only; but he must surrender all the rest of Italy to the people. They do not stumble on this point, that if all the rest is taken away, Rome will not long remain faithful. Even now, it is only held in subjection to the Pope, by the presence of a French army. How long can the European Catholic States agree, among themselves, that France shall virtually hold Rome as a conquest? So long as Napoleon III is in power, France may be content with the expense and responsibility. But if France should become Orleanist, or Republican, will she herself be content with it?

His Majesty, Victor Emanuel, was pleased to say that he would receive me this morning. I repaired, at ten o'clock, with my courier for a servant, to the Royal Palace. At the door, I was shown up stairs, passed through two rooms occupied by guards, into the outer ante-chamber, where I was received by the Secretary of State, and presented to the Minister of Finance, and to an aide-de-camp of His Majesty, who was in attendance as my interpreter. I suppose you would not excuse an omission concerning my dress. So I must say that here, as at Rome and Vienna, I was dressed in evening dress, but without sword or chapeau. It was a day of general audiences. Several Ministers from foreign courts were in attendance in the ante-chamber, two women — one a lady of fashion; the other a poor woman with some touching suit, I doubt not; and one or two persons, who I thought had come to submit some piece of art, or some invention.

After one of the Ministers and the lady had had their audiences, I was called, simply by my name, Mons. Seward. The King was standing, and alone. It may have been a fancy of mine, but I thought his countenance showed something of wonder, and curiosity as to what an American statesman might be like. I confess that he seemed to me to look, as I think I look, when I am embarrassed by a visitor who is not of the accustomed sort. I thought his manner indicated previous study of his address on receiving me, which was:

"I am very glad to receive you, and welcome you to Turin. Where do you come from?"

"From the United States; but recently from Milan and Venice."

"You have been some time in Italy?"

"Yes; at Rome and Naples."

"How long in Europe?"

"Six months; but I have visited also Egypt and Jerusalem."

"Oh! you have had a long voyage."

"Yes."

"Well, as you are one of the principal men in your country, I hope that you will judge favorably of the Italian cause."

"The late campaign has been begun, and ended, since I left home. I am sure that it has excited deep interest in my country; and I have, therefore, studied it as carefully as I could, from all different stand-points."

"It was very wise in you to do so; and I beg you to be assured that I appreciate very highly your interest in our cause. I hope you will be able to give it your approval."

I replied: "The cause of Italy is the cause of progress, of constitutional government; and that is our cause in America. Italy is always sure of the sympathy of the American people, when we can feel any confidence that the cause of Italy will be sustained by the people of Italy themselves. But there have been so many reactions in European progress, as to shake the confidence of its friends in America, and make them distrust the earnestness of the best movements."

"Well, since you have been here, and seen Italy, what do you think of the earnestness of the people?"

"Oh, my visit to Sardinia and Lombardy has impressed me with full confidence."

"Then you like the people of Sardinia?"

"Yes; I think Sardinia the Scotland of Italy."

"Well, I shall always remember your kindness to Italy, and to me, in coming to see us; and I hope you will never have occasion to speak otherwise of us than you have done."

"I ought to tell your Majesty, that I know Mr. Bertinatti, your Minister to the United States; and that he is always faithful to his principles, and to the cause of Italy there."

"I am very glad, indeed, to hear so good an account of Mr. Bertinatti; and I hope he will continue to be acceptable to you in America."

Here, after a question or two about my route, and an expression of regret for my early departure, and an explanation of the reason of it by myself, the King gave me both his hands; and dismissed me with wishes for my safe return home to the United States. The chamberlain called the next in waiting, and I retired.

The palace is very elegant, and very elegantly furnished. The King is about forty; in good health, large, and erect, frank and manly in appearance. He was dressed in black, his clothes full and large, and he seemed like any country gentleman on his estate.

The Hague is a town of eighty thousand or ninety thousand people, built on the ordinary low land of Holland, lower even than the sea and protected by dykes. It is intersected by canals in all directions, equally for trade and for drainage. All the houses are built on piles, and they are safe in the degree that they are low. Hence I found the pleasant feature of families dwelling on the lower floors. It has, for many a hundred years, been the seat of government; and like Washington, derives its chief elements of life from that political source. Its growth has been slow, it changes little, but always for the better. The Hague to-day is not an unfair representation of what New York was many years ago — so far as the architecture is concerned, it is like Philadelphia. But

it has several large squares planted with trees which are very old; and it has small forest domains attached to the royal palaces.

On one side of the chief of the squares, Lord Napier has his temporary lodgings in a house about equal to the one we occupy at Washington. I inhabit the Oude Doulen, an inn on the opposite side of the square, as neat as the vesture of Diana herself. I am permitted to lodge there but to dwell in his house.

The town is dull, rather unsocial, but rich and comfortable.

This morning I went with the Napiers to see the House of Delegates, which is in session. You are aware that Holland is a constitutional monarchy. The Senate is elected by provinces, like Senators by States — the Delegates, like our Representatives, by the people. The Chamber consists of fifty-six members. There was a great debate involving the stability of the Ministry. Nevertheless, the tone and manner of the debate was quiet, unimpassioned, and calm. I thought that the speakers must be speaking sensibly, for they spoke with deliberation and with great distinctness. But the debates were in Dutch, and, of course, incomprehensible to me. When the debate closed, we went to visit the Palace in the Wood.

To-day I have visited the Royal Gallery of Paintings. The collection is small, but excellent. Almost every picture is by a Dutch artist, and is invaluable as the work of a master. Paul Potter's "Bull" is perhaps the best of the whole. Strange to say, I have learned on this brief journey by visiting the galleries, that the Dutch masters excel in fidelity to nature, especially animal nature, and that the sentiment of filial duty, of parental affection, of tenderness to animals, gives them a fine class of subjects, which they quite monopolize.

I went yesterday with the Napiers to Amsterdam, and renewed my recollections of that old and respected city. When I saw it twenty years ago, it seemed not unworthy to be the parent of New York. But all is changed now. New York is magnificent as well as great. Amsterdam is plain as well as small. Still it is a very interesting town. Traversed by canals it has some of the romance of Venice, but is a downright sober, busy town. Well, the Dutch are a sober, industrious, and respectable people, quite as good for being plain in their ways, I doubt not.

Henry Hudson gave to the Netherlands the discovery of the Hudson river, in 1608. Here I am in a hotel that bears its date on its front, 1625, only seventeen years after the discovery of New York, and coeval with the settlement of that country. What is very strange is, that about every house, private as well as public, seems as old. Holland is the country which we Americans find most resembling our own in architecture, furniture, habits of domestic life, etc. I have just come from a ride to Scheveningen, the sea-port from which Charles II embarked, when he proceeded to England and restored the monarchy after the death of Cromwell.

Brussels is not unworthy of its great history. Its citizens have, with admirable taste, marked the scene of two great events in the world's history. The rallying of the Crusaders under the Flemish standard, and the recognition of the Empire of Germany by Charles V. The great hall where this last transaction, so deeply affecting, took place, was accidentally burned down. They have erected, upon the spot, an equestrian statue of Godfrey of Bouillon.

At eight o'clock this morning, I went to visit Waterloo, distant twelve miles. The road is paved throughout, and has for a long distance, on the left, the forest of Soissons. This forest, at the time of the great battle, covered nearly the whole country between Brussels and Waterloo. I found a guide who was born near the spot, saw the battle, and who speaks tolerable English.

Waterloo is a village, consisting of a single street, beginning about two miles north of the battle-ground, and tapering off into a hamlet called Mt. St. Jean, which borders on the field itself. The guide says that the people in this village, on the day of the battle, abandoned their dwellings, and sought safety in the forest. The dwellings were used for hospitals. Although I have little knowledge of the art of war, yet I, nevertheless, unconscious of any fatigue, attended my guide to the somewhat parallel range of low hills, on which the two armies were drawn up, and manœuvered within point blank cannon shot of each other. I studied the attack and the defense of Hougomont, and La Haye Sainte, the two principal forts of the English. I stood where Wellington stood, while managing his defense, and where Napoleon stood, when directing those fierce and tremendous assaults. I do not know that Blucher, coming up late with his Prussians, might not, in any event, have won a victory; but I came, I know not how wisely, to the conclusion, that the advantages of position were with Wellington; and that, had it been otherwise, he might have been defeated. But what, you will say, is military strategy to you; and you are right. So I leave it.

"Here," said the guide, "we buried seven hundred persons. Here, we buried fifteen hundred in the wood, that has since been removed." The King has raised a great monument two hundred feet high on the central spot of the battle field, and placed the Belgian Lion on the top of it.

I perfectly remember forty-four years ago, when I was at school at Florida, and the boys were dismissed at eleven, for ten minutes of play, I heard then, for the first, of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. I had been educated to sympathize with him. I believed him ultimately invincible. At this day, I know he was so bold, so ambitious, and so reckless, that he was sure to be overthrown. I hardly know now whether human society has lost or gained by his fall. Although a despot, he delighted in improvements of the material and moral conditions of nations. But he could never have been content. He must have always demanded new hecatombs of victims. It is long, very long, since I forgot my puerile pity for him. Yet it came back upon me today, for a brief space, when I thought of the day of his escape from Elba; the electric restoration of his Empire; and its maintenance throughout the hundred days; of his organization of an army of seventy-five thousand men

and marching to this distant position to meet the triumphant allied forces — of the boldness of his assault — of the accidents that entered into the fate of the field — of his defeat and flight — the desertion of him by the French people — his surrender of himself to the British Regent — his unchivalrous repulse — his sad voyage to St. Helena — his impatient fretting there against the bars of his prison — his lonely death, denied all hope there, that his last wish might be gratified, that his ashes might rest on the banks of the Seine.

Let us be just after all. Had not Bonaparte lived, and reigned, legitimate despotism had now been a thousand fold stronger. Though not a devotee of liberty, liberty has had the chief benefit of his championship.

As soon as it was daylight, this morning, I was abroad surveying the streets of Antwerp. It is a town in which every thing, whenever built, seems to have been built so as to endure; and nothing was built so worthlessly, as to be ultimately useless. So it exhibits in its streets the progressive architecture of five hundred years. Even some houses constructed of wood, remain to testify the character of architecture when Antwerp was in its infancy. Antwerp was, as you know, for a long time the capital of the Flemish provinces, the seat of commerce, art, industry, and taste of the Empire of Germany, as it rose out of the confusion and *debris* of the middle ages. It was the Venice of the West.

Antwerp rejoices and glories in the fame of Rubens. They show you his grave, his monument, his statue, the home in which he lived, and in which he died. Even his two wives are honored with tombs, in which their forms are sculptured in marble, with exquisite taste.

One needs to see Europe once (and to study it carefully), to see how the material, or rather the *personnel*, of the Sacred History impressed itself, in the early ages of the Church, on the human mind. Every actor in the great tragedy was a living, breathing, walking, suffering human creature, in the flesh, like ourselves; and is known as such, and not merely as an intellectual or spiritual agent. Hence the hold the Church, with its traditions, and its dogmas yet has on the consciences of men, as distinguished from the more speculative and rational views and temper of Christians in our own country. Is our system the better of the two? I doubt not that it is. Did it come into the world too late for the permanency of the Christian religion? I am sure it did not.

Leopold I, the King of Belgium, was a Prince of Saxe Coburg, without a kingdom of any account. He was a handsome, graceful, and good man, and secured the hand of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV of England, and heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain. Her death in child-bed left him wifeless and childless. He was elected by the Belgian Parliament to be King of this little, but very independent State, about 1835. He married a daughter of Louis Philippe, then King of France, who is also dead. He has two sons, the Duke of Brabant, and the Count of Flanders, and these fairly connected by marriage to the reigning families of Russia and Austria.

The King of Belgium has a pension of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from England; and is rich, as an heir of Louis Philippe. He is brother to the mother of the Queen of England, and is held in high esteem at that Court. The Prince Royal of Prussia, and the Princess, daughter of the present Queen, have been visiting England, and had appointed to arrive here on Saturday to visit their uncle, the King. His Majesty had appointed me an audience for yesterday morning. But he excused himself from that engagement, and invited me instead to dine yesterday at the palace, at a party given in honor of his royal guests. I went at six o'clock and found a party of thirty-eight persons. The hosts were the King, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant (he is heir apparent), and the Count of Flanders; the guests, the Prince and Princess Royal of Prussia, the Prussian Minister and his wife, the British Minister, Lord Howard de Walden and his wife, the American Minister and his wife, several ladies of honor to the Court, and to the Princess, the Ministers of State, and others. We were all received in a large drawing-room, and waited until perhaps ten minutes after six, when the royal party entered.

His Majesty, with great dignity and propriety of manner, passed down the line of his guests formed on either side of the room, speaking with and welcoming them. The ladies of the Court recognized in like manner their acquaintances. When the King reached me, I was presented to him by Mr. Fair, and he spoke to me a few complimentary words, chiefly expressing his satisfaction that I had come to visit him. In the course of an hour, I was also presented to the Dukes, and to the chief Ministers, and others of the party. At seven, the doors were thrown open, and the party repaired to dinner, under the inspiration of music from a very excellent band. Of course, the party had their places arranged according to their ranks. I had the good fortune to be seated at the right of the Countess of Wohenthal; and next me a Belgian General, covered with stars and other insignia of distinction. Both of these persons were very agreeable.

The dinner lasted an hour and more, and was quite elaborate. Fine, soft music entered the chamber throughout the whole feast, and the Belgian and Prussian favorite airs were not forgotten. At length we rose, and repaired to the drawing-room, where coffee and liqueurs were served. The ladies drew themselves into a circle, and were seated at the upper end of the salon. The gentlemen formed themselves in a line below, near the wall, as before dinner.

His Majesty, the two Dukes, and Princes, then came down the line, and entered into conversation with the guests successively, passing none, but stopping longer with some than others. When the King came to me, he renewed his compliments; and then said that my visit was especially agreeable to him, for he had a great respect for the United States, and desired always to have a very good understanding with us. I told him that the feeling was reciprocated; that Belgium is a constitutional kingdom, a free country — one of the very few on the continent — and that we sympathized with the state, and respected him for his fidelity to the principles of free government.

He expressed his satisfaction, and said that if, at any time, I should see or know any thing, which would serve to bring the two peoples into a nearer acquaintance, he hoped I would suggest it.

I replied that since he had emboldened me to speak, I thought I could suggest to him a way in which he could make a profound and pleasing impression on the people of the United States; that England and the United States had dispensed with passports, convinced that their institutions were safe, without maintaining a police against strangers. That the passport system which we encounter everywhere on the continent is annoying to us, and very offensive; that I knew that other continental states cannot give it up; nor need he in regard to them, but that by treaty with the United States, he can do it in regard to us.

He thanked me. Said he understood it perfectly. There was no need of passports in England, and the United States, and none in Belgium.

I said the two branches of the English race on the opposite sides of the Atlantic were chiefly charged with the peaceful civilization of the world; and Belgium was worthy to rank with us.

He said that my suggestion struck him favorably; and then inquired about the progress of things in America, saying that he supposed that the people of America were devoted to their own government, and absorbed in the cares of their own position.

I replied that we belong to a sphere entirely separate from Europe, and have occupations enough in building up our own country, and its influence, without going out of affairs on our own continent.

He was very happy to know that I was conservative in my principles, and said that time and education of the people would do their work; that the great badge of a strong government was, that it could tolerate discussion, free discussion of what it was doing; and it was the misfortune of the French Imperial system, that it could not endure debate; and so he thought France had retrograded, instead of advancing, within the last fifty years.

I said: "Yes! in its system; but I can't believe that it has, in the thoughts and sentiments of the people; but Louis Napoleon must come to an end sometime, and then France would be restored from her dream of glory to the train of liberty."

He said I was quite right.

The conversation of the King with me was so long as to excite remark, and produce a canvass of my character, position, and principles, among the lookers-on, according to General Fair. Equally kind and free was the conversation of the Dukes and Count; and it was marked by the same spirit. All of the royal party gave me their hands at parting, wishing me a safe voyage, and hoping that I would remember their good wishes, in my own country. The royal party having completed their tour around the chamber, the ladies rose, and the King and party retired. The guests left as their carriages were announced, and I was at my hotel at half-past nine.

We had, yesterday, a dreary, rainy, sleety day, but I did not suffer the weather to prevent me from seeing some of the sights and society of this interesting old capital. I called on General Rogier, the Prime Minister, and, also, on the Minister for Foreign Affairs, both of whom I found polite and interesting men. I had met them on Sunday at the palace. * * * In the

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THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

SALON AT COMPIEGNE.

afternoon, Mr. Rogier called on me. He speaks in English, but I made out to converse with him in French. He is the Republican leader, if I may so designate him, in this country, and he was infinitely interested in learning the true condition of political affairs in our country.

The rest of the day I spent in the Chamber of Representatives, where I heard a very animated debate of a partisan character. The speakers spoke briefly, but very well. The whole effect was like that of a debate in the House of Assembly in New York. It was very decorous; the question seemed an important one.

When I consider how strong party feeling is here, in this little constitutional kingdom of four and a half millions, living in the space of one hundred miles square; and contrast with the Belgian territory and system our own more extended, and vastly more democratic one, and consider the greatness of the questions which engage the American Government continually, I am not surprised at the zeal and vehemence of parties in the United States. I wonder only, that we are as moderate and tranquil as we are.

Of my day spent at Compiegne, on the Emperor's invitation, of the pleasant greetings and kindly expressions received there from him, and from the Empress Eugenie, I have already written you. I learned then that the chief, the ruling thought of the present government of France is, how to frame a policy which shall render the Napoleonic dynasty *safe*, and perpetuate it.

My little work of preparation for my voyage draws to an end, and I am beginning to experience how unsatisfactory Paris is, to one who has any earnestness of character. Hospitalities, indeed, meet me on every side; but I find that they are the occupations of those who have nothing else to do.

I have discovered, with great surprise, a large community of Americans here, who have virtually fled from the activity, the excitement, and the cares of home; to find rest in idleness, in a foreign land. The same thing is true of all parts of France and Europe. Persons, too indolent to take part in the responsibilities of public or political affairs, in all countries, congregate here, to be under the protection of a vigorous military despotism; and amuse themselves, day after day, with idle debate and gossip, about the course of affairs, of which they are content to be spectators, instead of actors.

What I see of American society resident in Paris does not altogether please me. There are hundreds of our countrymen who arrive and stop here, on their travels; and they are to be commended. But there are others who are really *émigrés* — who take up their residence here, and affect style, fashion, and display, becoming practically voluntary subjects of a despotic system; while they croak continually over what they regard as evidences of demoralization of public spirit and virtue at home. Everywhere, I am asked by Frenchmen and other Europeans, if the United States are not about to fall into dissolution — inquiries suggested by the croakings of Americans, who apparently would not go home to vote for the Union, to save it.

This is my last day in Paris. I shall leave it with content; and be impatient until I am once more at home, and on duty.

The American Consul was at the railroad station, at Havre; and received me with great kindness. I was ushered into apartments of great magnificence at the hotel; and here I met Captain Lewis of the *Arago*. He was mate of the *Sully* in which I sailed from this port on my return to America in 1833. I hope that I may regard the coincidence as propitious.

Land Ho !

We are running down the forest-covered shore of Long Island, and already leave-takings have begun. For myself, I tremble between the hope of meeting and the fear of hearing ill news of those who have indulged me in erratic travel so long.

We found a forbidding coast, covered with snow at Cowes; ran rapidly down the shores of Scilly Islands by daylight; and entered the open sea under a mollified and balmy atmosphere. For the first week we had smooth seas, and nearly summer weather. Then came a west and wild gale from ahead, slackened speed, and sinking health and courage among the passengers. We rode through this into a soft and balmy clime; which lasted for a day, and then awakened to find Christmas morning, cold, piercing, sleety, with the winds in wild revelry. Such a Christmas ! We could not keep on our feet, to sing and recite the Christmas service. No one could keep foot on the decks, covered with ice and sleet. The ship rocked and plunged under the heavy weight of ice, on the decks, masts, spars, rigging, pipes, boats, every thing. The waves raged in response to the reckless shrieks of the wind. All gathered into the cabins, and reflected, sorrowfully, that under God our safety depended, not on any thing we could do, or man could now do for us, but on the soundness of the creaking ship, and the strength of the heavy engine.

That peril past, we looked for genial skies; but they came not. A new gale, more violent than the last, met us furiously, as if to repel us from our native shore. For two days, we braved that last storm; and this morning, the sun has broken through the gloom, the sea is calm, the land rises from its bosom covered with trees, and home, with its genial fires and glad voices, seems to lie just behind a thin mist spread out before us.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

1860.

Welcome Home. At Washington Again. Meeting with Members at the Capitol. Broderick's Death. The John Brown Investigation and Debate. Disunion Talk. Pennington Elected Speaker. Speech on the Bill for Admitting Kansas. Southern Opinions. A Biography. Spread of the "Irrepressible Conflict."

It was a bleak, cold, wintry night, near the close of December, when the *Arago* entered the harbor of New York. A snow storm had rendered it impossible to see the steamer until she was near Sandy Hook; so that news of her coming was not telegraphed as usual. A few friends and relatives, however, received it; and hastily gathered at the Quarantine, in the evening, to welcome him. The thermometer was at zero; and when the great black hull of the steamer loomed up, her masts and rigging, sheathed in ice, glistened in the lamp-light. As Seward descended the gangway, he was greeted by his son, with James Kelly, and some other friends. Soon ashore and taking a carriage, he was driven to the familiar walls of the Astor House, where a bright fire and warm supper awaited him. Presently a salute of a hundred guns was fired in the City Hall Park, in honor of his arrival; and its echoes brought into the hotel throngs of friends to shake his hand and welcome him home.

The next morning, a committee of the Common Council waited upon him to tender him a public reception. Mayor Tiemann accompanied him to the City Hall, and there welcomed him in behalf of the city. Seward in his speech of acknowledgment remarked:

I have been able on many occasions to compare the existing conditions of society in Europe with what existed there twenty-five years ago, when I visited the Eastern Continent. I think that I can safely say that all the nations on that continent are more prosperous now than they have ever been before, and are making decided progress in all substantial improvements. But it is manifest that the institutions of government existing there, are either too ancient, or were founded on ancient principles, and are not adapted to the exigencies of the present day. Therefore it is, that every country in Europe is balancing between the desire for beneficial changes and the fear of innovation.

It must always be difficult to determine how far we can lend encouragement to those who seek to reform the institutions of their own country. But this we can always do: we can conduct our affairs, and our foreign relations, with truth, candor, justice, and moderation, and thus commend our better system to other nations. This republic may prove to them, that its system of government is founded upon public virtue; that as a people we are at unity among ourselves, and that we are seeking, only by lawful means, to promote the welfare of mankind.

The chamber where the ceremonies were held, was crowded, as were the halls and galleries, and the street outside; and after the formal speech-making was over, two hours of hand-shaking followed, only terminated by the announcement that it was time to prepare for the train that was to take him to Albany.

There he passed the night at Governor Morgan's, and early the next morning proceeded by the Central railroad to Auburn. Bleak and cheerless as was the wintry landscape, the whole journey was one of warmth and enthusiasm. Salutes and welcomes greeted him at every city. Crowds awaited him at the stations. Old friends and political followers boarded the train, to grasp him by the hand. Late in the day, when the train reached Auburn, he was met by an outburst of popular pride and pleasure. The streets were decorated, banners waved "Welcome Home," the citizen-soldiers, the local authorities, societies, and even the children of the public schools were waiting to escort him in procession to his home. There, at the gate-way, he was greeted by a group composed of the clergymen of every church in town. No testimonial of regard could be more fitting, or more touching, bearing evidence, as it did, to that "good-will among men" he had striven to practice, and to inculcate, among his townsmen.

Replying to an address of welcome from his old personal friend and political opponent, Michael S. Myers, he said:

> Although in this journey I have traversed no small portions of four continents — Europe, Africa, Asia, and America — it is not until now that I have found the place which, above all others, I admire the most and love the best. I should not despair of vindicating this preference by comparison of natural advantages and social developments. But I will be candid, and confess that my partiality stands upon a simpler, and more natural logic. I prefer this place, because it is *my* place. You may as well be candid, also, and confess that you like it best, because it is *your* place. I prefer this place, because it is the only one where I am left free to act in an individual, and not in a representative and public character. Whatever I may be elsewhere, *here* I am never either a magistrate, or a legislator, but simply a citizen — a man — your equal, and your like — nothing more, nor less, nor different.

The year had been an eventful one in Europe, and Italy had been the theater of a great war. Seward had found ample themes for meditation at Magenta, and Solferino, Florence, Milan, and Rome. But on arriving in his own country, he found a political turmoil, not subsiding like that one, but apparently rising, day by day, in angry intensity. The Republican party now full grown, vigorous, and united, was contesting with the Democratic, the possession of its ancient strongholds in the North. The slave-holding States were sullenly and

sternly linking themselves together for that conflict which they had denied to be "irrepressible." All the free States but California had given majorities adverse to the Administration in the fall elections. New England and the North-west were unitedly Republican. Pennsylvania and Ohio had reversed their former political majorities. New York had chosen State officers and a Legislature overwhelmingly Republican. Kansas was struggling, no longer in despair, but effectively to break her bonds. Her people had rejected the Lecompton Constitution, called a Convention which met at Wyandotte in July, and formed a new one prohibiting slavery, which was adopted by the popular vote in October. They had chosen a Republican Governor and Representative in Congress, and a Legislature, which repealed the odious slavery laws, passed an amnesty for political offenses; and on the night of its adjournment, a public bonfire was made of the obnoxious "Border Ruffian" enactments. Nebraska, following the lead of Kansas, and happily free from outside interference, had passed a law forever forbidding "involuntary servitude," in the exact words of the Ordinance of 1787.

At the close of a heated canvass in California, Senator Broderick, an "Anti-Lecompton Democrat," had been killed in a duel, under circumstances that led to popular belief in his dying declaration, "They have killed me, because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt Administration."

But the absorbing and engrossing public theme that confronted Seward on his arrival was the wild and daring enterprise of "Old John Brown," who had sought to head an insurrection of slaves in Virginia, had, with his handful of men, captured Harper's Ferry, had been surrounded, overpowered, seized, tried, and hung. The bloody incidents, the tragic scenes of that brief struggle, and the ensuing trials, the martyr-like firmness with which the old man, Bible in hand, had ascended the scaffold and laid down his life for his cause, were still fresh in the public prints, and on everybody's lips. Hot-headed men on the pro-slavery side, were pouring out wrath and vituperation against every thing and everybody of anti-slavery opinions, accusing all Republicans, collectively and individually, with having, either directly or indirectly, aided and abetted John Brown. One specimen will suffice as an illustration. The following advertisement was published in a Richmond, Virginia, paper, and widely copied North and South:

$100,000 REWARD.

Messrs. Editors:

I will be one of one hundred gentlemen who will give twenty-five dollars each, *for the heads of the following Traitors:*

Henry Wilson, Massachusetts; Charles Sumner, Massachusetts; Horace Greeley, New York; John P. Hale, New Hampshire; Wendell Philips, Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Cheever, New York; Rev. Mr. Wheeler, New Hampshire; Schuyler Colfax, Anson Burlingame, Owen Lovejoy, Amos P. Granger, Edwin B. Morgan, Galusha A. Grow, Joshua R. Giddings, Edward Wade, Calvin C. Chaffee, William H. Kelsey, William A. Howard, Henry Waldron, John Sherman, George W. Palmer, Daniel W. Gooch, Henry L. Dawes, Justin S. Morrill, I. Washburn, jr., J. A. Bingham, William Kellogg, E. B. Washburne, Benjamin Stanton, Edward Dodd, C. B. Tompkins, John Covode, Cad. C. Washburne, Samuel G. Andrews, A. B. Olin, Sidney Dean, Nathaniel B. Durfee, Emory B. Pottle, DeWitt C. Leach, J. F. Potter, T. Davis, Massachusetts; T. Davis, Iowa; J. F. Farnsworth, C. L. Knapp, R. E. Fenton, Philemon Bliss, Mason W. Tappen, Charles Case, James Pike, Homer E. Boyce, Isaac D. Clawson, A. S. Murray, Robert B. Hall, Valentine B. Horton, Freeman H. Morse, David Kilgore, William Stewart, Samuel B. Curtis, John M. Wood, John M. Parker, Stephen C. Foster, Charles G. Gilman, Charles B. Hoard, John Thompson, J. W. Sherman, William D. Braxton, James Buffington, O. B. Matteson, Richard Mott, George K. Robbins, Ezekiel P. Walton, James Wilson, S. A. Purviance, Francis E. Spinner, Silas M. Burroughs.

And I will also be one of one hundred to pay five hundred dollars each ($50,000) *for the head of William H. Seward*, and would add a similar reward for Fred Douglass, but regarding him head and shoulders above these Traitors, will permit him to remain where he now is.

RICHMOND.

When Congress met, the first step taken in the Senate was the appointment of a committee to investigate and report upon the Harper's Ferry matter. This committee was now in daily session, examining witnesses.

In the House of Representatives there was a sharp contest for the Speakership, parties being almost evenly balanced; the Republicans mustering 112, the Democrats 91, and all others 30. Changes were made in candidates, but the dead-lock still continued. Renewed bitterness was added to the strife by debate over a resolution, introduced from the Democratic side, which declared any member "unfit to be Speaker" who had "signed a recommendation of Helper's Compendium of the Impending Crisis," a statistical volume showing, by figures from the census, the relative effect of slavery and freedom in the different portions of the Union.

Arrived at Washington early in January, Seward was met by his colleague, Preston King, and the Republican members of the New

York delegation, who came in a body to welcome him. On Monday morning he went up to the Capitol, to resume his seat in the Senate. The newspapers had chronicled his movements, and a knot of curious observers had gathered in the Senate gallery, to see how he would be received by senatorial associates, some of whom believed, or affected to believe, that he was somehow responsible for or implicated in the Virginia raid. It was remarked when he entered, that "while the Republican Senators came round him with hearty greetings, his Southern friends were afraid to be seen talking to him. Crittenden, Pugh, and Douglas were quite friendly; Slidell, Mason, Gwin, and Pierce gave him their hands, and hurried by. The others did not cross over to see him."

During the week his house was thronged with visitors,— old friends and political associates. The Massachusetts, Ohio, and Wisconsin delegations came collectively.

Meanwhile, the Speakership contest, in the House of Representatives, and the senatorial investigation of John Brown, continued all through January. Other legislative business was at a standstill. These two exciting topics led to stormy debates, with abundance of personal invective.

"Brown, a ruffian, a thief, and a robber, nothing more," said one Senator, "had no resources of his own. We want to know where the money was supplied. We want to know the incentives that led him to that expedition." "It cannot be disguised," said another, "that the Northern heart sympathizes with Brown, and his fate, because he died in the cause of what they call liberty. * * * The truth is, that it is the intention of the Republican party to break down the institution of slavery, by fair means or foul means, and if they cannot accomplish it in one way, they intend to accomplish it in another. If they cannot accomplish it, by appealing to the slave-holders themselves, they mean to accomplish it by appealing to the slaves."

The feeling on the Republican side was tersely expressed by Wade, who, while disowning all sympathy with the attack on Harper's Ferry, said, "You may treat old John Brown as a common malefactor, but he will not go down to posterity in that light at all."

Louder than ever before, now rose the threats of disunion. A Virginia Senator likened the Northern and Southern States to "a mighty arch, while the very keystone of this arch consists in the black marble block of African slavery. Knock that out, and the mighty fabric, with all that it upholds, topples and tumbles to the ground."

"This Union," said a Southern Congressman, "great and powerful as it is, can be tumbled down by the act of any one Southern

State. If Florida withdraws, the Federal Government would not dare attack her. If it did, its bands would dissolve, as if melted by lightning."

The possibility that the Republicans might carry the coming Presidential election was the basis of outspoken declarations.

"Gentlemen of the Republican party," said one, "I warn you. Present your sectional candidate in 1860; elect him as the representative of your system of labor; take possession of the Government as your instrument in this 'irrepressible conflict,' and we of the South will tear the Constitution to pieces, and look to our guns for justice."

"We will never submit," said another, "to the inauguration of a Black Republican President."

"You may elect Seward," said another, "to be President of the North; but of the South, never!"

"Whenever," said another, "a President is elected by a fanatical majority of the North, those whom I represent are ready, let the consequences be what they may, to fall back on their reserved rights, and say: 'As to this Union, we have no longer any lot or part in it.'"

The death of Broderick was formally announced in the Senate by his successor, Mr. Haun. Senators Crittenden, Seward, Foster, Foote, and Toombs paid tributes to his memory.

At last, the long contest in the House of Representatives came to an end, by the election, on the forty-fourth ballot, of the Republican candidate, Governor William Pennington of New Jersey, by a majority of one vote. This decided the organization of the House. The offices of clerk and door-keeper, etc., were speedily filled by Republicans, and the control of the committees was, in accordance with established usage, conceded to the successful party.

But while "agitation" came to an end on this question, it continued to rage in other forms. On the following day, resolutions were introduced in the Senate, declaring that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislature "possesses power to annul or impair the constitutional power of any citizen to take and hold his slaves in a Territory," and enunciating the theory that the Constitution carried and protected slavery, wherever its authority extended. The "John Brown Investigation" was vigorously pushed. The Senate committee asked and received power to compel the attendance of witnesses found unwilling to testify. One was arrested at night, and ironed, but released on *habeas corpus*. Another was imprisoned, and remained some months in jail. Others escaped arrest by concealment.

On the 14th, the Free Constitution of Kansas, which had been framed by the Convention at Wyandotte, was laid before the Senate.

Seward moved that it be referred to the Committee on Territories, and be printed. But even this customary action was opposed by those who desired to thwart every step in the direction of making a free State. On the 21st, he introduced a bill "for the admission of the State of Kansas into the Union." The 29th was set down for its consideration. Among the throng who gathered on that day, in the Senate Chamber, to hear him, was Henry B. Stanton, whose description of the scene, in the *Tribune*, was so graphic, that it may well be reproduced here:

The audience assembled to hear Governor Seward's speech filled every available spot in the Senate galleries, and overflowed into all the adjacent lobbies and passages, crowding them with throngs eager to follow the argument of the Senator, or even to catch an occasional sentence or word. It was on the floor itself that the most interesting spectacle was presented. Every Senator seemed to be in his seat. Hunter, Davis, Toombs, Mason, Hammond, Slidell, Clingman, Benjamin, and Brown paid closest attention to the speaker. Crittenden listened to every word. Douglas affected to be self-possessed; but his nervousness of mien gave token that the truths now uttered, awakened memories of the Lecompton contest, when he, Seward, and Crittenden, the famous triumvirate, led the allies in their attacks upon the Administration. The members of the House streamed over to the north wing of the Capitol, almost in a body, leaving Mr. Reagan of Texas to discourse to empty benches, while Seward held his levee in the Senate.

His speech was upon the problem awaiting solution by the whole body of our people. It was the utterance of a man whose sharply-defined opinions, pronounced twenty years ago, then found feeble echoes, but which have been reiterated, until they have become the creed and rallying cry of a party, on the eve of assuming the control of the National Government. His exposition of the relation of the Constitution to slavery contained, in a few lucid sentences, all that is valuable upon that subject in Marshall, Story, and Kent. The historic sketch of parties and politics, and the influence of slavery upon both from the rise of Missouri Compromise, onward to its fall, exhibiting all of Hallam's fidelity to fact, lighted up with the warm coloring of Bancroft. The episodical outline of the Kansas controversy, and of the Dred Scott pronunciamento, have never been compressed into words so few and weighty. Nothing could be more felicitous than his invitation to the South to come to New York, and proclaim its doctrines from Lake Erie to Sag Harbor, assuring its champions of safe conduct in their raid upon his constituents; while the suggestion, that if the South would allow Republicans the like access to its people, the party would soon cast as many votes below the Potomac as it now does north of that river, was one of those happy retorts, whose visible effect upon Senators must have been seen to be appreciated. Finally this speech was closed by an exposition alike original, sincere, and hearty, of the manifold advantages of the Federal Union, the firm hold it has upon the people, and the certainty that it will survive the rudest shocks of faction.

The Senators on the opposing side of the Chamber unintentionally bore swift testimony to the effectiveness of the speech, by their haste to obtain the floor, and combat its conclusions. One of the ablest and most courteous of them said in his argument:

Suppose that the agents of the "underground railroad" were to boast every morning, that last night they had carried away seventeen head of horses from New York, one hundred head of horned cattle from Illinois, and five hundred sheep from Michigan. Suppose the "underground railroad" managers were constantly boasting that Canada was constantly being made a receptacle for your stolen goods; what would the Senator from New York say? What would New York herself say? What would all the non-slaveholding States say? I appeal to the Senator from New York (Mr. Seward) whether he does not know what would be the course of his section, if Northern property was taken instead of ours? Are we not your equals in the confederation? Have we not the same right to claim the protection of the Government for our property, that you have for yours?

This argument, entirely logical in its deductions, illustrates upon what different premises the North and South were standing — the one insisting that slaves were property, the other that they were men.

Throughout the country the speech was read, reprinted, and commented upon. Letters poured in by every mail, asking for copies, or expressing gratification. A leading Southern journal gave expression to opinions prevalent in that section:

The great arch agitator, Wm. H. Seward, has just returned to this country, from an eight months' tour in Europe and Asia. From the time he landed in New York until he reached his home in Auburn, he was feasted, toasted, and caressed with an adulation surpassing any thing which has occurred for years. His homeward course was the triumphal march of a victorious general. At New York, Albany, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, and Auburn, he was met by tens and hundreds of thousands. Bells were rung, buildings were decorated, salutes were fired, speeches were made, and an ovation of which a monarch would have felt proud, was given to the distinguished Black Republican Senator. Why all this enthusiasm? Why all this immense out-pouring of the North to do honor to a great Abolition agitator? We answer because the political sentiments of Mr. Seward harmonize with that of the great mass of Northern sentiment. Mr. Seward is a great political leader. Unlike others, who are willing to follow in the wake of popular sentiment, Seward leads. He stands a head and shoulders above them all. He marshals his forces, and directs the way. The Abolition host follow. However we may differ from William H. Seward, we concede to him honesty of purpose, and the highest order of talent. He takes no half-way grounds. He does nothing by halves. Bold, fearless, talented, and possessed of all the requirements of a great political leader, turning neither to the right nor to the left; gifted with a self-possession possessed by few men, he listens to the assaults of his enemies, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and receives the warm greetings of his friends with a wonderful composure. He is at once the greatest and most dangerous man in the Government. The biographer of John Quincy Adams, and the follower in his footsteps, he caught the falling mantle of the great defender of Abolition petitions, none other being more worthy. For eighteen years he has stood forth in the Senate of the United States, the great champion of freedom, and the stern opposer of slavery. He has fought us at every step, disputed every inch of ground.

Other political presses, less frank, or less well-informed, published every conceivable form of attack upon him, and imputed to him a variety of diverse and impossible crimes. A humorous writer in *Vanity Fair*, combining the information thus obtained, formulated the following biography:

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

BY A SOUTHERN FIRE-EATER.

4004 B. C. Is born in Florida, New York.
4002 " " Is expelled from Eden.
4001 " " Kills his brother Abel.
3874 " " Burns the Temple of Diana, and pockets the Fire Insurance.
2107 " " Orders Daniel to be devoured by Lions.
67 A. D. Persecutes the Christians.
64 " " Murders his Mother, Agrippina.
75 " " Plays the fiddle while Brooklyn is burning.
80 " " Puts all the children of Judea to death.
1409 " " Burns the Bastile.
1458 " " Murders the two Young Princes in the Tower.
1778 " " Plots with Andre to betray the American cause.
1851 " " Bribes the London *Times*.
1852 " " Invents the Russ Pavement.
1853 " " Is inaugurated as Senator.
1854 " " Swears allegiance to Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon.
1860 " " Makes himself Perpetual Dictator.
1866 " " Puts all the slave-holders to a horrible death.
1871 " " Orders all the whites to be burnt-corked, and learns the banjo.
1872 " " Governs the United States as a province of Liberia.

The opinion was widely prevalent at the South, that the Republicans would nominate him for their President, at the coming election, and menaces were based upon it.

"Seward," said one Southern Representative in Congress, "is a perjured traitor, whom the Southerners could neither consistently support, or even obey, should the nation elect him President." "Should the Republican party succeed in the next Presidential election, my advice to the South is to snap the cords of the Union at once, and forever." "Should William H. Seward be elected in 1860," exclaimed a Virginia orator, "where is the man now in our midst, who would not call for the impeachment of a Governor of Virginia, who would silently suffer the armory at Harper's Ferry to pass under the control of such an executive head?" And even the Governor of the "Old Dominion," in his message, referring to the possible election of Mr. Seward, said, "the idea of permitting such a man to have the control of the Army and Navy, and the appointment of high executive and judicial officers, postmasters included, cannot be entertained for a moment."

His house in Washington, at this period, was thronged with visitors, singly, and in committees or delegations. It had become a sort of Republican head-quarters, for advice and conference.

North and South, the "irrepressible conflict" was spreading and increasing. In the State capitals, debates were going on, with almost as much fervor as in Congress. In remote country villages, as well as in commercial centers, the engrossing topic was the struggle over slavery. Northern Legislatures passed "Personal Liberty Bills," for the protection of their citizens who might be arrested under the Fugitive Slave Law. Southern statesmen canvassed plans for dividing Texas into five slave States, with ten Senators, for carrying slavery into Southern California, or establishing it in the Indian Territory and New Mexico. Laws were proposed, and in some States passed, forbidding emancipation of slaves, and looking to the enslavement of free negroes. Anti-slavery journals were summarily suppressed, preachers silenced, and "Abolitionists" who ventured to inculcate their doctrines in the South were assailed with indignities and driven from the State. Intolerance on that subject was claimed to be a public duty, essential to self-preservation.

While the Senate remained firm in defense of the pro-slavery policy, there were signs of the growing strength of the anti-slavery feeling throughout the North. It was estimated that a million copies of Seward's February speech had been printed and distributed. The local elections in Northern States showed Republican gains. In a law-abiding community, the decision of a judicial tribunal has great weight; and now came the decision of the Court of Appeals, at Albany, in the Lemmon Slave Case. In that court of last resort, Mr. Evarts had argued on behalf of the slaves, and Mr. O'Conor on behalf of the owner, and the decision of the court below, setting the "chattels" at liberty, was affirmed.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Grow introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas, similar to that presented in the Senate by Seward. After a long debate, it had received 134 votes, while only 73 were cast against it. It then returned to the Senate to encounter renewed hostility and delay.

CHAPTER XLIX.

1860.

The Presidential Canvass. The Charleston Convention. The Platform. Douglas and Davis. A Divided Party. Chase, Dennison, Wade, and Corwin. Republican Delegates. The Chicago Convention. Receiving the News at Auburn. Lincoln and Hamlin Nominated. Evarts, Andrew, and Blair. Public Feeling. Newspaper Comments. Letter to the New York Committee. Return to Washington.

Toward the close of April, Washington was overflowing with political excitement and gossip. The Presidential canvass was at hand. The National Conventions were about assembling to nominate candidates. Many delegates to each were visiting the capital. The Democratic Convention was the first, having been called to meet at Charleston, S. C., on the 23d of April. Seward wrote home:

Washington, *April* 25, 1860.

Our telegraphic advices from Charleston favor Douglas to-day. One can hardly realize that the once great Democratic party could be so alarmed as it is now.

April 27.

I had an impromptu dinner yesterday. Baron Branneker, a Hungarian,—an intelligent and accomplished gentleman; Governor Chase, sound, handsome, and complacent; Mr. Charles Francis Adams, reserved, but emphatic; Judge Merrick of Boston, modest and sensible, and Arthur Fletcher. The party remained from six until past nine.

Julia and I went to a party given by Baroness Gerolt. It was mixed, and seemed to show how much mischief bad-tempered people can make. A Senator or two of the South could not remember that they had ever seen me — but the party was largely foreign, and this portion did not remember having seen any one else. Besides, the officials of the Administration came around me for sympathy and cheer, in their alarm at Douglas' prospects, and I was rather more conspicuous than I desired.

The Republican State Convention at Baltimore, Montgomery Blair presiding, was mobbed yesterday. Every advance in this great revolution toward freedom brings us into encounter with violence. But what better assurance of success could we have?

April 28.

I dined yesterday at Mr. Gurley's with a party called to honor Governor Chase, and Governor Dennison of Ohio. It was largely Ohioan. Corwin and Wade were there. When I have observed how cold some of my associates in the Senate are toward me, it has caused me to inquire whether I am not, in some way, unworthy. But I found much comfort yesterday, when I found three candidates for the Presidency, all from Ohio, and all eminent and excellent men, but each preferring anybody out of Ohio, to his two rivals within.

We suppose that the Charleston Convention comes to a conclusion, and relieves the public suspense to-day.

I am going out to Silver Spring to dine, to-day, with a party, also in honor of the Ohioans.

April 29.

I met at Silver Spring, yesterday, Governor Chase, and his daughter, now grown to be a young lady, pleasant and well-cultivated, Governor Dennison and his wife, she a sister of my fellow traveler Mrs. Neal, Mr. and Mrs. Winter Davis, Montgomery Blair, Frank and his wife, and Betty Blair, with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, and we had a pleasant season.

A huge mail kept me up until past midnight. Since early in the day, no one has been in to tell me any news from Charleston. An interruption of the telegraph leaves us in blank ignorance of the doings of the Convention, at what we suppose to be a crisis in its deliberations.

April 30.

The Senate does nothing. I spent the evening, yesterday, with the Washburns. To-day I am at home, and quiet, since I do not care to discuss with *quidnuncs* either of the two prominent topics of the hour — the Charleston doings, or the prize fight.

The Northern Democracy have carried the platform, and Douglas' friends are exulting in the prospect of his nomination, over a reluctant and distracted South.

May Day.

The Charleston Convention in a crisis, indicative of a dissolution of the Democratic party. Everybody wise about what is actually being done at the moment at Charleston, while the telegraph reports only too slowly confirm their conjectures.

May 2.

Your Sunday letter duly came, and it was welcome as the sunshine and the songs of birds, which it describes. Whatever is done, or not done, I hope to be at home on Saturday night of next week. But it will be as well not to mention it.

The Charleston struggle will probably close to-day, and then the Chicago troubles will revive more earnestly than ever. I see true friends, and hear of so many fickle and timid ones as almost to make me sorry that I have ever attempted to organize a party to save the country.

May 4.

We breathe more freely here, since the suspense that has been created at Charleston is broken, although only temporarily. How strange, yet how logical, the course of events! Just at the moment when one party, pressed by the other, is seeking to disavow the cardinal article of uncompromising antagonism between freedom and slavery in the country, the party that denies it is riven asunder by the very antagonism which it had disputed. I am on the lookout now for the next pretext of demoralization among Republicans.

As these letters indicate, the Democratic National Convention was still in session, and its protracted sittings were marked by stormy de-

bates. The delegates were found to be divided into two irreconcilable factions — those who upheld the Douglas doctrines of "Popular Sovereignty" in the Territories, and those who insisted that the Constitution protected the slave-holder's right to take his "property" to the Territories, and hold it there. There was a middle faction, which sought to evoke harmony out of discord, by judicious phrasing in the "platform." Unless some platform could be made on which all could stand, united support of any candidate was impossible. After a week's struggle, resolutions were adopted, reaffirming the platform put forward by the Democratic National Convention of 1856, with the addition of one referring the question of slave property, under the Constitution, to the Supreme Court.

This was regarded as a "Douglas victory," and the delegates from seven Southern States formally seceded and organized a separate Convention. After passing resolutions, enunciating their views, they adjourned to meet at Richmond on the 11th of June.

Meanwhile the main body, or what was left of it, balloted four days unsuccessfully, for a candidate, and then they adjourned to meet at Baltimore on June 18th. When the news reached Washington, Senator Jefferson Davis introduced resolutions in the Senate affirming the doctrines of the seceders. They were understood to have the approval of the Administration. The bulk of the party at the North, however, seemed inclined to favor the Douglas side. The places of the seceders were filled by new delegates, and during the six weeks interval, the contest between the warring factions went on in their public gatherings and in the press.

Now came the turn of the Republicans. Already delegates to the Chicago Convention were visiting Washington for conference with each other and with their representatives and advisers in Congress. Seward wrote:

WASHINGTON, *May* 5.

Washington begins to be uncomfortable. Next week this time I trust I shall be with you, mayhap to remain.

Jeff Davis opens battle against Northern Douglas Democracy in the Senate next Monday.

May 9.

To-day Mr. Jefferson Davis has made a solemn defense of the South against "Squatter Sovereignty" and the Republicans, warning (not "menacing" he says), that a Republican Administration could not be inaugurated.

The Democrats are returning from Charleston, implacable, beyond any former enmity toward us, but more implacable toward each other.

It had been Seward's habit during life to abstain from participating in any contest respecting his own candidacy. "That work," he used

to say, he preferred to leave "to those to whom it belonged." He decided, therefore, to spend the coming fortnight at Auburn. There was another reason for the visit, in the fact that a fire had recently swept away the barns in the rear of his house, and his directions were needed in regard to rebuilding.

During his visit in the preceding year to Palestine, Ayoub Bey had intimated his intention to send him some Arabian horses. Early in the spring, the horses reached New York. Three had been shipped — a mare, and two stallions. The mare had died on the voyage, but the survivors were forwarded to Auburn, where they and their long and carefully recorded Arab pedigree, were the objects of much curiosity and attention. Subsequently, Seward sent them to the State Agricultural Society.

Arrived at home, he remained there during the period of the Chicago Convention, which met on the 16th of May, his fifty-ninth birthday.

His fellow-townsmen and political followers gathered at the telegraph office in the morning, eager for the news, and entertaining little doubt that the result would be in accordance with their hopes. First came the announcement of the assembling of the delegates and spectators and the enthusiasm and harmony in the "Wigwam."

Then came rumors that "the doubtful States" wanted some one "to conciliate the Conservatives." Then, an announcement "the New York, Michigan, and Wisconsin delegates are unanimous for Seward." Then a story that there was a "strong pressure against Seward," from various quarters, but unable to combine upon a candidate.

Then came the intelligence that the Convention had been called to order by Governor Morgan, and chosen David Wilmot temporary chairman, amid cheers and unanimity. Then the election of George Ashmun to preside, the completion of the organization, and the adjournment.

On the following morning came the news that the "Seward men were marching in procession to the 'Wigwam,' four thousand strong" — then that the "platform" had been reported, and that the resolutions were "sound and stirring," "every thing that could be desired."

Then came the report that there was "a breeze over an amendment by Giddings;" then the action upon it; and then the resolutions themselves, in detail. New and more definite rumors followed, about "delegations divided" between different candidates, and efforts to combine on Cameron, Chase, Bates, McLean or Lincoln; their lack of success, and by whom they were made.

On the evening of the second day came news that the "balloting had

begun," followed by that of a "sudden adjournment," which was inexplicable. But in conclusion came the dispatch: "Platform adopted. Will ballot to-morrow. Chances best for Seward."

On the morning of the third day, the little group at the Auburn telegraph office were gratified with the news that the "nominations are begun;" that "Evarts proposed the name of Seward," and it was "received with tumultuous cheering." Then the announcement of the outburst of wild excitement, when "Judd nominated Abraham Lincoln." Then the naming of other candidates; and then, at last, the balloting.

Only too swiftly followed the rest of the news. When the intelligence came that Seward was defeated, and that Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin were chosen as the candidates for President and Vice-President, the friends who had gathered in the telegraph room silently dispersed, with hearts too full for utterance. The monotonous and impartial little instrument kept on, rapidly ticking out the additional proceedings — the haste of delegates to change their votes — the speeches, the uproar of excitement and congratulations, hushed to momentary silence, when Mr. Evarts rose to say:

The State of New York, by a full delegation, with complete unanimity of purpose at home, came to this Convention, and presented, as its choice, one who had served the State from boyhood up, who had labored for and loved it. We came from a great State, with, as we thought, a great statesman and our love of the great republic, from which we are all delegates, the great American Union, and our love of our statesman and candidate, made us think that we did our duty to the country, and the whole country, in expressing our love and preference for him. For, it was from Governor Seward that most of us learned to love republican principles and the Republican party. His fidelity to the country, the Constitution and the laws; his fidelity to the party, and the principle that the majority govern; his interest in the advancement of our party to its victory, that our country may rise to its true glory, induces me to assume to speak his sentiments, as I do, indeed, the opinions of our whole delegation, when I move you, as I do now, that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, as the Republican candidate, be made unanimous.

Then followed the touching words of John A. Andrew, in behalf of Massachusetts:

The affection of our hearts, and the judgment of our intellects, bound our political fortunes to William Henry Seward of New York — to him who is the brightest and most shining light of this political generation — to him who, by the unanimous selection of the foes of our cause, and our men, has for years been the determined standard-bearer of liberty, ever faithful, ever true.

Then the assent of Carl Schurz for Wisconsin:

We stood by Mr. Seward to the last; and we stand by him now in supporting Mr. Lincoln.

Then Austin Blair's answer for his State:

Michigan has nothing to take back. She has not sent me forward to worship the rising sun, but she has put me forward to say that at your behests here to-day, she lays down her first, best loved candidate, to take up yours, with some bleeding of the heart, with some quivering in the veins; but she does not fear that the fame of Seward will suffer, for she knows that his fame is a portion of the history of the American Union. We stand by him still. We have followed him with a single eye, and with unwavering faith in times past. We marshal now behind him in the grand column which shall go out to battle for Abraham Lincoln of Illinois.

Seward sat calmly at work in his study, alone; and rightly judging that, when no friend came with news, there was no news that friends would love to bring. When it came at last, it was followed by the information that no Republican could be found in Auburn, "just yet," who felt like penning the customary paragraph for the *Daily Advertiser*, announcing and approving the nominations. He smiled, and taking up his pen, wrote:

No truer exposition of the Republican creed could be given, than the platform adopted by the Convention contains. No truer or firmer defenders of the Republican faith could have been found in the Union, than the distinguished and esteemed citizens on whom the honors of the nomination have fallen. Their election, we trust by a decisive majority, will restore the Government of the United States to its constitutional and ancient course. Let the watchword of the Republican party be "Union and Liberty," and onward to victory.

So when the evening paper was published, it had this paragraph at the head of its columns, following the names of the nominees. But enthusiasm for Republican "victory" had died out in Auburn. To Seward's life-long associates there the blow was as crushing as it was unexpected. It shattered hopes they had been cherishing for years. They instinctively realized that it was no ordinary political defeat, to be retrieved in some subsequent campaign. It was the deposition, final and irrevocable, of the leader whom they had so long trusted and followed. Profound discouragement was mingled with apprehensions for the future of the party and the country. Even his political opponents shared in the general gloom that pervaded the village. A traveler reported, that "it seemed as if there was a funeral going on, all over Auburn. Seward was the only cheerful man in town."

He wrote to his son at Albany:

AUBURN, *May* 18, *Friday*, 6 *P. M.*

It is necessary that we replace our lost barn and outbuildings, and your counsel as to location and arrangements is necessary. I suppose Mr. Dawson

will be home to-morrow or Monday. Can you come up with Anna? We are all well, and I think the least unhappy of all the families in our little city.

To Weed he wrote:

May 18.

You have my unbounded gratitude for this last, as for the whole life of efforts in my behalf. I wish that I was sure that your sense of the disappointment is as light as my own. It ought to be equally so, for we have been equally thoughtful and zealous, for friends, party, and country, and I know not what has been left undone that could have been done, or done that ought to be regretted. You see that I am not expecting you to stop here on your way home, although Mrs. Seward and I have hoped that Harriet might stay with us a day or two.

During the following week throngs of visitors and friends came to him, from all the western counties of the State, "not," as they said, "to console, but to be consoled," by such counsel as he might be able to give them regarding the political outlook. Of course, the States where the nominees were best known were responding with heartiness to the nominations. In Illinois, where it was accepted as the fitting and triumphant end of the Lincoln and Douglas debate, it was received with enthusiasm. But in New York, and other States in which Seward had hitherto been regarded as the party's leader, feelings akin to those at Auburn largely prevailed, and there was danger that discouragement might lead to apathy. One warm-hearted Western friend said, "When I got the news, I felt as if I didn't want to have any thing more to do with white men's politics, and about ready to go out and live among the Potawattomies."

Now came the newspapers by every mail, with their comments on the unexpected result. The Republican journals accepted and extolled the nominations, occasionally with a half-regretful tribute to Seward, but striving to make the best of matters, and urging energetic and harmonious party action. The Democratic journals, for the most part, seemed to have no disposition to exult in his overthrow. The Albany *Argus* headed a trenchant article, "Actæon devoured by His Own Dogs."

"Governor Seward," said one of his friends, "how is it that you keep your equanimity, under a disappointment that oppresses the whole of us?"

"Why should I not?" was his reply. "For twenty years I have been breasting a daily storm of censure. Now all the world seems disposed to speak kindly of me. Look in that pile of papers — Republican and Democratic — and you will find there is hardly one unkind word. When I went out to market this morning," he added,

"I had the rare experience of a man walking about town, after he is dead, and hearing what people would say of him. I confess I was unprepared for so much real grief, as I heard expressed at every corner."

A day or two later came an earnest and touching letter from the Republican Central Committee in New York. He wrote in reply:

May 21.

I will not affect to conceal the sensibility with which I have received the letters in which you, and so many other respected friends, have tendered to me expressions of renewed and enduring confidence.

My friends know very well that, while they have always generously made my promotion to public trusts their own exclusive care, mine has only been to execute them faithfully, so as to be able, at the close of their assigned terms, to resign them into the hands of the people without forfeiture of the public confidence. The presentation of my name to the Chicago Convention was thus their act, not mine. I find in the resolutions of the Convention a platform as satisfactory to me as if it had been framed with my own hands; and in the candidates adopted by it, eminent and able Republicans with whom I have cordially co-operated in maintaining the principles embodied in that excellent creed. I cheerfully give them a sincere and earnest support. I trust, moreover, that those with whom I have labored so long that common service in a noble cause has created between them and myself relations of personal friendship, unsurpassed in the experience of political men, will indulge me in a confident belief that no sense of disappointment will be allowed by them to hinder or delay, or in any way embarrass the progress of that cause to the consummation which is demanded by a patriotic regard to the welfare and safety of the country, and the best interests of mankind.

A few days afterward, as he was making his arrangements to return to Washington, he wrote to Weed:

Sunday, May 27.

Washington was no place for me during the excitement of last week. I knew that home was the safest against the inquisitiveness of gossips, and I was disposed to think that I could brave the taunts about my absence — being duly paired and under call by telegraph. The Kansas Bill comes up on Wednesday, the first important question. I shall be there.

After showing myself there, and thus ending the scenes of the Convention, I shall be quite at liberty to meet you at New York or at Albany whenever you wish. The political interest that clustered around me so strongly will now entirely drop off. I have need of no further labors or sacrifices by friends, and I long to see you and Harriet once more at liberty to study art, and forget cares and toils in Europe.

Arrived at Washington, he wrote to Mrs. Seward:

Washington, *May* 30, 1860.

The journey and the reappearance at Washington in the character of a leader deposed by my own party, in the hour of organization for decisive battle, thank God are past — and so the last of the humiliations has been endured.

At Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Schenectady, friends, who had not yet recovered from the blow their hopes had received, gathered around me. My Irish friends in Utica alone had voices, and they used them to curse the party which had, as they thought, surrendered itself to the embrace of Intolerance. Weed, Lewis Benedict, and Corning met me at the depot in Albany, also Gilbert Davidson. Weed was subdued, gentle, sad. Corning, leader of the Democracy, as he is, was inconsolable.

I met Caroline Schoolcraft coming over to meet her husband, but he had stopped for some time, broken-hearted, at St. Catharines in Canada.

My way down the river in the cars was much the same in regard to incidents, as the journey from Auburn to Albany. It was nine o'clock when we reached Thirty-first street. Two policemen entered the cars, and in a quiet, respectful manner, announced their errand to give information about hotels, boarding-houses, and connections with other routes. The passengers rapidly left the cars, as we stopped at different stations. Only three or four remained as we approached Hudson street. I was sitting alone in the darkest corner of the car, when one of those policemen, who had disappeared, returned, and coming up to me said in an Irish dialect, with faltering utterance:

"Have I the honor to speak to the Honorable H. W. Seward?"

I answered: "My name is Seward."

"Well, sir," said he, as he gave a warm pressure of the hand, "I cannot leave the cars to-night, without invoking the blessing of God upon you," and immediately retired. He was gone, and everybody else. I was alone.

Blatchford, Grinnell, Draper, and Evarts had a supper for me at the Astor. In the midst of our animated conversation about Chicago, Mr. Griswold of the *Tribune* office, entered.

"I have come, by direction of Mr. Greeley, to ask if you have any thing for him."

"No, sir," I answered, "I have nothing for Mr. Greeley."

"I presume," he replied, "that he refers to a letter."

"No, sir," I rejoined mildly, "I have nothing for Mr. Greeley."

I arrived here on Tuesday night. Preston King, with a carriage, met me at the depot, and conveyed me to my home. It seemed sad and mournful. Dr. Nott's benevolent face, Lord Napier's complacent one, Jefferson's benignant one, and Lady Napier's loving one, seemed all like pictures of the dead. Even "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," seemed more frightfully desolate than ever. Spaulding and Israel Washburn came in during supper, and we talked of Chicago, and their trials and their disappointments, until midnight.

After reading the newspapers and letters, yesterday morning, I went to the Adams', and found them generous, kind, and faithful as ever. I accepted their invitation for dinner, drove to the Capitol, and entered the Senate. The scene was entirely changed from my entrance into the Chamber last winter. Cameron greeted me kindly; Wilkinson of Minnesota, and Sumner, cordially and manfully. Other Republican Senators came to me, but in a manner that showed a consciousness of embarrassment, which made the courtesy a conventional one; only Wilson came half a dozen times, and sat down by me, waiting for me to open a conversation on the transactions at Chicago. Mason,

Gwin, Davis, and most of the Democrats, came to me with frank, open, sympathizing words, thus showing that their past prejudices had been buried, in the victory they had achieved over me.

I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Israel Washburn, Sumner, and Mr. Pierce, a delegate from Massachusetts. Good men came through the day to see me, and also this morning. Their eyes fill with tears, and they become speechless, as they speak of what they call "ingratitude." They console themselves with the vain hope of a day of "vindication;" and my letters all talk of the same thing. But they awaken no response in my heart. I have not shrunk from any fiery trial prepared for me by the enemies of my cause. But I shall not hold myself bound to try, a second time, the magnanimity of its friends.

CHAPTER L.

1860.

The Greeley Letter. Charles Francis Adams. John L. Schoolcraft. Close of the Session. The Two Democratic Conventions. Douglas and Johnson. Breckinridge and Lane. "On the Stump." In New England. The Boston Speech. Telegraph Extended to St. Paul. The Western Tour. The "Wide-Awakes." Receptions and Speeches at Detroit, Lansing, Kalamazoo, Madison, Lacrosse, St. Paul. A Prediction of Alaska. A Warning of the War. Receptions at Dubuque, Chillicothe, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Lawrence, Atchison, St. Louis. Meeting with Lincoln at Springfield. At Chicago. Reminiscence of John Brown. Cleveland. Erie. Buffalo. At Home. Visit of the Prince of Wales. Close of the Canvass. New York Speech. The Night Before Election. Lincoln and Hamlin Elected.

Meanwhile, on the 19th of May, another National Convention assembled at Baltimore. This was composed chiefly of those who had been "Americans" or "Know-Nothings," and "Old Whigs," who were not yet prepared to join either the Republican, or the Democratic organizations. They now took the name of the "Constitutional Union Party," adopted the Constitution of the United States as their platform, and nominated John Bell of Tennessee, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts, for President and Vice-President. They were so inconsiderable in numbers, that they could not hope for success at the polls, further than, perhaps, to throw the election into the House of Representatives.

Seward wrote home:

Washington, *June* 2, 1860.

We are having a gentle northerly breeze, which makes breathing here a little more free. Mr. Adams has made a great speech, as they say, and I re-

joice at it. I trust that he will stay up the Republican party against all demoralizing influences.

I go at eleven to visit the Japanese, in return of their call.

SENATE CHAMBER, *June* 4.

This morning, I found your very beautiful and touching letter, which is very just as well as very natural. Sumner is making a speech against slavery — elaborate, unsparing, and denunciatory. The Southern Senators, nearly all, have withdrawn from the Chamber. We are promised to adjourn on the 18th.

Tuesday, June 5.

I am distressed to-day by a note from Weed saying, that Schoolcraft is dangerously ill at St. Catharines. If it were not for the Kansas Bill, I would go straight there.

I will send you Mr. Adams' speech. It is strong as iron, clear as crystal, genial as dew.

To Weed he wrote:

June 7.

I should think you ought to come on, if I knew whom you could impress. But, just now, independence of, and separation from you, are the prevailing sentiments here.

The adjournment is yet uncertain. It is not yet impossible that faction may occur again in the House. We have now no head; no council; no command; a committee without funds; a party without organization. I do not find any prospect of a joint reorganization of the Democratic party, but perhaps you can see through what is going on, among them, better than I.

One of the incidents of the early summer was the publication by Mr. Greeley, in the *Tribune*, of his letter to Seward in 1854, in which he said that he "announced the dissolution of the firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley." It, of course, became the theme of varied comment, by the political journals. Mr. Weed, who had not before seen it, said, in the columns of the *Evening Journal:*

One word in relation to the supposed political firm. Mr. Greeley brought into it his full quota of capital. But were there no beneficial results, no accruing advantages to himself? Did he not attain, in the sixteen years, a high position, a world-wide reputation, and an ample fortune? Admit as we do that he (Mr. Greeley) is not as wealthy as we wish he was, it is not because the *Tribune* has not made his fortune, but because he did not keep it — because it went (as other people's money goes) to friends, to pay indorsements, and in bad investments. In conclusion, we cannot withhold an expression of sincere regret that this letter has been called out. Having remained six years in blissful ignorance of its contents, we should have much preferred to have ever remained so. It jars harshly upon cherished memories. It destroys ideals of disinterestedness and generosity, which relieved political life from so much that is selfish, sordid, and rapacious.

On the following day a telegraphic dispatch from St. Catharines, Canada, advised him that his old friend Mr. Schoolcraft, who was delayed at that place by illness on his return from Chicago, was rapidly sinking. Seward started at once to endeavor to reach his bedside before his death. Returning, a few days later, after this sad duty, he wrote:

WASHINGTON, *Wednesday Morning, June* 13.

I am at home; that is, at this home, again. It is no pleasant experience, this of the decline of life. Only think that, not to speak of brave and faithful though remote friends, I have, in four months, been called away to bury three of the nearest, and two of them of my own kin! Schoolcraft's funeral was one of universal interest and sympathy. I met Mrs. Schuyler on my way down to New York, and had a very pleasant hour or two with her. Blatchford met me at the station in New York, and went on with me to Mr. Gregory's, a friend of mine, with whom I staid on Monday night, doomed as I was to receive a political club, when I was seeking escape from political associations. I came here last night. All the family well. I have just come from market, and at eleven I shall go to the Senate tread-mill, for day and night, cheerful, however, in the thought, that responsibility has passed away from me, and that the shadow of it grows shorter every day.

The closing weeks of the session of Congress were marked chiefly by haste and non-action. The majority of the members were naturally anxious to get home, to take part in the coming Presidential and congressional campaign, and were disinclined to give votes, upon public measures, that might come up as troublesome issues in the canvass. Enough were of this mind to postpone the tariff, though Seward earnestly protested against the postponement.

In like manner the "Homestead Bill" failed, though a compromise measure, embodying some of its features, passed both Houses, and then was vetoed by the President. The Pacific railroad was put over, and the measures for the suppression of the slave trade were defeated. Seward, who had been their earnest advocate, declared his intention to renew his efforts to arrest the infamous traffic, at the next session.

He wrote home:

Tuesday, June 19.

An uncertainty hangs over the adjournment of Congress. The day fixed is next Monday, but we talk of to-morrow, and the next day. We are packing up here, and I mean, adjournment or no adjournment, to be at home with all my retinue, on Saturday night, Monday night, or Tuesday night, at all events, in time for Willie's wedding.

The two Conventions, representing the divided opinions of the Democratic party, had now held their respective sessions. That

which assembled in Baltimore, on the 18th of June, after further contests and more withdrawal of delegates, had nominated Stephen A. Douglas for President, and Benjamin Fitzpatrick of Alabama, for Vice-President. The latter having declined, Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia, was nominated in his stead. The Convention which met at Richmond, on the 11th of June, had again adjourned till the 28th, at Baltimore, where they nominated John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, for President and Joseph Lane of Oregon, for Vice-President. So the Presidential "campaign" was fairly opened, and in progress.

Congress having adjourned, Seward hastened home, in order to be present at the wedding of his youngest son, William H. Seward, Jr., to Miss Janet Watson of Auburn. He wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *June* 26.

I escaped on Friday, to give the needful attention to Willie's marriage, which comes off to-morrow. I had not been able, until this last moment, to inquire into the condition of his affairs, and to hear and counsel, as a child has a right to expect, in so important a transaction. So, of course, I cannot be at Albany to-morrow evening. I saw that it would be useless for us to talk about the duties of the canvass, until we could know the form and body which the Democracy should take on; and so I did not much care for the disappointment, when I found you absent from home, on my way through Albany last Saturday. But the time has now come. If I can rightly, and to the satisfaction of my friends, remain at rest, I want to do so. I am content to quit with the political world, when it proposes to quit with me. But I am not insensible to the claims of a million of friends, nor indifferent to the opinion of mankind. All that seems to me clear, just now, is that it would not be wise to rush in at the beginning of the canvass, and so seem, most falsely, to fear that I shall be forgotten. Later in the canvass, it may be seen that I am wanted for the public interest. Of all this I want to talk with you quietly. Alas, that it must be now only you and I. Schoolcraft has gone! I will stand by you, so long as you have thought or heart to stand by even one of our good friends, or the country.

Early in August, Seward went to New England. After a visit at Mr. Evarts' summer home, in Windsor, Vermont, he proceeded through New Hampshire to Maine. Crowds thronged at railway stations to greet him. The inhabitants of various towns, with their local authorities, received him with addresses of welcome, to which he suitably responded. His journey from Windsor, through Bellows Falls, Keene, Dover, and Bangor to Portland, was a series of such greetings. At Portland, he was the guest of his old friend Israel Washburn.

Arriving at Boston, on the evening of a long, hot, and dusty day of travel, he was met at the depot by Charles Francis Adams, and Henry

Wilson, and a reception committee, who escorted him to the Revere House. Here a large assemblage was awaiting his coming. Governor N. P. Banks presented him to the people. He had already been called out seven or eight times, during the day, on the train, to answer addresses of welcome. He, however, responded with earnest warmth. One or two passages in this speech were often quoted afterward. During the ensuing year, when the Massachusetts troops came on to the defense of Washington, some of them asked him if he remembered saying, in this speech: "It behooves you, solid men of Boston, if such are here, and if the solid men are not here, then the lighter men of Massachusetts, to bear onward, and forward, first in the ranks, the flag of freedom." Other speeches followed, by Henry Wilson and Charles Francis Adams; and it was after midnight, when the crowd dispersed. A day was spent at Quincy, with the Adams family, and then he returned homeward. Numerous demonstrations of respect greeted him at various towns along the way.

Invitations now began to pour in upon him from different States. Many of them contained expressions implying that the campaign was not proceeding as satisfactorily as the writers had hoped, but that they believed his presence and speeches would re-awaken the old enthusiasm. He signified his readiness to comply, but found little time at Auburn to devote to the necessary study.

A pleasant greeting came from St. Paul. The telegraph had just now been extended into Minnesota, and the first dispatch over the wires was this:

ST. PAUL, *August* 29, 1:45 *P. M.*

To Governor SEWARD, Auburn, N. Y.:

Through the courtesy of Mr. Winslow we are enabled to send this, the first dispatch ever transmitted by lightning from St. Paul to East, as complimentary to you.

(Signed) M. S. WILKINSON,
AARON GOODRICH.

He replied:

AUBURN, *August* 29, 8:30 *P. M.*

To M. S. WILKINSON and A. GOODRICH:

You have grappled New York, now lay hold on San Francisco.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Toward the close of the month he wrote to his son:

I set out for the West on Saturday of next week; sleep at Niagara and spend Sunday there. Monday morning I go by Grand Trunk railroad. I have prepared or nearly prepared one speech. For the rest, I trust to the inspiration of the moment. I shall furnish no copies for the press, except at Detroit.

At the appointed time he started, accompanied by his daughter Fanny, with her friend, Ellen Perry, and Mr. George E. Baker. The party grew in number as it proceeded, by the accession of General James W. Nye and his daughter, Charles Francis Adams and his son, Charles F. Adams, jr., and others.

It was in 1860 that the young men, taking a hint from the torch-light processions of the volunteer firemen, first organized "Wide-Awake" clubs. With an inexpensive but effective equipment of glazed cap and cape, and a lighted torch, they drilled and marched, executing manœuvres with military precision to the sound of martial music. It was a novelty that enlivened the tedium of speech-making, and drew crowds to attend political meetings, that otherwise would have kept aloof. The custom, thus introduced by the young Republicans in 1860, has been ever since continued by both parties, in subsequent Presidential campaigns.

At every step in this Western tour, he was greeted with popular enthusiasm and hospitality. Cannons, brass bands, and processions of torch-bearing "Wide-Awakes" seemed to be awaiting the arrival of the special car, whenever it rolled into a village. In the large cities the receptions became veritable ovations. The streets were lined with dense crowds, and decked with lavish displays of flags and mottoes, evergreens and flowers. The speeches of welcome were full of deep feeling. At Albion, at Lockport, and at Niagara, were large gatherings. At Detroit a magnificent torch-light parade, followed by a great meeting, assembled to listen to his address.

This Detroit speech, afterward published under the title of "The National Divergence and Return," contained allusions to men and parties now become historical. In it he recounted the failure of the efforts of statesmen during forty years to make any lasting adjustment of the slavery question. "John Quincy Adams," said he, "the purest and wisest statesman I ever knew, died despairing of a peaceful solution of the problem." He pointed out how ill success had attended the attempts of Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, in the White House, while like ill success had attended the labors of Calhoun, Benton, Clay, and Webster in Congress, showing that "the difficulties of establishing a satisfactory policy have overtasked even our most eminent statesmen. They certainly were neither incapable nor selfish men." Nor had political parties been any more successful. "The dashing, unterrified, defiant, Jackson party," the "generous, though not unprejudiced, Whig party, that so often re-combined its shattered columns." the recent "American party," that "sprang at one bound from ten thousand dark chambers"—all had perished, while the Democratic party

"with its crew divided, as the hulk breaks in two, were framing rafts to sustain themselves one night more on the tempestuous sea of national politics." He added, "the parties of our country, what are they, but ourselves, the people of the country? Thus the faults of past Administrations, and the responsibilities for existing evils, are brought directly home to yourselves, and myself, and to the whole people." He narrated how the nation had deviated from the true path forty years, adding "Territory after Territory, region after region, not merely neglecting to keep slavery out, but removing the barriers against it, which we found standing. In doing this, we have defied the moral opinions of mankind, overturned the laws and systems of our fathers, and dishonored their memories. My humble advice then is, that we return, and re-establish the original policy of the nation, and henceforth hold, as we did in the beginning, that freedom is the normal, enduring, and permanent condition of society in the United States."

That evening came a great procession of "Wide-Awakes" from the towns on the lake-shore and in the interior of the State. The streets in front of Mr. Chandler's house gleamed and shone with thousands of torches. Seward was called to the balcony, and said:

To-day the young men of the United States are for the first time on the side of freedom against slavery. Go on then and do your work. Put this great cause into the keeping of your great, honest, worthy leader, Abraham Lincoln. Believe me sincere, when I say, that if it had devolved upon me to select from all the men in the United States a man to whom I should confide the standard of this cause — which is the object for which I have lived and labored, and for which I would be willing to die — that man would have been Abraham Lincoln.

At DeWitt, a cavalcade of two hundred horsemen met and escorted him to the State capital, nine miles distant, where twenty thousand people were assembled.

One of the incidents of the gathering at Lansing was an address to him by the students of the State Agricultural College, in which they said they had learned to love him "for his devotion to the cause of truth and humanity, and to look to him for instruction in the great principles of civil liberty." Seward, in his speech at the Capitol, said:

While you think I have come here to instruct you, I have, in fact, come to complete my own education. I wanted to see for myself how an American State is planted, organized, perfected -- I see it all, now, and here before me. * * * All future States shall be made exactly as Michigan was made. That process is to keep slavery out the Territory, while it is a Territory, and then it must and will be a free State when it comes to be a State.

Pushing on, after a brief stay at Mr. Hosmer's, he next visited Jack-

son, where there was a similar assemblage. It was past midnight when he reached Kalamazoo, but the whole town was awake and a huge bon-fire blazing in the square.

All parties united in the reception at Madison, Wisconsin. The State and city authorities, the military and fire companies, and the various societies met him at the station. Chauncey Abbott welcomed him in behalf of the city, and Governor Randall, in behalf of the State. Seward, in his reply, said:

It has been by a simple rule of interpretation that I have studied the Constitution of my country. That rule has been — that by no word, no act, no combination into which I might enter, should any human being, much less any class of human beings, of any nation, race, or kindred, be repressed, and kept down in the least degree, in their efforts to rise to a higher state of liberty and happiness.

Here he paused a couple of days, at the house of Mr. Hopkins. At the great meeting he spoke from the steps of the Capitol. In closing his speech, he said:

You are in the land which produces the wheat and the corn, the cereal grains — the land that is covered with the oak, and where the slave cannot live. I speak to you because I feel that I am, and during all my mature life have been, one of you. Although of New York, I am still a citizen of the North-west. The North-west extends eastward to the base of the Alleghany mountains, and does not all of Western New York lie westward of the Alleghany mountains? Whence comes all the inspiration of "Free Soil" which spreads itself with such cheerful voices over all these plains? Why, from New York westward of the Alleghany mountains. The people before me — who are you but New York men, while you are men of the North-west?

At this point, a large number of voices in the audience responded, indicating the different counties in New York from which they had emigrated, — "Cayuga," "Genesee," "Yates," "Seneca," "Ontario," etc., so that Seward remarked:

Why, I thought I was midway between the Lakes and the Mississippi, but I find I am at home, among old neighbors and friends.

Reaching the Mississippi river, the party embarked at Prairie-du Chien upon a steamboat for St. Paul. The journey up the river was, however, several times arrested, in order to comply with the wishes of the people of the various towns along its banks, all of whom seemed eager to see him and hear him. At La Crosse, although it was early in the morning, a great procession was waiting to receive him on landing, and escort him to the grounds of the Turnverein. Among other things, he said here:

We see and hear abundant evidences that we are after all not separate and dis-

tinct peoples — not distinct peoples of Iowa, Wisconsin, New York, and Massachusetts, but that we are one people. It is an assurance that enables us to trample under our feet every menace of disunion.

During the following day, the boat was repeatedly stopped at different landings, in order that the populace gathered on the shore might see and greet him with their enthusiastic salutations, to which he would reply by a brief address to them from the upper deck. A reception committee from St. Paul met him at one of these landings, and accompanied him to their city. It was Sunday morning when they arrived, so that he was enabled to proceed quietly to the house of Colonel Oaks, and rest there. Monday morning was devoted to an excursion to the Falls of St. Anthony and Minnehaha. It was evening when they returned to St. Paul. Thousands of "Wide-Awakes" and citizens had assembled in front of the hotel, to give him welcome and a serenade. An artillery salute was fired, and then Judge Goodrich, coming out with Seward on the balcony, presented him to the people, in an enthusiastic speech.

The following day witnessed an assemblage in front of the Capitol, which, as one of those present described it, "seemed to be a gathering of the people of the whole State." John W. North made the introductory speech. Seward's speech on this occasion is one of the best remembered of his efforts. It was an embodiment of the thoughts which had come to him during the varied scenes of this journey, and was made with more than usual animation and fervor.

His words were caught up and echoed with enthusiastic cheers by the dense throng around him. Of the scene around him he said:

> I find myself now, for the first time, on the highlands in the center of the continent, equi-distant from the waters of Hudson's Bay, and the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic ocean, to the ocean in which the sun sets — here on the spot where spring up, almost side by side, the two great rivers of the continent. Here is the central place where the agriculture of the richest regions of North America must begin its magnificent supplies to the whole world.

It was in this speech that he made the prediction, afterward realized by the Alaska Treaty:

> Standing here and looking far off into the North-west, I see the Russian as he busily occupies himself in establishing sea-ports, and towns, and fortifications on the verge of this continent as the outposts of St. Petersburg, and I can say: "Go on, and build up your outposts all along the coast, up even to the Arctic ocean — they will yet become the outposts of my own country — monuments of the civilization of the United States in the North-west."

The leading idea of the speech, and that which the argument illustrated and enforced, was this:

The government established here has only one vital principle. All others are resolved into it. That one principle — what is it? It is the equality of every man who is a member of the State to be governed.

Finally he stated the responsibility resting upon his hearers:

Therefore it is I enjoin upon you all to regard yourselves as men who, although you have achieved the victory and are entitled, even now, it seems, to laurels, are nevertheless enlisted for the war and for your natural lives. You are committed to maintain the great policy until it shall have been so firmly established in the hearts and wills and affections of the American people that there shall never be again a departure from it. We look to you of the Northwest to finally decide whether this is to be a land of slavery or freedom.

Another serenade and torch-light procession came in the evening — this time composed of Germans. Early on the following morning he reëmbarked on the steamboat, and proceeded down the river to Dubuque, Iowa. It was nearly midnight when he reached Dubuque, but there was an eager throng at the wharf; the cannon were in readiness, and the "Wide-Awakes" had their torches trimmed and burning. Mr. Allison made the speech of welcome, and Seward duly responded. The following day the people again gathered in the public square to listen to him. In this speech he closed with the significant warning:

Nature herself seems to be forbearing; she seems to be passive and silent. She lets nations, as she lets individuals, go on in their course of action, violating laws. But this is for a season only. The time comes at last when Nature unerringly vindicates every right, and punishes every wrong in the actions of men or States. She comes then in terror, in revolution, in anarchy, in chaos. You will let this Government and this nation slide down still further the smooth declivity of national vice if you choose. Nature will bring it back again in due time with convulsions which will wake the sighs and groans of the civilized world.

It had now been decided to prolong the tour and go into Kansas, from whence had come so many earnest invitations. His party traveled rapidly through Illinois, receiving popular greetings at each important place. At Quincy, after a warm and cordial reception, he crossed the Mississippi river, and then for the first time on this trip, entered a slave State. Missouri was understood to regard the Republicans with little favor. Her political contest was only between Democrats and "Americans." Nevertheless, the travelers were courteously received, and hospitably entertained. At Brookfield, a collation was in waiting; and from Chillicothe came an urgent request to make a speech there, as the people had a curiosity to see him, although as the committee frankly acknowledged, they, as well as the audience

assembled, were "pro-slavery men." Seward consented, and spoke briefly, in a good-humored strain, from the platform of the car. In the course of his remarks, he said:

I know Mr. Bell, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Breckinridge; I have, however, not a word to say against either of them. They are good personal friends of mine, of whom I always speak well, and I hope they always speak well of me. But I cannot make up my choice in favor of either of them. From the variety of banners and mottoes around me, I think you yourselves are in the same quandary. What then would you say, if I should propose to you to agree on *my* candidate, Abraham Lincoln?"

Before he had concluded, the whistle blew, and the train moved off, amid "cheers for Seward," and then for Douglas, Bell, and Breckinridge. At St. Joseph, however, on the Kansas border, Republicanism was found to have a following and a foothold. It was late on Saturday night when he arrived, but an enthusiastic reception and torch-light procession awaited him. He spoke from the balcony of the hotel. In the course of his remarks, he said:

The principle that every man ought to be the owner of the soil that he cultivates, and the owner of the limbs and the head that he applies to that culture, has been adopted in some of the States earlier than in others; and where it was adopted earliest, it has worked out the fruits of higher enterprise, of greater prosperity. Where it has not been adopted, enterprise and industry have languished in proportion. But it is going through; it is bound to go through. (A voice — "It's not going through here!") Yes! here! As it has already gone through eighteen States of the Union, so it is bound to go through all of the other fifteen. It is bound to go through all of the thirty-three States of the Union, for the simple reason that it is going through the world.

At various points on the Missouri river, as the steamer passed, he was saluted with cheers, by the people gathered at the landings. At Leavenworth, he stepped, for the first time, upon the soil of Kansas, amid the firing of cannons, and the acclamations of the people. The procession that escorted him to the hotel had as a notable feature, all the mechanics of the city, bearing their various implements. A. C. Wilder, who made the speech of welcome, spoke of him as "the Representative of Kansas, in the Senate of the United States."

In his reply, Seward remarked that at his entrance into Kansas, he found two symbols of the spirit of the people. The one was "the cannon which was booming on the hill near by." He had heard that it was captured by the "Free State" men, during the struggle for free institutions. Another, was the organization of the "Wide-Awakes" whom he saw around him, "not in the customary costume of that body, but as an army of free-laboring men" — carpenters,

masons, and mechanics of all kinds — who had come out in their working clothes, with their tools of all kinds, in a body, to welcome him.

On the road to Lawrence, the localities of different encounters were passed. Governor Robinson met the party, and drove with them, pointing out here and there a log hut, or a pile of stones, marking the scene of a battle or murder. At one place, he showed where the ground was covered with fragments of bricks; it was the former site of his own house, burned at the time of the troubles.

At one o'clock, a procession formed, and escorted Seward into Lawrence, on his return from Topeka, Lecompton, and the surrounding country. There were no handsome carriages, though a number of rough wagons; but the chief feature consisted of a great number of men on horseback. As soon as the gathered crowd was hushed to silence, Major Deitzler made a warm-hearted speech of welcome. Governor Robinson followed, saying:

The freemen of Kansas, they are here, in person, from every county and hamlet, and they bid me give you words of welcome. In 1854, on the floor of the Senate of the United States, you accepted the challenge of the slave power, in these memorable words: "Come on, then, gentlemen of the slave States, since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of Freedom! We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers, as it is in right!"

Six years have elapsed, and to-day we present you Kansas, free, to grace your triumph, with a Constitution adopted by her people, without a stain of slavery to mar its beauty. In behalf of those who battled for freedom, on the soil of Kansas, I welcome you, as their champion and defender, their deliverer from despotic rule.

Such a reception, amid such surroundings, touched and thrilled every heart. Seward, in response, said:

I have visited your chief cities, Leavenworth and Lawrence; I have also looked upon that beautiful eminence on the banks of the Kansas river, where Lecompton sits a lonely widow, desolate, and mourning her ambitions. When I look at field after field, and cabin after cabin, and church after church, and school-house after school-house, where but six years ago was the unbroken range of savages, I am prepared here to declare, and do declare, you people of Kansas, the most intelligent, and the bravest, and the most virtuous people of the United States. That is the most intelligent, and bravest, and most virtuous people, which can take the banner of human freedom, when it is trailed in the dust, by the Government of their choice, and can and does raise it aloft, and protect it, and bear it to success and honor. Henceforth, if my confidence in the stability of the American Union wavers, I shall come here to learn that the Union is stronger than human ambition, because it is founded on the affection of the American people.

At Atchison was another reception. The streets filled with arches and flowers, a dinner, a procession, speeches, etc. One arch, formed of oak-boughs, bore the inscription, "Welcome to Seward, the Defender of Kansas and of Freedom!" The houses in the city were covered with festoons made of oak-leaves. He was received by the Mayor, under a banner bearing the motto, "The Subduers are Themselves Subdued."

Returning by way of St. Louis, Seward, in reply to a friendly greeting of the St. Louis people, took a friend's privilege to tell them their faults:

"Here," said he, "are the people of Missouri, who ask me to make a speech, and at the same time have laws regulating what I shall say. The first duty that you owe to your city and to yourselves is to repeal and abrogate every law on your statute-book that prohibits a man from saying what his honest judgment, and sentiment, and heart tell him is the truth. Though I have said these hard things about the State of Missouri, I have no hard sentiments for it, or St. Louis, for I have great faith and hope — nay absolute trust — in Providence and the American people. I have full trust that it will come all right in the end. Therefore, I finish as I began, by exhorting you to secure freedom of speech. That once gained, all other freedom shall be added thereto."

His plain speaking was received with good humor and cheers. Some of his auditors indeed assured him, that, however it might be elsewhere in the State, in the city "the laws against free speech were a dead letter — and that St. Louis was already a free city — as free as Boston."

Early on Monday morning, the homeward journey was resumed through Illinois. About noon the train reached Springfield, the home of Abraham Lincoln. Here in the midst of the gathering of people, were seen the tall forms of Mr. Lincoln and Judge Trumbull. Cordial greetings were exchanged between them and Seward, amid the cheering of the crowd and the firing of cannon. The three then stood together on the platform of the car, while Seward made a brief speech of acknowledgment. He said:

If there is, in any part of the country, a deeper interest felt in his election than there is in any other part, it must, of course, be here, where he has lived a life of usefulness, where he is surrounded by the companions of his labors, and of his public services. We are happy to report to you, although we have traveled over a large part of the country, we have found no doubtful States. You would naturally expect that I should say something about the State of New York. The State of New York will give a generous, and cheerful, and effective support to your neighbor, Abraham Lincoln. She voted to establish this a land of freedom for you in 1787. She sustained the ordinance of '87

till you were able to take care of yourselves. Among the first acts of her government, she abolished slavery for herself. She will sustain your distinguished neighbor, because she knows he is true to this great principle, and when she has helped to elect him, by giving him as large a majority as can be given by any half dozen other States, then you will find that she will ask less, exact less from him, and support him more faithfully than any other State can do. That is the way she did with John Quincy Adams; that is the way she sustained General Taylor, and that is the way she will sustain Abraham Lincoln.

Of the twenty minutes stay at Springfield, the greetings, the reception, the speech, the introduction and hand-shaking engrossed the whole, except a few moments devoted to a hasty private conference in regard to the political situation. The train then bore Seward on his way.

When he reached Chicago, at seven in the evening, a multitude thronged the streets, and a procession, with music and torch-lights, attended him to the hotel, through a *feu-de-joie* of fireworks and cannon. The acclamations were renewed, when he appeared on the balcony of the hotel, with Mayor Wentworth, and redoubled when the speeches of welcome and response had been exchanged. During the night, the railways and steamboats were hourly adding fresh comers to the multitude in that city. They had come to "see and hear Seward;" but for most of them, while the seeing was practicable, the hearing was impossible; for no human voice could reach them all. While he was speaking in the open square, General Nye and Mr. Lovejoy were also addressing the other portions of the dense throng. His speech was long and elaborate — an exposition of what he called "the National Idea."

It is a national faith, the one life-sustaining, of the American Republic, that civilization is to be maintained, and carried on, upon this continent, by Federal States based upon principles of Free Soil, Free Labor, Free Speech, Equal Rights, and Universal Suffrage!

An episode was this reminiscence of John Brown:

The first and only time I ever saw him was when he called upon me after the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise, and asked me what I thought of the future? I said I was disappointed and saddened — I would persevere; but it was against hope.

He said, "Cheer up, Governor; the people of Kansas will not accept slavery; Kansas will never be a slave State."

I took then a deliberate survey of the broad field. I saw that the time had come when men, and women, and children were departing from their homes in the Eastern States, and were followed, or attended by men, women, and children from European nations — all of them crowded out, by the pressure in the

older parts of the world; and all making their way even to the banks of the Mississippi. I knew that these emigrants were planting a town every day; and a State every three years. Heedless and unconcerned as they were, thinking only of provision for their immediate wants, shelter and lands to till in the West — I knew an interest, yet unknown to themselves, which they would have, when they should get here; and that was that they should own the land themselves — that slaves should not come into competition with them here. So, as they passed by me, steamboat load after steamboat load, and railroad train after railroad train, though they were the humblest, and perhaps the least educated, and least trained portion of the communities from which they had come, I knew that they had the instinct of interest, and below and deeper than that, the better instinct of justice. And I said, I will trust these men; I will trust these exiles; my faith and reliance henceforth is on the poor, not on the rich, on the humble, not on the great. I was even painfully disappointed at first, in seeing that the emigrants to the West had no more consciousness of their interest in this question, when they had arrived here, than they had in their native countries. The Irishman who had struggled against oppression in his own country, failed me; the German seemed at first — but thank God not long — dull and unconscious of the duty that had devolved upon him. Nevertheless, I said that the interest and instincts of these people would ultimately bring them out: and when the States which they found and rear and fortify shall apply for admission into the Union, they will come, not as slave States, but as free States. And to-day I see the very realization of it all.

The ovation did not end until late at night; and then, with a serenade, and a huge procession of "Wide-Awakes." All the way home, enthusiastic greetings seemed to be awaiting him. At Cleveland, he paused long enough to address the citizens in their public park. At Erie, Pennsylvania, he made another brief speech. When he reached Buffalo, where he was to remain over night, and the brilliant torches and loud shouts of the "Wide-Awakes" called him out to speak, he said:

Having seen many States, I am back to New York prouder of her, and prouder that I belong to her. I have found, all along the shores of the Great Lakes, along the banks of the great rivers, and even at the foot of the Rocky Mountains children of the State of New York, almost as numerous as at home. Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and Kansas are all daughters of New York. So is California. More States have been formed under her auspices, than there were at the beginning of the Union. It was a son of New York who first applied steam to locomotion; a citizen of New York, and its chief magistrate, who began and perfected the Erie canal, and over that route, the stream of emigration has flowed which has founded new States. New York has built the West.

The eventful five weeks' tour ended on Saturday night, October 6, when he reached his home at Auburn. There he related to his townsmen the story of his journey. He added:

These are my travels. You will ask me, "What have you seen? What have you learned?" I have seen a great nation, a greater nation than I saw last year, although I traveled the Old World from the Dead Sea to the Pillars of Hercules — a greater nation than has existed in ancient or modern times.

He wrote to Mr. Lincoln:

AUBURN, *October* 8, 1860.

We arrived here on Saturday night, and I find no reason to doubt that this State will redeem all the promises we have made.

Hoping and trusting firmly in your success with the cause,

I am, etc., etc.

On the following day, he wrote to his son at Albany:

AUBURN, *October* 9, 1860.

I have accepted the Governor's invitation to dine with Lord Renfrew, and shall be at your house to stay, arriving in the last train on the 15th.

The guest whom he was to meet at the Governor's was the Prince of Wales. A year or two before, when Lord Napier and Seward, at Washington, were in conversation upon the best methods of maintaining and increasing friendly feeling between the people of the two countries, Seward remarked that nothing would do more to promote it than a visit to America by the Queen herself. But this, of course, would be impracticable. Young princes, however, as a part of their education, are frequently traveling, and he expressed a belief that a visit from the Prince of Wales, or any of his brothers would be fraught with good results. It was a question about which experienced diplomatists might well hesitate, for no member of the Royal Family had yet tried the experiment of a visit to the States that were former British colonies. Whether such a visit might not be misconstrued — might not even re-waken old Revolutionary animosities against "the Crown," and ancient hatred of "John Bull" — were points to be considered. Seward, however, was confident that such a friendly overture would be not only understood, but appreciated. When in 1860, the visit was determined upon, it was deemed proper to avoid any offense to Republican prejudices, as well as all troublesome etiquette, by announcing that the Prince would travel *incog.* — as "Lord Renfrew." But the Americans, while willing to call him by such title as he might prefer, were ready to receive him and welcome him as what he was, the Prince of Wales, and so the representative of the British nation. During his whole tour, they met and treated him, if not with courtly ceremony, at least with hearty good-will and enthusiasm. It was a pleasing episode in the midst of the gathering political storm, which was alienating men and parties from each other, to find one

gleam of sunshine, that all shared in common — in their memories of the Mother Country, and their hospitality toward its youthful heir-apparent.

The Prince was accompanied by the newly-appointed British Minister, Lord Lyons, the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of St. Germains, Major-General Robert Bruce (whose brother was afterward Minister to the United States), Dr. Acland, Major Teesdale, Captain Gray, Lord Hinchingbrooke, Hon. Charles Elliot, Mr. Engleheart, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Warre, and Mr. Archibald, H. B. M.'s Consul in New York. Coming down from the North, their latest scene of travel, they stopped over night at Albany. Governor Morgan's dinner comprised the members of the Royal Party, the Mayor of Albany, the Governor's family, his Secretaries and Staff. The dinner was followed by an informal reception of some of the more prominent people of the city.

Seward hastened back to Auburn, for there was little time to spare from the active work of the campaign. Invitations and urgent entreaties to speak at political meetings came by every mail. Hardly a week was allowed him for rest, after his fatiguing Western trip, before he was again "on the stump" in his own State. He spoke at Lyons, Binghamton, Fredonia, Seneca Falls, and other places. At Seneca Falls, he startled his hearers by this opening:

> This Republic of ours is in a crisis, and I, for one, confess, as I believe it to be true, that if this Republic passes safely through this crisis, it takes assurance of long endurance — practically of immortality; and if it fails to pass safely through this crisis, it will languish and die.

In fact, as the canvass progressed, the greatness of the crisis had grown more manifest. All the political parties were vigorously and energetically at work. The leading men of each organization were speaking to excited audiences. Douglas himself was traveling from point to point, earnestly advocating his own principles and candidates. Breckinridge had the leading political orators of the South almost unitedly in his behalf. Chase, Hale, Sumner, Adams, Giddings, Wade, Stevens, Sherman, Wilson, Banks, were addressing Republican gatherings with spirit and effect. It was beginning to be already evident that Breckinridge would receive the bulk of the Southern vote — that Bell and Douglas might get some of the "Border States," and that New England and the North-west would be carried by the Republicans. The October elections in Pennsylvania and Indiana showed that they might also join the Republican column. So the turning point of the contest would be New York. Redoubled effort was, therefore, made, on both sides, to carry "the Empire State."

The supporters of Douglas, Bell and Breckinridge coalesced, and made a "Fusion" electoral ticket; doubtless with the understanding that if chosen, the electors would vote for whichever of the three they could elect. It was a formidable combination of elements, which the Republicans hitherto had defeated separately, but had never encountered as a united whole. "Disunion" was again a subject of alarm. Southern menaces were supplemented by the fears of merchants and business men in the great commercial center. Financial panic spread in the city of New York, and thence to other cities, paralyzing and arresting trade. Naturally, these alarms encouraged the hopes and strengthened the ranks of the "Fusionists." Seward's incessant labors had, by this time, brought on a fever, which threatened to assume a typhoid form. But he still kept up. Replying to an earnest request to come to the city to speak, he wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *Oct.* 19.

My engagements come so that I could only be in New York on November 2, no other day. I have new and urgent invitations from there. But I have written Draper that you will decide, whether I go on that day. I write thus, supposing that you may be at Albany, so that you may telegraph to him if necessary.

When he reached New York, he found that arrangements had been made for him to speak at the Palace Garden. There, on the evening of the 2d, a great audience was awaiting him. He opened his speech by reverting to the early history of the city, and its political struggles. He showed how its commercial supremacy was developed and maintained through wise statesmanship, and the adoption of just principles in regard to human rights. As New York would not have achieved greatness in its past, so neither could its greatness be maintained in the future, except by adherence to these principles. "Slavery does not build up great States and great cities — freedom does."

In early life I made a pilgrimage to see whether it was not true that New Orleans was to supersede and supplant New York, as the seat of commerce on this continent. I found that New York was increasing in a ratio of such magnitude, that when New Orleans would have a quarter of a million, New York would have a million and a half. Shall I tell you the reason? I found it in the fact that, in the city of New York, I saw the cobbler's light twinkling in his window, in the gray of the morning, or late at night. I saw every thing *made*, as well as *sold*, in New York; but when I came to the city of New Orleans, I found there that every thing was *sold*, and nothing was *made*. After trying in vain to find any article of human raiment that was made in New Orleans, I did see upon a sign opposite the St. Charles Hotel, this inscription: "Wagons, Carts and Wheelbarrows, Made and Sold Here." I said, I have found one thing that is made in New Orleans! — coarse wagons,

carts, and rough, rude, wheelbarrows! But, on crossing to inspect the matter, a little more minutely, before entering it in my notes, I found that I had overlooked some words in smaller letters, "at New Haven," and that the sign was rightly to be read: "Wagons, Carts, and Wheelbarrows *made* at New Haven, and *sold* Here." Fellow-citizens, this is not a reproach. It is not spoken reproachfully; it would ill become me to so speak it. But it is their system. They employ slaves, and in New York — I was going to say that we employ, but I think I will reverse it, and say that freemen employ their masters, the manufacturers. This is but an illustration. The principle is the same in every department of industry. * * * That would seem to be the end of the argument, but they then resort to terror and to menace. They tell us they will withdraw their trade from the city of New York, unless she will vote — unless her citizens will vote, as they require them to vote — as their supposed interest dictates. Is it best to yield to that? Why, New York is not a province of Virginia or of Carolina, any more than it is a province of New Jersey or Connecticut. New York is the metropolis of the country. New York must be the metropolis of the continent. Her commerce, like her principles, must be elevated, just, and impartial.

Showing then that the pro-slavery policy already entered upon at Washington would "change all this thing, to put slavery into the free States again, and to send slavery into, and freedom out of, the Territories," he said:

They tell us that we are to encounter opposition. Why, bless my soul! did anybody ever expect to reach a fortune, or fame, or happiness on earth, or a crown in Heaven, without encountering resistance and opposition? What are we made men for, but to encounter and overcome opposition arrayed against us in the line of our duty?

As for the menaces to the Union, he said:

For my part, I have faith in the Constitution, faith in the Union, faith in the people of the States, faith in the people of the Union, faith in freedom, faith in justice, and faith in virtue, faith in humanity.

This was on Friday night. The election was to be held on the following Tuesday. He hastened home, in order to once more address his fellow-townsmen, as was his custom, on the night before the election. Party excitement was now at fever-heat, in the State. The Republicans were stigmatized as "Black Republicans," Negro Worshipers," "Fanatics," "Incendiaries," and were reproached as being "madly bent on destroying the Union," by those who saw no way to save it, except by yielding to the demands of the South. The "Fusionists," following the example of the "Wide-Awakes," had their torch-light processions, also; the supporters of Douglas taking the name of "Little Giants," and the "Bell" men punning on the name of their

candidate, by carrying and clanging huge bells. Seward closed the eventful canvass with his Auburn speech, which ended thus:

And this "Fusion" party, what is the motive to which it appeals? You may go into the streets to-night, and follow the "Little Giants," who go with their torch-lights, and their flaunting banners of "Popular Sovereignty," or you may go with the smaller and more select and modest band who go for Breckinridge and slavery, or you may follow the music of the clanging bells, and strange to say, they will all bring you into one common chamber! When you get there, you will hear only this emotion of the human heart appealed to, fear — fear, that if you elect a President of the United States, according to the Constitution and laws to-morrow, you will wake up the next day and find that you have no country for him to preside over. Is that not a strange motive for an American patriot to appeal to? And in that same hall, amid the jargon of three discordant members of the "Fusion" party, you will hear one argument, and that argument is, that so sure as you are so perverse as to cast your vote singly, lawfully, honestly, as you ought to do, for one candidate for the Presidency instead of scattering it among three candidates so that no President may be elected, this Union shall come down over your heads, involving you and us in a common ruin.

Fellow-citizens, it is time, high time, that we know whether this is a constitutional government under which we live. It is high time that we know, since the Union is threatened, who are its friends and who are its enemies. The party who propose in the old appointed constitutional way to choose a President are every man of them loyal to the Union. I know that our good and esteemed neighbors do not mean to support, or think they are supporting, disunionists. But I tell them that he who proposes to lay hold of the pillars of the Union and bring it down into ruin is a disunionist; that every man who quotes and uses threats and menaces as an argument against our exercise of our duty is an abettor, unconscious though he may be, of disunion; and that when to-morrow's sun shall have set, and the next morning's sun shall have risen upon the American people, rejoicing in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, those men who to-day sympathize with, and excuse the disunionists, will have to make a sudden choice, and choose whether, in the language of the Senator from Georgia, they will "go for treason, and so make it respectable," or whether they will go with us for freedom, for the Constitution, and for eternal Union.

Election day passed off quietly and peaceably. Its results were awaited with intense interest. But, as early as midnight, they were foreshadowed by the scattering returns — and in less than twenty-four hours, it became manifest that Lincoln and Hamlin were elected. Every free State gave them its electoral votes, except New Jersey, where they were divided between Lincoln and Douglas. New York gave fifty thousand Republican majority. The North-western States were as solid as New England. All along the line of Middle States that had been deemed doubtful, in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illi-

nois, and Iowa, the majorities exceeded expectation. The "Border States" of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee voted for Bell, and Missouri for Douglas, and all the others gave their votes for Breckinridge. A few days later came the news that California and Oregon had joined the Republican column.

Seward had especial reason to be gratified with the result in his own neighborhood. Auburn gave Lincoln four hundred and fifty majority. Cayuga county gave him four thousand, a greater one than at any previous election — and in the State at large, the increase of the Republican vote over that at the preceding national election was a hundred thousand.

The jubilant "Wide-Awakes" made the echoes ring with salutes, and marched and countermarched with their music and fireworks. When they gathered in the grounds in front of Seward's house, and loudly called for a speech, he came, not with words of exultation, but of grave and impressive counsel. He told them they had a right to rejoice in the success of the principle, "the Republican principle and the true Democratic principle of equal and exact justice to all men." He congratulated them that the erroneous national policy of forty years had been "retraced, reconsidered, reversed, and renounced." He counseled them as to their present duty. "Let the passions and prejudices be buried with the errors of the past." He urged magnanimity, saying that those who had practiced patience under political defeat must now "show the greater virtue of moderation in triumph." Pointing out that for those defeated in an election, "an appeal lies from the people this year, to the people themselves next year," and "so on forever," he said that while this might seem a long way, "it is our way," and that there could be no better one; that if there were those "who think that marshaling armies, or pulling down the pillars of the Republic is a better, because a shorter way," he did not doubt that they too would find that "our way, the old way, their old way, as well as our old way, is not only the shortest, but the best."

CHAPTER LI.

1860.

After Election. South Carolina Withdrawing from the Union. Georgia Arming. Secession Spreading. Northern Incredulity. Alarm at Washington. Proposed Convention of the People. Opening of Congress. The Message. The Debates. Proffer of the Secretaryship of State. The New England Dinner Speech. Correspondence with the President-elect. The Committee of Thirteen. The Outlook Described. The Southern View. President Buchanan's Cabinet. Major Anderson. "Treason Around and Amongst Us."

With the closing of the polls, there came at Auburn a brief season of rest and quiet. Seward sat in his study, putting in order his neglected personal affairs, but carefully watching the drift of public events. For a few mornings after the election, the columns of the newspapers were filled with figures and comments upon local and general results. But these soon began to give place to more startling news. Every day the telegraph brought indications that those who had long threatened "disunion" were now intending to accomplish it. South Carolinians were leading the way. First came the announcement that the South Carolina Legislature, called to meet on the 5th to choose presidential electors, would take steps looking to the withdrawal of the State from the Union. Then the Governor's message, and the speeches of Senators and Congressmen, counseling "secession," "revolution," and "unfurling the Palmetto flag." Then reports of ostentatious rejoicing in Charleston by Secessionists, over Lincoln's election, because it would give them their desired opportunity. Before the week was out, came news that a bill providing for a convention had passed one House; and would pass the other without opposition; that the United States District Court was closed, and the judge had resigned; quickly followed by the announcement of similar resignations of their places by other Federal officers, and by the Senators in Congress.

Another week brought the formal call of the convention by South Carolina; the action of the Georgia Legislature, in appropriating a million dollars to arm the State; the unavailing speech of Stephens, in which he said: "To withdraw because a man has been constitutionally elected puts us in the wrong." Then followed disunion meetings and movements in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida, in order, as their promoters said, to "fire the Southern heart," throughout the cotton States.

The Northern people, for the most part, seemed incredulous. They had heard threats of "disunion" for many years, echoing from the

"stump," and the halls of Congress — and had seen them regularly die away, as soon as the slave-holders had achieved some desired political result. That any considerable number of sensible men, in America, could really want to sever their connection with a Union that had been so fruitful of blessings to all, was hardly believed possible. Even the presses which chronicled the movement deemed its proportions exaggerated.

Seward wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *November* 18.

Three, or even two months ago, I thought that I might remain here until the end of the holidays. But now, especially since the Southern demonstrations, I have supposed that my absence, even a day, from Washington after the beginning of the session would, if not even wrong *per se*, be a cause of dissatisfaction somewhere. So I am calculating to reach the capital on Saturday night, before the session begins. I have no pressure to be in Albany or elsewhere. If for any reason you want to see me, however, you need only to telegraph. I am without schemes, or plans, hopes, desires, or fears for the future, that need trouble anybody, so far as I am concerned; receiving continually the kindest counsels from a great many friends, various, however, as the numbers and characters of the counselors.

He accordingly left Auburn on the 28th. Arrived at Washington, he wrote home:

I reached the Astor House at eleven last night. Supper, and a conversation with Weed kept me up until one. Was up at five, and off at seven yesterday morning, and here at six P. M. Washington seems dull — and apprehension of dissolution is predominant everywhere.

Republicans are far more numerous here than ever before, and personal respect and courtesy toward myself, very marked.

December 1.

Nothing new to-day. Congress will meet on Monday. The ultra-Southern men *mean* to break up the Union, not really for the grievances of which they complain, but from cherished disloyalty and ambition. The President, and all Union men here, are alarmed and despondent. The Republicans who come here are ignorant of the real design or danger. I begin to see my way through, without sacrifice of principle. But I talk very little, and nothing in detail.

December 2.

I had visits yesterday from General Cass, Lord Lyons, the Bremen Minister, Speaker Pennington. All is apprehension about the Southern demonstrations. No one has any system, few any courage, or confidence in the Union, in this emergency. It is not unnatural — perhaps not unfortunate. Indecision, under the circumstances, shows only that the Union sentiment is so strong as to leave the people unprepared. Time will bring its trials of constancy. Montgomery Blair was among my visitors, and Henry Wilson, yes-

terday. I am engaged busily in studying and gathering my thoughts for the Union. You will see that Mr. Weed lets me out of responsibility for his well-intentioned, but rather impulsive movements. He promised me to do so.

I would not have believed it, but my pretty cat remembered me, and was wild with joy at my return. She attends me constantly, sitting on my shoulder when I write, and following me when I move.

On the 30th of November, Mr. Weed had published an elaborate article, in the *Evening Journal*, on the political situation, suggesting a "Convention of the people, consisting of delegates appointed by the States." He said North and South "might thus bring their respective griefs, claims, and reforms to a common arbitrament, to meet, discuss, and determine upon a future. It will be said that we have done nothing wrong, and have nothing to offer. This is precisely the reason why we should both propose and offer whatever may, by possibility, avert the evils of civil war, and prevent the destruction of our hitherto unexampled blessings of Union."

When told by his friends, that such a Convention would only end in disagreement, he answered that, at all events, it would gain time, and insure discussion — agencies that could not but consolidate Union sentiment in the North, and develop it in the South. But in a period of high political excitement, propositions are seldom canvassed on their merits. Some journals objected to it, because they feared it covered a "compromise," others, because they saw it did not. Praiseworthy as was the motive, it received no general acceptance. Seward wrote to him:

December 2.

South Carolina is committed. Nothing holds her from declaring and practicing secession; but her course as to forts and customs yet undetermined.

Georgia will debate. Time will operate favorably, but she probably follows South Carolina. Florida will participate. Mississippi and Alabama likely to follow. But by that time, passion begins to give place to perplexity about whether it is best to conciliate Union or fight it.

Buchanan will recommend General Convention. Congress can resolve. But three-fourths of State Legislatures must call on Congress. Congress cannot initiate Conventions.

No amendment that can be proposed, and would be satisfactory, can get two-thirds of both Houses; although just such amendments might pass three-fourths of the States in Convention.

Look closely into fifth article of the Constitution. You will see that Congress, initiating, could only propose definite amendments to States, while it cannot call a General Convention, until required by the State Legislatures.

Members are coming in, all in confusion. Nothing can be agreed on in advance, but silence for the present, which I have insisted must not be *sullen*, as last year, but respectful and fraternal.

I think the Southern members will be, for once, cautious and forbearing. If we can keep peace and quiet until the decree of South Carolina is pronounced, the temper will then be favorable, on both sides, to consideration.

To Mrs. Seward he wrote:

December 3.

I heard a fine, practical Christian sermon from Dr. Pyne, yesterday, which enforced the axiom, "Love doeth no injury to any man." I studied a few hours, and then came to the customary Sunday in Washington, calls, visits, loungers, debates until midnight. All that has been done since we adjourned, all that is to be done during the session of Congress and during the Administration, was gone through with. Sumner, Washburn, King and other Republican visitors.

December 4.

Mr. Weed's articles have brought perplexities about me which he, with all his astuteness, did not foresee. But you need not expect, or rather fear, that I will act unwisely or wrong.

December 5.

I finished my brief yesterday, and began, at a very distant point, to study the great political crisis, having at last thrown all the dogs off my track.

The Message has come. It shows conclusively that it is the duty of the President to execute the laws — unless somebody opposes him — and that no State has a right to go out of the Union — unless it wants to.

Yesterday's debate will do no good.

December 6.

I have been at the market, breakfasted, given fifty dollars to Kansas sufferers, talked with Thayer, reporter for the *Evening Post*, and now the old cat and I have sat down to dispose, as far as possible, of the correspondence of the day.

I dined yesterday with the Adamses; to-morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Washburn of Maine, take Anna's room, to remain during the month.

December 7.

A bright and invigorating morning, but it hardly brings any renewal to me. The mad-caps of the South want to be inflamed, so as to make their secession irretrievable. Good men there want moderation, on the part of the Government, so that they may in time produce a counter-movement. Our Senators agree with me to practice reticence and kindness. But others fear that I will figure, and so interfere and derange all. Providence, however, will bring all things right. I am very busy, but do not forget you and Fanny, and all at home.

December 8.

I am very sorry that the mischievous reports of the letter-writers have disturbed you so deeply. But I am disposed to be satisfied, after all, since the circumstance has drawn out from you such a beautiful, noble, and touching letter. You need have no fears. I am, thus far, silent, not because I am thinking of proposing compromises, but because I wish to avoid, myself, and restrain other Republicans, from intermeddling, just now — when concession,

or solicitation, or solicitude, would encourage, and demonstrations of firmness of purpose would exasperate. I have faith that my good angel wont desert me, as long as you and I keep together.

December 9.

Yesterday was rainy, and I was left considerably alone. I kept my chair, wrote my letters, revised my brief, and made some notes in other studies. It has been a comfortless week. The disunion panic has increased, and it begins to bewilder and demoralize. But, as yet, there seems only consternation, and the tendency of things is, that the timid will rush into the Democratic party. Jealousies of me are sufficient for many, who now begin to wonder at my nonchalance, in the midst of public troubles so great.

December 10.

I have argued my cause in the Supreme Court, to a court that listened with indications of respect and interest. So that duty is done. Now then comes up the more difficult task, of trying to reconcile the factious men who are bent on disunion, reckless of civil war, to the ascendency of an Administration based on the principles of justice and humanity.

The debates in the Senate are hasty, feeble, inconclusive and unsatisfactory; presumptuous on the part of the ill-tempered South; feeble and frivolous on the part of the North.

December 11.

Another day in the Senate. Vaporing by Southern Senators. Setting forth the grievances of their section and requiring Northern Senators to answer, excuse, and offer terms, which they are told, in the same breath, will not be accepted. And that is all. They say we ought not to have elected Lincoln. Ill nature, ill temper, ill manners. If all their flourish can win success and power in this country we shall see it. I don't believe it.

Two days later he wrote to Weed:

December 13.

I have now the occasion for consulting you that you have expected. I shall be in New York on Friday evening. Not finding you there, I shall look for you at Albany on Saturday. The matter is, and must be kept confidential.

Mr. Lincoln had written him a kindly note inviting him to become Secretary of State in the new Administration to be organized in March. The proffer was not unexpected. Its probability had long been predicted and gossiped about in the press. But a Cabinet place had never been one of Seward's ambitions. As long before as 1849, he said, in one of his letters, "The post of a Minister, and even of a premier, has no temptations for me." The gathering clouds of a great crisis seemed now, however, to give warning that, if a man wanted to serve his country at all, he must serve it, not where he preferred, but where he was needed. There were but two persons whom Seward desired to consult before making his decision. One was his wife, the other was Weed. The Senate stood adjourned to the following Monday. This

gave him an opportunity to go North for that purpose. Arrived at Albany, and on his way to Auburn, he wrote to Mr. Lincoln:

ALBANY, *December* 16.

Mr. Weed, finding it not inconvenient to go West, I have had some conversation with him, concerning the condition and the prospect of public affairs; and he will be able to inform you of my present unsettled view of the subject upon which you so kindly wrote me a few days ago. I shall remain at home until his return, and shall then, in further conference with him, have the advantage of a knowledge of the effect of public events, certain to occur this week.

With great respect and esteem,
Faithfully yours,

His friend and colleague, Preston King, had promised to keep him advised of the progress of legislative business in the Senate — so that he might return at once in case any important question should come up to be voted on. Hardly three days had been passed at home, before a letter came from King, saying that a motion would probably be made for another delay of the Kansas Bill. Furthermore, the Vice-President had now announced the Committee of Thirteen on the state of the country, and had designated Seward as one of its members — the others being Powell, Hunter, Crittenden, Toombs, Douglas, Collamer, Davis, Wade, Bigler, Rice, Doolittle, and Grimes. Seward, accordingly, at once hastened back to the scene of senatorial duty. He wrote to Weed:

AUBURN, *December* 22.

I am fairly driven out of my retreat and can hold it no longer. The Kansas Bill is set for Monday, and it would be evidence of high treason in the existing circumstances, to be absent or ask postponement. You will, of course, write me or let me know how and when I can meet you.

A period of gloom and uncertainty had hung over business circles in New York. They had been alternating between hopes and fears since election day. They had awaited in suspense the dire and unknown effects of the threatened secession of a State from the Union. But when, on the 20th, news came that South Carolina had actually adopted the ordinance, and it was seen that no popular tumult followed, and that government in Washington and commerce in New York continued to move tranquilly along in their accustomed channels, there was a reaction of feeling. The tension of excitement relaxed, and there was a popular sense of relief. As often happens, the shock itself proved not to be so bad as the expectation of it.

When Seward reached the Astor House, at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, he found that the New England Society was in possession of the

great dining-room. It was "Fore-Fathers' Day," and they were holding their annual festival. As soon as his arrival at the hotel became known, a committee was sent out to invite him to the room. As many of the members were his personal or political friends, he was greeted with enthusiastic warmth. Replying to the numerous queries and compliments of those around at the table, Seward spoke briefly in regard to the political situation. He closed his remarks with these words:

*I know that the necessities which created this Union are stronger to-day than they were when the Union was cemented; and that these necessities are as enduring as the passions of men are short-lived and effervescent. I believe that the cause of secession was as strong, on the night of November 6, when the President and Vice-President were elected — and who were unacceptable to the slave States — as it has been at any time. Some fifty days have now passed; and I believe that every day the sun has set since that time, it has set upon mollified passions and prejudices; and if you will only await the time, sixty more suns will shed a light and illuminate a more cheerful atmosphere.

At the time this speech was made, those around him readily understood that the "fifty days" were the days which had elapsed since the Presidential election; and that the "sixty suns" were the days yet to intervene before the coming in of a new Administration would give assurance of the continuance of the Government. Afterward, when political opponents were seeking a ground of attack, they charged Seward with predicting that the "war will be over in sixty days," a phrase that would have been nonsense, if he had uttered it, as there was no war in progress. This curious perversion of his words, however, was believed, and repeated, for years.

Arriving at Washington, on Monday morning, he wrote home:

WASHINGTON, *December* 24.

I am here at last. I fell among the New England men on Saturday night at the Astor House. Stocks were up, and commercial skies were brightening. The apprehensions of disunion had, for that reason, visibly abated. I dined yesterday with Mr. Grinnell, Blatchford and others; and left in the six o'clock sleeping-train. I got three hours' sleep after my arrival; and then got to the Capitol in time to meet the Union Saving Committee of Thirteen. We came to no compromise; and we shall not. We shall, therefore, see the fuller development of the secession movement.

I find near two hundred letters awaiting my arrival, of which not one has yet been opened.

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*From repor in New York *Times*, Dec. 24, 1860, of N. E. Society Anniversary. Saturday, Dec. 22.

Christmas, 1860.

Neither the Senate nor yet the Committee of Thirteen sit to-day. I have just finished the reading of the letters which I found here on my return. What a heap! Washington is full of uneasiness. The Southern States, all of them, are hesitating whether to yield to a common madness, ruinous at least to themselves; or whether to consider and acquiesce in a condition of things now fixed.

On the following day he wrote to Mr. Lincoln:

December 26, 1860.

Having been hurried away from home by information that my attendance here on Monday would be necessary, I had only the opportunity for conferring with Mr. Weed, which was afforded by our journeying together on the railroad from Syracuse to Albany.

He gave me, verbally, the substance of the suggestion you prepared for the consideration of the Republican members; but not the written proposition. This morning, I received the latter from him; and also information, for the first time, of your expectation that I would write to you concerning the temper of parties and the public here. I met, on Monday, my Republican associates of the Committee of Thirteen, and afterward, the whole committee. With the unanimous consent of our section, I offered three propositions which seemed to me to cover the ground of the suggestion made by you, through Mr. Weed, as I understand it. First. That the Constitution should never be altered, so as to authorize Congress to abolish, or interfere with slavery in the States. This was accepted. Second. That the Fugitive Slave Law should be amended, by granting a jury trial to the fugitive. This, in opposition to our votes, was amended, so as to give the jury in the State from which the fugitive fled; and so amended, was voted down by our own votes.

The committee had already agreed to Mr. Crittenden's amendment concerning the fees of the commissioner; making them the same, when the fugitive is returned to slavery, as when he is discharged. Our third resolution was, that Congress recommend to all the States, to revise their legislation, concerning persons recently resident in other States, and to repeal all such laws which contravene the Constitution of the United States, or any law of Congress in pursuance thereof. This was rejected by the pro-slavery vote of the committee.

To-day we have had another meeting. I offered, with the concurrence of my political associates, a fourth proposition, viz.: That Congress should pass a law to punish invasions of our States, and conspirators to effect such invasions; but the latter only in the State and district where the acts of such complicity were committed. This, by the votes of our opponents, was amended, so as practically to carry out Mr. Douglas' suggestion of last winter, for the revival of the old Sedition Law of John Adams' time, and then was rejected by our own votes.

This evening, the Republican members of the committee, with Judge Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden, met at my house, to consider your written suggestion, and determine whether it shall be offered. While we think the ground

has been already covered, we find that, in the form you give it, it would divide our friends, not only in the committee, but in Congress, a portion being unwilling to give up their old opinion, that the duty of executing the constitutional provisions, concerning fugitives from service, belongs to the States, and not at all to Congress. But we shall confer, and act as wisely as we can.

Thus far I have reported only our action on the subject of your suggestion. I proceed now to tell you what I think of the *temper* of the *parties* and of the *public* here.

South Carolina has already taken the attitude of defiance.

Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana have pushed on toward the same attitude. I think that they could not be arrested, even if we should offer all you suggest, and with it the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line. But persons acting for those States, intimate that they might be so arrested, because they think that the Republicans are not going to concede the restoration of that line.

The action of the border States is uncertain. Sympathy there is strong with the cotton States, while prudence and patriotism dictate adhesion to the Union. Nothing could *certainly* restrain them, but the adoption of Mr. Crittenden's compromise; and I do not see the slightest indications of its adoption, on the Republican side of Congress.

The members stand nearly, or quite as firm against it, as the country is.

Under these circumstances, time and accident, it seems to me, must determine the course of the border States.

Probably, all the debates and conferences which we have hitherto had will sink out of the public mind, within a week or two, when the Republican members shall have refused to surrender, at discretion, to the State of South Carolina.

New and exciting subjects will enter into the agitation, and control the results.

Thus, I have said all that I am able to say, of the temper of parties, and of the public.

I add, very respectfully, my own opinions on the probable future.

The United States of America, their Constitution, their Capital, their organization, in all its departments, and with all its military and naval forces, will stand, and pass without resistance into your hands. There will be several, perhaps all, of the slave States, standing in a contumacious attitude on the 4th of March; sedition will be growing weaker, and loyalty stronger, every day, from the acts of secession, as they occur. I do not speculate, either more minutely, or farther, than as I have already written.

I need hardly say that these facts and opinions are for your use only.

My power to do any thing would be seriously impaired, if what I write were made known.

To Mrs. Seward, he wrote:

December 26.

I have been, for four hours, in the Committee of Thirteen, and have since written a long report of affairs to Mr. Lincoln. So the day has passed.

The South will force on the country the issue, namely, that the free States shall admit the slaves are property, and treat them as such, or else there will be a secession. So I think the South will be indulged in its choice of secession.

How these proceedings were regarded by those on the other side, may be gathered from the following newspaper report of an interview with Mr. Toombs, in 1880:

After Lincoln's election, I saw that trouble was brewing, but I was still unwilling to commit myself to secession, and then, too, I was not certain that Georgia would be carried on that issue. Stephens and Hill were both for Union. I telegraphed Breckinridge, asking him to appoint a representative committee, that would offer some compromise to meet the pressing exigency. He appointed on this committee, among others, Crittenden, to represent Bell and Everett, or rather the men who had supported them, Jeff Davis, and myself, for his friends, Seward for Lincoln, and Douglas for himself. The Crittenden compromise was offered. I supported it, heartily and sincerely; although the sullen obstinacy of Seward had made it almost impossible to do any thing. For supporting this compromise, I was denounced, in Georgia, by Ben Hill, as having betrayed my section and my people. I didn't mind this at all, as Ben is always denouncing somebody or something. At length, I saw that the compromise measures must fail. With a persistent obstinacy that I have never yet seen surpassed, Seward and his backers refused every overture. I then telegraphed to Atlanta: "All is at an end. North determined. Seward will not budge an inch. Am in favor of secession." When the fight was fairly opened, I still felt doubtful about carrying the State. The people were determined against submission to the unjust encroachments of the North, but there were many who favored the appointment of a peace commission; others who wanted to wait for co-operation, and still others who feared to take so desperate a step; and let me say right here, that I never doubted the gravity of the situation. The statement that I said that I would drink all the blood that was spilled is one of the stereotyped lies they have circulated about me. When I left the Senate, I knew it meant war, and I said in my farewell speech, that the next time I looked upon Washington, I thought it would be at the head of Southern troops.

Two days later Seward wrote to Mr. Lincoln:

(*Private.*)

December 28.

There is a feverish excitement here which awakens all kinds of apprehensions of popular disturbance and disorders, connected with your assumption of the government.

I do not entertain these apprehensions myself. But it is worth consideration in our peculiar circumstances, that accidents themselves may aggravate opinion here. Habit has accustomed the public to anticipate the arrival of the President-elect in this city about the middle of February; and evil-minded persons

would expect to organize the demonstrations for that time. I beg leave to suggest whether it would not be well for you, keeping your own counsel, to be prepared to drop into the city a week or ten days earlier. The effect would probably be reassuring and soothing.

P. S. — If nothing should occur to seem to render it advisable to come so early, your preparation only would be hastened not lost.

And on the same day, he wrote in regard to the proffered Cabinet place:

December 28, 1860.

Sir:— I have, after due reflection and with much self-distrust, concluded that if I should be nominated to the Senate for the office of Secretary of State, and the nomination should be confirmed, it would be my duty to accept the appointment.

I have the honor to be
With great respect
Your humble servant
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

The Honorable ABRAHAM LINCOLN, etc.

He had written to Mr. Lincoln suggesting the names of Randall Hunt, John A. Gilmer, and Kenneth Raynor, as among those to be considered in case a Southern member of the Cabinet should be deemed advisable. He now added:

(*Private.*)

December 28.

Since writing you on the 26th instant, I have had my thoughts directed to the Hon. Robert E. Scott of Virginia, as a gentleman whose appointment to a place in your Cabinet might be exceedingly wise at the present juncture. It strikes me now so favorably, that I beg to ask you to take it into consideration.

I shall write you again, after getting some further information.

To Mrs. Seward he wrote:

I have advised Mr. L. that I will not decline. It is inevitable. I will try to save freedom and my country.

On the following day he wrote to Weed:

(*Private.*)

December 29.

The Cabinet is again in danger of explosion. The South Carolina interest demands the withdrawal of Anderson, and abandonment of the forts, also abandonment of the sending of armaments for other Southern ports. The President inclines to yield. But there will be an explosion if he does.

The plot is forming to seize the capital and usurp the Government, and it has abettors near the President. I am writing you not from rumors, but knowledge.

I have written to ———, first, that he ought to anticipate and come here by surprise; second, that I ought to know his agents with whom I am to act; and they ought to be here to make preparations.

The border States, or at least their representatives, are getting anxious and more practicable. A suggestion *by and by* for a Convention two years hence, when the storm has subsided, would, I think, be well received by them, and settle them. But our friends are not yet prepared for it.

In his letter to Mr. Lincoln, he said:

At length I have gotten a position in which I can see what is going on in the councils of the President. It pains me to learn that things there are even worse than is understood. The President is debating day and night on the question whether he shall not recall Major Anderson and surrender Fort Sumter, and go on arming the South. A plot is forming to seize the capital on or before the 4th of March, and this, too, has its accomplices in the public councils. I could tell you more particularly than I dare write, but you must not imagine that I am giving you suspicions and rumors. Believe me I know what I write. In point of fact, the responsibilities of your Administration must begin before the time arrives.

He also suggested that it would be well for Mr. Lincoln to select his Secretary of War and of the Navy, so that they might coöperate as early as possible, in measures for the public safety.

To his daughter, he wrote:

December 29.

You must write me often, remembering that I have no leisure to reply. Treason is at work in the States, and even in the Cabinet and Senate, to overthrow the country. My time is spent in conference and labor.

To Mrs. Seward, he said:

(*Private.*)

December 29.

Treason is all around and amongst us: and plots to seize the capital, and usurp the Government. I am busy, very busy, and can write only briefly.

After another day, he added:

(*Private.*)

December 30.

This Democratic Administration has run as far as its Northern members dare to go, in the way of treason, until it has to choose, between absolute surrender, from now until the 4th of March, to the seceders, who mean a usurpation, or else a break. The President yesterday decided to stand on his loyalty. Floyd resigned, and the other seceder members will. But we are trembling, to-day, lest he may be overborne by seceding influences, and recall all. The White House is abandoned to the seceders. They eat, drink, and sleep with him.

On the same day he wrote to his son at Albany:

(*Private.*)

December 30.

The portents of the time took away all my rights of independent action. I have signified my assent.

It is not now doubtful that treason is intrenched in the Government; and that to-day it will either be partially dislodged, or will expel what of loyalty remains. Meantime, my future responsibilities have already begun. I have more things to do than I can well write. But it is enough to say that I have need of you; and yet I do not know how you can leave Albany. Pray confer with Mr. Weed about it. I need a confidential friend and scribe.

On the last night of that eventful year, he wrote home:

December 31.

This is New Year's eve. I hope it may find you and all my loved ones well and happy. I have just received your letter. I cannot think of myself, in this emergency of probable Civil War and Dissolution of the Union. I could not be well or happy at home, refusing to do what I can, when called to the councils of my country. There is no fear of any compromise of principle or advantage of freedom. If there is such an one, which I do not expect, I shall be no party to it.

CHAPTER LII.

1860–1861.

Progress of Secession Major Anderson's Movement to Sumter. "Revolutionary Times." "Showing Union Colors." Cabinet Changes. Seward and Stanton. Correspondence with the President-Elect. Speech on "The State of the Union." The New Issue. Whittier. Letters on the Situation. Uniting the Union Men of all Parties. The Admission of Kansas. Petitions from New York. "Fighting for the Union." More Steps Toward Disunion. Slemmer at Pickens. Holt and Dix. Gulf and Border States. "The Government Can be Saved."

EVERY morning now, the papers were teeming with news and discussions of the progress of Secession. South Carolina was assuming the attitude of "an independent power." She had taken possession of custom-house, post-office, arsenal, and forts; seized the United States revenue cutter, enrolled and mustered troops, and dispatched commissioners to Washington, to open negotiations "between the two countries." The "Stars and Stripes" had disappeared. The "Palmetto Flag" was waving over her Capitol, and in all public places. Her local journals chronicled all events in the North, under the head of "Foreign News." Other States were preparing to follow her lead.

Georgia was arming and organizing. Alabama was electing delegates. Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, and Arkansas had called conventions. Even in Kentucky and Missouri, movements in the same direction were talked of. Southern Governors were conferring about "joint action," and a convention of the Southern States. Apparently, the Secession feeling was spreading throughout the whole South. Its promoters were active, and its organs were loud. Those who gave it their countenance were lauded as "patriots;" those who opposed it were stigmatized as "traitors." Even the cautious, who remained quiet, were suspected. Andrew Johnson, whose outspoken "Unionism" was in marked contrast to the course of his fellow-Senators from the South, was denounced with bitterness, and burned in effigy.

While the Secession tide was thus rapidly rolling over the South, no opposing sentiment seemed yet to develop in the North. In the free States, public events were watched with curiosity and interest, but without concert of opinion or action. Presses and politicians discussed public questions from their party stand-points, as they had before the election. Republicans inveighed against "the madness of pro-slavery leaders." Democrats adduced points in their justification or excuse. Conservative Union men blamed "both the great parties" for "agitation." Disunion sentiments were avowed in Northern streets, and echoed in Northern journals. Arms were openly purchased in Northern manufactories, and shipped to the South. The Northern habit of belief in the perpetuity of the Union was so strong, that it was hard to realize that the national existence could be in danger, or that this "political flurry" would not sooner or later pass away, as all others had.

Yet the outlook at Washington was any thing but reassuring. The Secessionists were exulting in their successive triumphs, and increasing strength. The Federal Government seemed powerless, or unwilling to resist them. Christmas week, however, had brought one gleam of cheering intelligence — the announcement, on the morning of the 27th, that Major Anderson had, with quiet celerity and success, transferred his command, in the night, from their exposed position at Fort Moultrie, to the stronger one in Fort Sumter. The flag was still waving in Charleston harbor, and its little band of defenders were, for the present at least, not likely to be molested. Seward wrote home:

WASHINGTON, *January* 3, 1861.

New Year's Day brought me shoals of visitors, but I received them unostentatiously.

The revolution gathers apace. It has its abettors in the White House, the

Treasury, the Interior, and we are powerless to rally the President to defend the United States, or even himself.

I have assumed a sort of dictatorship for defense; and am laboring night and day, with the cities and States. My hope, rather my confidence, is unabated. My letters must be short, and I fear less frequent. But I shall not forget you all.

To his son he wrote:

January 4.

Come when you can. It is revolutionary times here.

One day during the holiday season, while walking through the streets of Washington, a significant fact arrested his attention. There was not an American flag to be seen. Even hotels and places of amusement "showed no colors." Those who cherished sympathies with Secession had already come to regard the national flag with dislike. Their Union neighbors deemed it prudent to avoid giving offense. Seward told the latter that every flag would be a help, in strengthening wavering minds, and in developing Union talk and sentiment. Under his advice, flags began to appear on places of business and private residences, in Washington. He also sent men on to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and other Northern cities, to urge those who had flags, to hoist them. It was one of the first steps that Republicans and loyal Democrats found they could take together.

It was supposed that the policy of the Administration had been foreshadowed in the President's message; and the public had little expectation of any decisive action in that quarter. But soon came rumors of Cabinet differences, followed by significant changes in the *personnel* of the Cabinet itself. Cobb had resigned the Treasury; and had been succeeded by Thomas. General Cass, the Secretary of State, had resigned; and it was announced that the reason for his retirement was that he would not concur in the refusal to reinforce Major Anderson. Judge Black, the Attorney-General, was transferred to the Department of State; and Edwin M. Stanton was appointed Attorney-General in his stead. A fortnight later the columns of the newspapers were full of startling intelligence about "Floyd's acceptances," and "Thompson's defalcations, and disloyalty." When the former resigned, Postmaster-General Holt was transferred to the charge of the War Department. Though Cabinet discussions are private, and rumors of Cabinet action are often distorted, yet the public had no difficulty, this time, in reaching the right conclusion. It was evident that the Secessionists were withdrawing from the Cabinet, because they could not control it; and that the changes were in the

direction of greater loyalty and greater vigor. This conviction was strengthened, when, at a later date, John A. Dix was called to the Treasury; and Horatio King made Postmaster-General.

In the course of his practice in the Supreme Court, Seward had met Mr. Stanton, who was engaged in similar duties. Though opposed in politics, a pleasant personal acquaintance had ensued. Mr. Stanton had now become the Attorney-General. Desirable as it was, for the public welfare, that there should be occasional conference between the Democratic Cabinet officers, and the Republican Senatorial leader — no such intercourse could well be held, without exciting jealous scrutiny and suspicions, which would defeat its usefulness. However, a legal phrase, accidentally hit upon, proved so good a cover, that it was used during the winter. "Has any one called while I was at the Senate?" Seward would ask on coming home. "Yes," would be the reply, "Mr. Watson was here to talk about the patent case." Late one evening a visitor found Seward in his basement office with Mr. Stanton — and retired, on finding they were engaged in close consultation over the "patent case."

When the nomination of General Dix, for Secretary of the Treasury, was sent in to the Senate, Mr. Stanton went up to the Capitol, to urge prompt action upon it. While many of the Northern Democrats were ready to listen to him, the Secessionists were adverse. Meeting Seward, and informing him of the reasons for the nomination, the latter gave it his hearty support, and urged his Republican colleagues to join in confirming it.

His correspondence with the President-elect continued, thus:

(*Private.*)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *January* 3, 1861.

Yours without signature, was received last night. I have been considering your suggestions as to my reaching Washington somewhat earlier than is usual. It seems to me the inauguration is not the most dangerous point for us. Our adversaries have us now clearly at disadvantage, on the second Wednesday of February, when the votes should be officially counted. If the two Houses refuse to meet at all, or meet without a quorum of each, where shall we be? I do not think that this counting is constitutionally essential to the election, but how are we to proceed in the absence of it? In view of this, I think it is best for me not to attempt appearing in Washington, till the result of that ceremony is known.

It certainly would be of some advantage, if you could know who are to be at the heads of the War and Navy departments, but until I can ascertain definitely whether I can get any suitable men from the South, and who, and how many, I cannot well decide. As yet, I have no word from Mr. Gilmer in an-

swer to my request for an interview with him — I look for something on the subject, through you, before long.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, *January* 8, 1861.

Mr. Gilmer has written home, confidentially, and will give me an answer in a few days. He is inquiring about Randall Hunt. What do you know of Meredith P. Gentry of Tennessee? He is very able, and very loyal.

For the present, the alarms about the capital have passed over. But our friends think, as I still do, that it may be well for you to be here earlier than usual. I will hope that you will hold yourself in readiness, and from time to time write you on that point.

With great respect, your friend,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

(*Private.*)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *January* 12, 1861.

Yours of the 8th received. I still hope Mr. Gilmer will, on a fair understanding with us, consent to take a place in the Cabinet. The preference for him over Mr. Hunt or Mr. Gentry is, that, up to date, he has a *living* position in the South, while they have not. He is only better than Winter Davis, in that he is *farther* South. I fear, if we could get, we could not safely take more than one such man — that is, not more than one who opposed us in the election — the danger being to lose the confidence of our own friends. Your selection for the State Department having become public, I am happy to find scarcely any objection to it. I shall have trouble with every other Northern Cabinet appointment — so much so, that I shall have to defer them as long as possible, to avoid being teased into insanity, to make changes.

Your obt. servant,
A. LINCOLN.

As these letters imply, Seward was now in frequent conference with loyal men of both sections, and of all parties, whom the threatened danger to the country drew together. With the Union members of the Cabinet, after the withdrawal of the Secessionists, his acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Three of them, Messrs. Stanton, Holt, and Dix, were already manifesting that energetic loyalty which made them afterward so effective in the war.

On the 12th of January, Seward rose in his place in the Senate to speak "on the state of the Union." A listener, describing the appearance of the chamber, wrote:

The scene before, and during the delivery of the speech, was almost unparalleled in the Senate. By ten o'clock every seat in the gallery was filled, and by eleven the cloak-rooms and all the passages were choked up, and a thousand men and women stood outside the doors, waiting to catch the words of

the speaker when he should commence. He did not take the floor till nearly one o'clock. Several hundred came on from Baltimore to hear it, and the curiosity among the Southern men here to listen to it was intense. The Senators and Representatives paid the utmost attention, and the galleries were as quiet as their suffocating condition would warrant. It was the fullest house of the session, and by far the most respectful one.

During the delivery of portions of the speech, Senators were in tears. When the sad picture of the country, divided into confederacies, was given, Mr. Crittenden, who sat immediately before the orator, was completely overcome by his emotions, and bowed his white head to weep.

In this speech, he said, that "Union is not more the body than liberty is the soul of the nation. The American citizen has been accustomed to believe the republic immortal. He shrinks from the sight of convulsions indicative of its sudden death." Adding that certainly now it was time for every Senator to declare himself, he said:

I, therefore, following the example of the noble Senator from Tennessee (Mr. Johnson), avow my adherence to the Union in its integrity and with all its parts, with my friends, with my party, with my state, with my country, or without either, as they may determine; in every event, whether of peace or of war, with every consequence of honor or dishonor, of life or death.

Adverting then to the question of saving the Union, he remarked that at least "it was easy to pronounce what would not save it." It could not be saved by "mutual criminations and recriminations," nor by "a continuance of the debate over slavery in the Territories," nor by "proving that secession is illegal," nor by discussing the right of the Federal Government "to coerce seceding States," nor by "Congressional compromises," nor by "some cunning and insincere compact of pacification."

He discussed at some length the fallacies upon which the Secessionists were building their plans, and described the consequences and effects of disunion. "Dissolution," said he, "is for the people of this country, perpetual civil war." Showing that the proposed disunion had no grounds, or even excuse, except that a President of the United States, unacceptable to a portion of the people, had been duly and constitutionally elected, he said:

I know that we are in the midst of alarms and somewhat exposed to accidents. We already have disorder, and violence has begun. I know not to what extent it may go. Still my faith in the Constitution and in the Union abides. Whatever dangers there shall be, there will be the determination to meet them. Whatever sacrifices, private or public, shall be needful for the Union, they will be made. I feel sure that the hour has not come for this great nation to fall.

The speech was listened to with deep attention. Seward had observed carefully, and thought deeply in regard to the critical state of the country. He had become impressed with the conviction that the struggle over the extension of slavery had been ended by the success of the Republicans in the election; that it was now necessary to rouse the public mind to the inevitable change of issue. It would now be, not "for and against slavery extension," but "for and against the Union." "Freedom would be saved with the Union, and could not be saved without it." But while these convictions were clear enough to his mind, others were slower in reaching them. The mass of the Northern people were still thinking that their line of political duty was in the direction of sustaining one or the other of the great parties. Simple and straight-forward as was Seward's logic in behalf of the Union, it was a puzzle and an enigma to many at the time, who thought the speech must have some hidden purpose, other than its declared one. Three months later, however, they found themselves thinking just as he did.

Now arose an animated discussion, in the press, as to the powers of the General Government. "State Sovereignty" had so long been a cardinal doctrine of political belief, and the limits and restrictions of the Federal power had been so generally conceded, that a maze of conflicting theories were in vogue, as to how far the Federal Government could "coerce a State," if, indeed, it could coerce one at all. It is difficult, now, to realize the importance given to these questions in 1861. The lapse of twenty-five years, and the experiences of civil war, if they have not simplified the relations of the Federal and State Governments, have at least simplified men's ideas about them — and school boys, to-day, would promptly solve questions that puzzled statesmen then. Thousands of earnest, sincere, and patriotic men, who, a few months later, were ready to peril their lives in defense of the Government, were, during this winter and spring, in a fog of doubt, as to whether any thing in the shape of physical force could lawfully be employed against the seceders.

And it must be borne in mind that the problem was a far simpler one for the Republican than it was for the loyal Democrat. The one, in supporting the Government, would be supporting an Administration for which he had voted. The other would be lending his aid to those whom he had honestly opposed at the polls. To rise from partisanship to patriotism requires more virtue than merely to combine the two enthusiasms into one.

After the delivery of the speech, Seward wrote home:

January 13.

It has been many days since I wrote you. I have done much hard work, and passed through, or rather entered into, a new ordeal. The people of the South, all of the Southern States, are in the lead of reckless politicians. The Government is yet in their hands. They are bent on coercing the free States into a recognition of slavery, and failing that, into a civil war and disunion.

The North is divided. Two-thirds of the Republican Senators are as reckless in action as the South. They imagine that the Government can go on, and conquer the South, while they, themselves, sit still and see the work done. Without compromising any principle, I have shown the disposition I feel, to put aside this evil. I could not compromise a principle, if I would, for there is nobody to go with me.

Distraction rules the hour. I hope what I have done will bring some good fruits, and, in any case, clear my own conscience of responsibility, if, indeed, I am to engage in conducting a war against a portion of the American people.

January 14.

The city is bewildered by the speech. But things look better.

Whittier's beautiful lines were in response to this speech:

TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

"Statesman, I thank thee! — and if yet dissent
Mingles, reluctant, with my large content,
I cannot censure what was nobly meant.
But while constrained to hold even Union less
Than Liberty, and Truth, and Righteousness,
I thank thee, in the sweet and holy name
Of Peace, for wise, calm words, that put to shame
Passion and party. Courage may be shown
Not in defiance of the wrong alone;
He may be bravest, who, unweaponed, bears
The olive branch, and strong in justice spares
The rash wrong-doer, giving widest scope
To Christian charity, and generous hope.
If without damage to the sacred cause
Of Freedom, and the safeguard of its laws —
If, without yielding that for which alone
We prize the Union, thou canst save it now,
From a baptism of blood, upon thy brow
A wreath whose flowers no earthly soil has known
Woven of the beatitudes, shall rest;
And the peace-maker be forever blest!"

In a letter to Mrs. Seward, he said:

January 18.

I am not surprised that you do not like the "concessions" in my speech. You will soon enough come to see that they are not compromises, but explana-

tions, to disarm the enemies of Truth, Freedom, and Union, of their most effective weapons.

I am trying to get home; but as yet I see no chance. It seems to me that if I am absent only three days, this Administration, the Congress, and the District would fall into consternation and despair. I am the only *hopeful, calm, conciliatory* person here. All are wanting to be saved; but every one insists that he will bathe in Abana, or Pharphar only, and perish, rather than seek health in the turbid waters of Jordan. One friend came in this morning to tell me that there are two thousand armed conspirators in the city, and the Mayor is secretly with them. He will go out to reassure the people. It was just so last night, in a Republican caucus of Senators. There is no courage, or courtesy, and not one word is said to disarm prejudice and passion, and encourage loyalty. They invoke arms; but arms ought to be the last resort; and even they will not come at the call of impracticable statesmen.

Writing to Weed, he said:

January 21.

The plots against the city are at an end. South Carolina defers war until after the 4th of March. It will do no harm to have Georgia explode. Everything now depends on Lincoln's Inaugural. I shall write to him about that.

Before I spoke, not one utterance made for the Union elicited a response in either House, while every assault brought down full galleries. Since I spoke, there have not been four hundred persons in the galleries any day, and every word for the Union brings forth a cheering response. Cheerfulness and hope are now the needful watch-words. The factions here are so exacting about the Cabinet, that I am thinking of slipping off to Auburn for a few days. But I don't quite determine to do so, wanting confirmation of my hopes of tranquillity.

Two days later, he wrote to Mrs. Seward:

January 23.

Mad men North, and mad men South, are working together to produce a dissolution of the Union, by civil war. The present Administration and the incoming one unite in devolving on me the responsibility of averting those disasters. My own party trusts me, but not without reservation. All the other parties, North and South, cast themselves upon me. What I say and do is said and done, not in view of personal objects, but of such fearful responsibilities, and I, in this case, above all others, am looking, or rather leaving, to posterity to decide upon my action and conduct.

Once for all, I must gain time for the new Administration to organize and for the frenzy of passion to subside. I am doing this without making any compromise whatever, by forbearance, conciliation, magnanimity.

A letter to his daughter said:

I am having a very busy time. My letters number seventy or eighty a day. Many of them scold me for surrendering my principles, and those of my party, to avert civil war and dissolution of the Union, which the letter-writ-

ers think are very nice pleasures for statesmen and rulers to entertain the country with. About as many denounce me because I will give up nothing at all, not even prejudices or caprices, to save peace and the Union — the most estimable of all blessings. The new Administration is yet forty days off, but the labors for its incoming embarrass me.

On the 21st, he moved in the Senate to take up the bill for the admission of Kansas. A debate arose upon the question of amending it. He remarked:

If there is any community in this country which is entitled to any right, at the hands of the Congress of the United States, it is the people of Kansas, to be admitted into this Union now.

A vote was reached, and when the yeas and nays were called the bill passed by 36 to 16. The Northern Democrats joined with the Republicans, this time, and voted for admission — as did two Southern Senators, John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, and Andrew Johnson of Tennessee. The latter was the only Southern Democrat who voted for it; all the others combined solidly against it.

So ended the long struggle. President Buchanan signed the bill on the 29th, and Kansas came into the Union a free State, under the Constitution which had been framed at Wyandotte in 1859.

In New York and other cities public opinion was profoundly stirred by the threatened disruption of the Union. Meetings were held, and the outcome of one of them was a mammoth petition forwarded to Seward, to be laid before the Senate, praying for "the exercise of the best wisdom of Congress, in finding some plan for the adjustment of the troubles which endanger the safety of the nation." When he rose on the 30th of January, to comply with their request, he said:

Excepting the House of Representatives, this Senate Chamber is the largest hall that is, or ever has been, occupied by a legislative assembly. The memorial which I am charged to present is of such a length, that if extended, it would cross the Senate Chamber, in its extremest length, eighteen times. I have already presented memorials from the city of New York signed by twenty-five thousand citizens. This memorial bears the signatures of thirty-eight thousand more, making in the whole sixty-three thousand of the inhabitants of that city, who thus appeal to the Senate.

I have asked them, also, that at home they will act in the same spirit, and manifest their devotion to the Union, above all other interests, by speaking for the Union; by voting for the Union; by lending and giving their money for the Union; and, in the last resort, fighting for the Union; — taking care, always, that speaking goes before voting, voting goes before giving money, and all go before a battle. This is the spirit in which I have determined for myself to come up to this great question, and to pass through it.

Alluding to the threats which had been freely made of dissolution of the Union before the 4th of March, he said:

I have not been so rash as to expect that in sixty days, which have been allowed to us since the meeting of Congress — and I will be frank in saying that I have not expected that in the ninety days, which are the allotted term of Congress — this great controversy would certainly be adjusted, peace restored, and the Union firmly reëstablished. I knew that sixty days or ninety days was the term that was fixed with definite objects and purposes, by that portion of my fellow-citizens who thought that it would advance the interests of the States to which they belonged, to dissever the Union. I have felt sure that there would be time, even after the expiration of ninety days, for the restoration of all that had been lost, and for the reëstablishment of all that was in danger.

Adverting then to the discussions still going on between Southern and Northern men on the slavery question, he said:

There has been a real, a vital question in this country for twelve years at least — a question of slavery in the Territories of the United States. It was strongest in its development in 1850. It has been an earnest and an angry controversy, but the admission of Kansas into the Union yesterday settled at least all that was vital or important in the question, leaving behind nothing but the passions which the contest had engendered. Kansas is in the Union; California and Oregon are in the Union. This then has ceased to be a practical question. In lieu of it comes up a great, vital, and fearful question — the question of Union or dissolution of the Union — the question of country, or of no country.

These remarks led to a colloquy in which he was charged with recommending "battle and bloodshed to restore the Union." He replied, "not to restore — to preserve."

The colloquy was instructive in showing what really was the "method" in the Secession "madness." Apparently the more sagacious of the Southern leaders believed, at this time, that their States could withdraw from the Union, arm themselves, and wait quietly until they were attacked. Then, if attacked, they would be "fighting for their independence and their homes." And when were so many millions of people, so united in sentiment, and occupying so vast a territory, ever subjugated? This theory was a plausible one, though it overlooked the important fact that many and varied links still connected the seceding States with the Federal Government. When at a later date they forgot their theory, and strove to snap those links by force, they abandoned this ground, becoming themselves the attacking party, and driving Union men to rally in defense of the capital.

And now the drama of Secession was rapidly unfolding its successive scenes. Every morning the newspapers brought intelligence of

some new step toward disintegration of the Union. Georgia had adopted an Ordinance of Secession, and seized the United States forts that guarded her harbors. North Carolina, though she had not yet seceded, took military possession of the forts at Beaufort and Wilmington. Alabama seized Fort Morgan and the Arsenal at Mobile, and a week later adopted a Secession Ordinance. Mississippi adopted a like Ordinance within two days after the assembling of her Convention. Louisiana seceded and seized the forts at New Orleans and the Arsenal at Baton Rouge. Texas followed her neighbor's example and took similar action. Florida adopted an Ordinance of Secession in due form, and then proceeded to seize Fort Barrancas and the Pensacola Navy Yard, but was baffled in attempting to seize Fort Pickens, by Lieutenant Slemmer's moving his small force of United States troops into that work and refusing to surrender. Such readiness had been shown in surrendering troops, buildings, and vessels, hauling down flags, and turning over Government property in most of the Gulf States, that it was evident that many officers were in sympathy with the rebels. The two notable examples of a different spirit manifested by Anderson at Sumter, and Slemmer at Pickens, therefore attracted universal attention and excited deep interest throughout the North. The unsuccessful attempt to reinforce and provision Major Anderson, and the firing upon the *Star of the West* intensified this feeling. The coming of Commissioners from South Carolina, as on behalf of an independent State, to open negotiations with the Government at Washington, was the theme of a thousand wild rumors, only silenced, when, at last, it was formally announced that the President had declined to receive them. Then followed the resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature, that "any attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter will be regarded as a declaration of war," and the formal demand of the Governor for its surrender, refused by Secretary Holt, in a letter full of vigorous patriotism. This was hailed with satisfaction throughout the free States, as was the emphatic telegram of Secretary Dix, in regard to the revenue cutters: "If any person attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"

So far, the incipient rebellion appeared to be confined to the Gulf States, which, if not already united, were rapidly becoming so. The border States, however, were not yet prepared to go with them. While there was an active body of Secessionists in each, the majority of the people seemed disposed to adhere to the Union. Delaware, when invited to join in the disunion movement, formally expressed her "unqualified disapproval." Virginia called a Convention, but also proposed a Peace Conference. Tennessee, at her election, decided against

a Secession Convention. In Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, and Arkansas, the disunionists had, thus far, failed of success. Yet none of these States had any especial sympathy for the incoming Republican Administration. The political situation was replete with perplexity. Gloomy apprehensions and distrust were widespread. The alarming depreciation of United States securities, in Wall street, and the difficulty of obtaining funds to carry on the ordinary operations of the Government, showed to how low an ebb the national credit had fallen at home, while abroad, the speedy dissolution of the American Republic was generally looked upon as a foregone conclusion. Seward's faith was unshaken. In all his letters and conversation, he adhered to his opinion, and reiterated his belief: "The Government can be saved, if not betrayed before the Fourth of March."

CHAPTER LIII.

1861.

The Coming Storm. Activity of Secessionists. Alarm in Washington. The Virginia Election. Tennessee for the Union. The Peace Conference. A Lull. Plans for Compromise. Lincoln's Letters. The Electoral Count. Seward's Successor. The Last Month in the Senate. Change of Congressional Feeling. Parting with Associates. Preparations for Inauguration Day.

THROUGHOUT the South the advocates of secession were busy—haranguing public bodies, and endeavoring to bring about a combination of all the slave-holding States. The Stars and Stripes disappeared from view in Southern cities, or were only shown, to be treated with jeers and insults. It was announced that Louisiana had appointed a "Committee of Public Safety," and had completed her severance of relations, by seizing the Mint and Custom-House, at New Orleans. News came that General Twiggs, of the Army, had turned over his whole command to the rebels. Swiftly followed intelligence of a convention of the seceded States, held at Montgomery, Alabama, where steps were taken to establish a Confederate Government, with Davis and Stephens for President and Vice-President. Rumors were soon afloat about plots to seize Washington. Volunteer companies were mustering and drilling in Southern towns. Alarm spread abroad. Trade was arrested.

A letter from Washington (F. W. S.) described some of the incidents transpiring there:

The Union is the engrossing topic with everybody. There is a succession of committees, delegations, and individual visitors, from all over the North, each with their special panacea. Letters of the same purport overflow the basket, and the mails — a great many of them from the South. The people of the District are looking anxiously for the result of the Virginia election. They fear that if Virginia resolves on secession, Maryland will follow; and then Washington will be seized. Meantime the anxiety of the citizens is almost ludicrously intense. The other morning a street was thrown into consternation, at daybreak, by the beating of drums; and people rushed out all armed, and half dressed, when it proved to be only one of the companies of Flying Artillery, which had arrived over night, and was beating the usual morning reveille.

Another panic came at noon, on Saturday. It had been understood that three guns would be the signal of the approach of Governor Wise's Secession Troops. Three guns were heard from the direction of the Potomac, followed by a cannonade in rapid succession. But it turned out to be only a peaceful salute, fired in honor of the admission of Kansas. Notwithstanding the false alarms they create, however, the Flying Artillery are highly popular; the people are delighted to see them passing through the streets.

Soon after, Seward wrote home:

February 3.

Either the revolution grows more moderate, or we become more accustomed to it, and society begins to resume its tone.

The election in Virginia to-morrow probably determines whether all the slave States will take the attitude of disunion. Everybody around me thinks that that will make the separation irretrievable, and involve us, at least on, or immediately after, the 4th of March, in flagrant civil war. Practically everybody will despair; I despond no more now, than ever. Interrupted again — so good-night.

Virginia was holding her election for delegates to a Convention. When, a day or two later, the returns began to come in, showing that the people had voted for Union; and that a decided majority of the delegates elected would be against secession — the news came upon Washington like a gleam of sunshine in a storm. Those who had been depressed were now elated. They declared the disunion movement was checked, perhaps would be checkmated. Yet some mistrust was mingled with the rejoicing. Seward received the result with his usual equanimity. "At least," he remarked, "the danger of conflict, here or elsewhere, before the 4th of March, has been averted. Time has been gained."

A few days later he wrote, "Tennessee comes out against secession. I think now that we shall go quietly into power on the 4th of March."

A temporary lull in the popular excitement followed. As it was understood that South Carolina would not precipitate matters, while

the attitude of the "Border States" remained uncertain, the hopes of those who believed in "compromise" as a cure for national troubles began to rise again. The Peace Conference, convened at Virginia's suggestion, now became the point toward which attention was turned. It assembled on the 4th of February at Willard's Hall, adjoining the hotel, in Washington. Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri were represented by Commissioners. The seceded States sent none. From the North came Commissioners in behalf of New England and Middle States; and from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. There were none from the other North-western States, nor from the Pacific coast. Ex-President Tyler was the presiding officer; and among the members were, Lot M. Morrill of Maine, Roger S. Baldwin of Connecticut, Charles Allen of Massachusetts, Francis Granger, William Curtis Noyes, and David Dudley Field of New York, Frederick Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Messrs. Rives, Sedden, and Summers of Virginia, Stephen F. Logan of Illinois, James Harlan of Iowa, Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, Thomas Ewing and Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, James Guthrie and C. A. Wickliffe of Kentucky, and many others of prominence, from the different political parties. A committee was appointed to draw up a plan of "adjustment of existing difficulties between States." Debates and deliberation began and continued many days. They showed that the hopes of the movers in this plan rested upon the same basis as those which pervaded Philadelphia and New York meetings, the Tweddle Hall Convention at Albany, and the movers of compromise resolutions in the Senate and House, to-wit: that new concessions must be made to the South, on the subject of slavery. Seward's opinion on that point had already been expressed. While adhering to his views, he saw that many engaged in the delusive pursuit of "some acceptable compromise," were actuated by patriotic and praiseworthy desire to avert disunion; and he deemed that all their efforts had at least one great merit — that of delaying the progress of the secession movement in the border States; and so, of insuring the safety of the Government and the capital, until the new Administration could be installed in power. Therefore, instead of having the Peace Conference end, he would gladly have had it continue its session for weeks longer. It had to conclude its labors, however, in order that its plan of adjustment might be perfected, and submitted to Congress before the final adjournment. Toward the close of the month the plan, which embodied various concessions, was laid before the Senate. It was immediately referred to a select committee, consisting of Crittenden, Bigler, Thomson, Seward and Trumbull. On

the following day, Crittenden reported it favorably; and, on behalf of the majority of the committee, recommended its adoption. Seward, on behalf of the minority, offered a substitute in the shape of a joint resolution, inviting the Legislatures to take into consideration the subject of calling a National Convention, "and to express their will on that subject to Congress, in pursuance of the fifth article of the Constitution." In the debate which followed, the especially noticeable point was the Union speech of Andrew Johnson, denouncing those who had seized the arsenals and custom-houses, as "traitors."

In one of his private letters to Seward, Mr. Lincoln wrote that a Western member of Congress had visited Springfield, "seeking to ascertain to what extent I would be consenting for our friends to go, in the way of compromise, in the now vexed question" — I "told him I would write to you, requesting you to let him see my letter." He then proceeded with characteristic emphasis to say:

On the territorial question — that is, the question of extending slavery under the national auspices — I am inflexible; I am for no compromise which *asserts* or *permits* the extension of the institution on soil owned by the nation. And any trick, by which the nation is to acquire territory, and then allow some local authority to spread slavery over it, is as noxious as any other. I take it that to effect some such result as this, and to put us again on the high road to a slave empire, is the object of all those proposed compromises. I am against it. As to fugitive slaves, District of Columbia, slave trade among the slave States, and whatever springs, of necessity, from the fact that the institution is amongst us, I care but little; so that what is done be comely, and not altogether outrageous. Nor do I care much about New Mexico, if further extension were hedged against.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

While the sessions of the Peace Conference were still in progress, came the "second Wednesday in February" — the critical day on which the Electoral votes were to be formally counted, in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, and the result officially declared. Under the outward calm which prevailed in the city, there was a flutter of deep anxiety; and many drew a long breath of relief, when they heard the measured, sonorous tones of the Vice-President Breckinridge announcing, that "Abraham Lincoln has been duly elected President of the United States." A letter of the following day said:

The votes have been counted, and the capital is not attacked. General Scott had his troops all under arms, out of sight, but ready, with guns loaded and horses harnessed; so that they could take the field at a few moments' notice. But there was no enemy. The capital was full, but quiet, and the ceremony was quiet, but tedious.

Seward wrote two days later:

We have passed the 13th safely; and although there is still feverish anxiety, and unrest, enough to bewilder the public mind, it is satisfactory to me that each day brings the people apparently nearer to the tone and temper, and even to the policy I have indicated. We have still a fearful responsibility. Sixty days have not yet elapsed, since I promised, in New York, that public apprehension would be relieved, and that condition of things has already come.

I am, at last, out of direct responsibility. I have brought the ship off the sands, and am ready to resign the helm into the hands of the Captain whom the people have chosen.

Meanwhile, a warm contest had been going on in the Legislature at Albany. As Seward's senatorial term was to expire on the 4th of March, the time had arrived to elect his successor. It had been his expectation and hope that Mr. Evarts would be chosen, and the press of the State, during the summer and fall, had been discussing this as a probable event. When, however, winter came, and the Legislature assembled at Albany, it was found that there would be a struggle. Under the lead of Mr. Weed, those who had been distinctively known as "Weed and Seward men" supported Mr. Evarts. Their opponents concentrated in behalf of Mr. Greeley. There was also a third element, small at the outset, but developing increasing strength, who favored the election of Judge Ira Harris. An active canvass preceded the caucus. The balloting began. After a time, the supporters of Mr. Evarts, finding themselves unable to elect their candidate, concluded to join with the adherents of Judge Harris, who, by this united vote, was thereupon elected Senator.

This was Seward's last month in the Senate. Though little could be hoped for in the way of legislation, he continued assiduously at work, at what he used to call his "bridge building" — or bringing the Government safely over the perilous interval before the 4th of March. During the last days of the session, he spoke frequently, but his words were brief and guarded, and always chosen with a view to that leading purpose. He presented the various Union memorials that came to him, and asked their respectful consideration. He took part in the discussions of the Tariff and Appropriation Bills, inviting consideration of the various items, with a calmness that seemed to ignore that a revolution was in progress. When the Treasury Note Bill came up, he advocated it warmly, and urged that the notes be for small as well as large amounts; so as to obtain money for the Government on the most favorable terms, as well as to give it the character of a popular loan. He supported and explained the suggestion of Secretary Dix, for a guaranty of U. S. bonds by the loyal States,

and told the story of the U. S. Deposit Fund, which the Government was entitled to have back again in its hour of need.

That is, a fund of $26,000,000, which belongs to the Federal Government, and which it has a right to reclaim to-day. The Secretary of the Treasury, seeing that, now, the States are strong, and the Federal Government is passing through a crisis, with disaffection at home, and suspicion abroad, suggests that we may recall that money from its depositories in the State Treasuries, or, if unwilling to do that, out of tenderness to the States, that we may ask them to indorse our bonds for twenty years, and leave with them our own money, which is on deposit.

A change had gradually come over the temper of the Senate. The proceedings of the latter days were quiet and decorous, in strong contrast to the outburst of fiery philippics which marked the beginning of the session. As one Gulf State after another had seceded, their respective Senators had withdrawn from the Chamber; some silently, others with oratorical display. But their departure, instead of hindering the public business, facilitated it; for now, it went on methodically, in the regular channels. The same thing had occurred in the House of Representatives: and the Republicans, who had begun the winter as a minority, saw with satisfaction that they were daily gaining in relative strength, and by spring would have an unexpected majority in both Houses. The close of Congress, too, always brings some soothing influences. The nearness of the end reawakens kindly feeling among the members who are so soon to separate. Seward felt that his parting with the Senate Chamber would be a final one. The acrimony and bitterness that greeted his entrance there, twelve years before, had all passed away; and only cordial and friendly relations existed between him and his fellow-Senators, of all parties. They had learned to know and like him. His genial temperament, kindly and hospitable tastes, and practical sense, made him, not only a friend, but an ally, whose help was sought in legislative matters, even by those who combated him most vigorously in political debate. Seward had been in the minority, and in opposition to the successive Administrations. But he never inclined to the cheap demagogism of inveighing against the Government on all occasions, and voting against all its measures, as of course wrong. He regarded it as part of his senatorial duty, to uphold and strengthen the hands of the Government, when it was right, just as much as to denounce it when it was wrong. Measures of real public utility and importance he was ready to aid, whether they originated on his own side of the Chamber, or the other. This trait had more than once brought him into collision with some of his own party; but it made his record one that he could look back upon with pleasure;

and made his parting with his associates an occasion of mutual and real regret. On the 26th of February, he presented the credentials of his successor, Judge Harris.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, the editor of the New York *Independent*, vigorously answered, in his paper, those who were now denouncing Seward for "making a Union speech," instead of an anti-slavery one. A letter to him remarked:

February 23.

The American people, in our day, have two great interests. *One*, the ascendancy of freedom over slavery; the other, the integrity of the Union. The slavery interest has derived its whole political power from bringing the latter object into antagonism with the former.

Twelve years ago, freedom was in danger, and the Union was not. I spake then so singly for freedom, that short-sighted men inferred that I was disloyal to the Union. I endured the reproach without complaining; and now I have my vindication. To-day, practically freedom is not in danger, and Union is. With the loss of Union, all would be lost. With the attempt to maintain Union, by civil war, *wantonly* brought on, there would be danger of reaction against the Administration charged with the preservation of both freedom and Union. Now, therefore, I speak singly for Union, striving, if possible, to save it peaceably; if not possible, then to cast the responsibility upon the party of slavery. For this singleness of speech I am now suspected of infidelity to freedom. In this case, as in the other, I refer myself not to the men of my time, but to the judgment of history. I thank you, my dear sir, for having anticipated what I think history will pronounce. But do not publish, or show this letter. Leave me to be misunderstood. I am not impatient. I write to you, only because I would not be, nor seem to be, ungrateful.

CHAPTER LIV.

1861.

General Scott. Military Precautions for the Safety of Washington. Journey of the President-elect. Warning of a Plot for His Assassination. A Night Trip. Arrival in Washington. Meeting with Friends. Lincoln and Seward. Notes and Conferences. End of the Peace Conference. "The Day of Compromise is Past." The Last Day of Congress and the Administration.

During this period, Seward was in frequent conference with General Scott. The General had been called from his New York head-quarters to Washington, in December, by President Buchanan, and in view of the alarming situation of affairs at the capital, was endeavor-

ing to take such steps as were practicable, for its protection. It was a task at once difficult and delicate. The little army of the United States was widely scattered. Many of its officers had joined the disunionists, and the fidelity of others was doubtful. A considerable portion of the inhabitants of Washington were not only in sympathy, but in active communication with the secessionists. Every precaution for the safety of government buildings and property was scrutinized with lynx-eyed vigilance. Every movement of troops was denounced as "tyranny," or "attempted coercion." So little was the true state of affairs appreciated, even by Union-loving men at the North, that some of them condemned the General for "fanning the embers of sectional ill-will," by his "useless parade," and "ill-timed folly," whenever he moved a man or a gun. Nevertheless, he kept steadily on at his work — with that sturdy loyalty and careful precision which characterized him. By the end of February he had gathered, from different posts, a force of a few hundred men, including batteries of artillery from Atlantic forts, and sappers and miners from West Point, marines from the Washington barracks, and ordnance men from the arsenals. One of the most judicious and effective measures of the time was the reorganization and arming of the District of Columbia militia, which was accomplished under the General's direction, by Colonel Charles P. Stone, who (as he has related) "was mustered into the service of the United States on the second day of January, on the special requisition of the General-in-Chief, and thus became the first one of the citizens called into the military service of the Government, to defend it against overthrow."

Mr. Lincoln was now on his way to the capital. Leaving Springfield on the 11th, he was, with his friends, making a journey, necessarily protracted by the receptions and ovations which the people of the various States were eager to tender to the President-elect. The newspapers devoted much of their space to chronicling the incidents of his trip, his public greetings at Indianapolis, Columbus, and Pittsburg, and the preparations for his welcome at New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

On the morning of the 21st of February, a note from General Scott, and Colonel Stone, communicated to Seward information that seemed of grave import, and requiring immediate attention. As to the events which followed during the next two days, my own account, written afterward, but hitherto unpublished, may properly be given here:

I was in the gallery of the Senate Chamber shortly after noon on Thursday, when one of the pages touched my elbow, and told me that Senator Seward wished to see me immediately. Going down, I met him in the lobby. He

handed me a letter he had just written to Mr. Lincoln, inclosing a note from General Scott. He said:

"Whether this story is well founded or not, Mr. Lincoln ought to know of it at once. But I know of no reason to doubt it. General Scott is impressed with the belief that the danger is real. Colonel Stone has facilities for knowing, and is not apt to exaggerate. I want you to go by the first train. Find Mr. Lincoln, wherever he is. Let no one else know your errand. I have written him that I think he should change his arrangements, and pass through Baltimore at a different hour. I know it may occasion some embarrassment, and, perhaps, some ill-natured talk. Nevertheless, I would strongly advise him to do it."

The train, a tedious one, brought me into Philadelphia about ten o'clock at night. I had learned from the newspapers, and the conversation of my fellow-passengers, that the party of the President-elect would spend the night at the Continental Hotel, where he would be serenaded.

Arriving at the hotel, I found Chestnut street crowded with people, gay with lights, and echoing with music and hurrahs. Within, the halls and stairways were packed, and the brilliantly-lighted parlors were filled with ladies and gentlemen, who had come to "pay their respects." A buzz of animated conversation pervaded the throng, and, in its center, presentations to the President-elect appeared to be going on. Clearly, this was no time for the delivery of a confidential message. I turned into a room near the head of the stairway, which had been pointed out as that of Mr. Robert Lincoln. He was surrounded by a group of young friends. On my introducing myself, he met and greeted me with courteous warmth, and then called to Colonel Ward H. Lamon, who was passing, and introduced us to each other. Colonel Lamon, taking me by the arm, proposed at once to go back into the parlor to present me to Mr. Lincoln. On my telling him that I wanted my interview to be as private and to attract as little attention as possible, the Colonel laughed and said:

"Then, I think I had better take you to his bedroom. If you don't mind waiting there, you'll be sure to meet him, for he has got to go there some time to-night; and it is the only place I know of where he will be likely to be alone."

This was the very opportunity I desired. Thanking the Colonel, I sat and waited for an hour or more in the quiet room that was in such contrast to the bustle outside. Presently Colonel Lamon called me, and we met Mr. Lincoln, who was coming down the hall. I had never before seen him; but the campaign portraits had made his face quite familiar. I could not but notice how accurately they had copied his features, and how totally they had omitted his care-worn look, and his pleasant, kindly smile. After a few words of friendly greeting, with inquiries about my father and matters in Washington, he sat down by the table under the gas-light to peruse the letter I had brought. Although its contents were of a somewhat startling nature, he made no exclamation, and I saw no sign of surprise in his face. After reading it carefully through, he again held it to the light and deliberately read it through a second time. Then, after musing a moment, he looked up and asked:

"Did you hear any thing about the way this information was obtained? Do you know any thing about how they got it?"

No, I had known nothing in regard to it till that morning, when called down by my father from the Senate gallery."

"Your father and General Scott do not say who they think are concerned in it. Do you think they know?

On that point, too, I could give no additional information, further than my impression that my father's knowledge of it was limited to what had been communicated to him by Colonel Stone, in whose statements he had implicit confidence.

"Did you hear any names mentioned? Did you, for instance, ever hear any thing said about such a name as Pinkerton?"

No, I had heard no such name in connection with the matter — no name at all, in fact, except those of General Scott and Colonel Stone.

He thought a moment and then said:

"I may as well tell you why I ask. There were stories or rumors some time ago, before I left home, about people who were intending to do me a mischief. I never attached much importance to them — never wanted to believe any such thing. So I never would do any thing about them, in the way of taking precautions and the like. Some of my friends, though, thought differently — Judd and others — and, without my knowledge, they employed a detective to look into the matter. It seems he has occasionally reported what he found; and only to-day, since we arrived at this house, he brought this story, or something similar to it, about an attempt on my life in the confusion and hurly-burly of the reception at Baltimore."

"Surely, Mr. Lincoln," said I, "that is a strong corroboration of the news I bring you."

He smiled and shook his head.

"That is exactly why I was asking you about names. If different persons, not knowing of each other's work, have been pursuing separate clews that led to the same result, why then it shows there may be something in it. But if this is only the same story, filtered through two channels, and reaching me in two ways, then that don't make it any stronger. Don't you see?"

The logic was unanswerable. But I asserted my strong belief that the two investigations had been conducted independently of each other, and urged that there was enough of probability to make it prudent to adopt the suggestion, and make the slight change, in hour and train, which would avoid all risk.

After a little further discussion of the subject, Mr. Lincoln rose and said:

"Well, we haven't got to decide it to-night, any way, and I see it is getting late."

Then noticing that I looked disappointed at his reluctance to regard the warning, he said kindly:

"You need not think I will not consider it well. I shall think it over carefully, and try to decide it right; and I will let you know in the morning."

At the breakfast table, the next day, the papers had the report of Mr. Lincoln's remarks on raising the flag at Independence Hall early that morning.

One sentence in them had a deeper meaning than his auditors guessed. Adverting to the principle embodied in the Declaration of Independence, he said: "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

Shortly after breakfast Colonel Lamon met me in the hall, and taking me aside, said that Mr. Lincoln had concluded to do as he had been advised. He would change his plan so as to pass through Baltimore at a different hour from that announced. I hastened to the telegraph office and sent to my father a word, previously agreed upon; on receiving which he would understand that his advice had been taken. Accordingly he was at the railroad station in Washington on Saturday morning with E. B. Washburne of Illinois, when Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Lamon, very much to the surprise of the by-standers, got out of the night train from Philadelphia.

Writing home that day, Seward said:

February 23.

I was advised on Thursday morning of a plot in Baltimore to assassinate the President-elect on his expected arrival there to-day. I sent Fred to apprise him of it. After Fred had done this, and induced a change in Mr. Lincoln's program, he went to New York to meet Anna, and bring her here this evening.

The President-elect arrived *incog.* at six this morning. I met him at the depot; and after breakfast, introduced him to the President and Cabinet; and then proceeded with him to call on General Scott. After that we rode an hour. I met him again at half-past one. He is very cordial and kind toward me — simple, natural, and agreeable.

Rooms had been taken for Mr. Lincoln at Willard's Hotel, and most of the afternoon was passed in receiving visits from his friends, the members of Congress, and of the Peace Conference. Mingled with expressions of gratification at meeting him, and of congratulation upon his safe arrival, was an undertone of regret that it should have been deemed necessary or wise to make the hasty night trip through Baltimore. This was natural enough. The time had not yet come when Americans in general could realize that a crime at once so nefarious, and so foolish, as the assassination of the Chief Magistrate, was possible.

At six o'clock Mr. Lincoln returned to take a quiet family dinner with Seward, who had invited Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President-elect, to meet him. The evening, and, indeed, most of the next day, was devoted to talking over the policy and prospects of the coming Administration. "One part of the business, Governor Seward," said Mr. Lincoln, "I think I shall leave almost entirely in your hands; that is, the dealing with those foreign nations and their governments."

When on the next day he accompanied Seward to the old St. John's Church, on Lafayette square, the sexton hastened to place before him the massive prayer-book, bearing the inscription of "The President

of the United States," which had been in use there during so many successive administrations.

The draft of his Inaugural Address was handed by Mr. Lincoln to Seward, with the request that he would note down, and return with it, any suggestions of modifications that might occur to him. It was accordingly so returned with this letter:

Sunday Evening, February 24.

My Dear Sir — I have suggested many changes, of little importance, severally, but, in their general effect, tending to soothe the public mind.

Of course the concessions are, as they ought to be, if they are to be of avail, at the cost of the winning, the triumphant party. I do not fear their displeasure. They will be loyal, whatever is said. Not so the defeated, irritated, angered, frenzied party. I, my dear sir, have devoted myself singly to the study of the case — here, with advantages of access and free communication with all parties of all sections. I have a common responsibility and interest with you, and I shall adhere to you faithfully in every case. You must, therefore, allow me to speak frankly and candidly. In this spirit I declare to you that my convictions that the *second* and *third* paragraphs, even if modified as I propose in my amendments, will give such advantage to the Disunionists, that Virginia and Maryland will secede; and we shall within ninety, perhaps within sixty days, be obliged to fight the South for this capital, with a divided North for our reliance; and we shall not have one loyal magistrate or ministerial officer south of the Potomac.

In that case the dismemberment of the Republic would date from the inauguration of a Republican Administration. I, therefore, most respectfully counsel the omission of those paragraphs. I know the tenacity of party friends; and I honor and respect it. But I know also that they know nothing of the real peril of the crisis. It has not been their duty to study it, as it has been mine. Only the soothing words which I have spoken have saved us and carried us along thus far. Every loyal man, and, indeed, every disloyal man in the South, will tell you thus.

Your case is quite like that of *Jefferson*. He brought the first Republican party into power against and over a party ready to resist and dismember the Government. Partisan as he was, he sank the partisan in the patriot, in his inaugural address; and propitiated his adversaries by declaring, "We are all Federalists; all Republicans." I could wish that you would think it wise to follow this example, in this crisis. Be sure that while all your administrative conduct will be in harmony with Republican principles and policy, you cannot lose the Republican party by practicing, in your advent to office, the magnanimity of a victor.

Very faithfully your friend,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

General Remarks.

The argument is strong and conclusive, and ought not to be in any way abridged or modified.

But something besides, or in addition to argument, is needful, to meet and remove *prejudice* and *passion* in the *South*, and *despondency* and *fear* in the *East*. Some words of affection. Some of calm and cheerful confidence.

One week only intervened before the change of Administration. The President-elect was beleaguered in his hotel by visitors, who filled its halls and corridors. Appointments for themselves or their friends; changes in what they thought might be his policy; changes in what they supposed would be his Cabinet — these were the staple of their unceasing tide of talk.

The out-going President had a more quiet season at the White House, where he was closing his business and making his preparations for departure. One of his latest and most creditable acts was his Message, on the 2d of March, in reply to a congressional resolution of inquiry about the troops at the capital. After saying that six hundred and fifty-three men, exclusive of marines, had been ordered to Washington, he expressed the opinion that "it would not have been right for him to 'wait for proof' before taking those precautionary measures." "The safety," he said, "of the immense amount of public property in this city, and that of the archives of the Government, in which all the States, and especially the new States, in which the public lands are situated, have a deep interest; the peace and order of the city itself, and the security of the inauguration of the President-elect, were objects of such vast importance to the whole country, that I could not hesitate to adopt precautionary defensive measures."

There had been much debate in the House, and some sharp censure of General Scott, the Secretary of War, and the President for adopting any precautions at all. Ultra-Southern men especially condemned them as unnecessary, impolitic, and offensive; but the very warmth of their condemnation was suspicious. Secretary Holt, in one of his reports, remarked:

> At what time armed occupation of Washington city became a part of the revolutionary program is not certainly known. More than six weeks ago, the impression had already extensively obtained that a conspiracy for the accomplishment of this guilty purpose was in process of formation, if not fully matured. The earnest endeavors, made by men known to be devoted to the revolution, to hurry Virginia and Maryland out of the Union, were regarded as preparatory steps for the subjugation of Washington. This plan was in entire harmony with the aim and spirit of those seeking the subversion of the Government; since no more fatal blow at its existence could be struck than the permanent and hostile possession of the seat of its power. * * *
>
> Superadded to these proofs were the oft-repeated declarations of men, in high political positions here, and who were known to have intimate affiliations with the revolution — if, indeed, they did not hold the reins in their hands —

to the effect that Mr. Lincoln would not, or should not, be inaugurated at Washington. Such declarations, from such men, could not be treated as empty bluster.

In the Senate the communication from the Peace Conference proposing amendments to the Constitution was the subject of earnest debate. When, at last, the question came to be voted upon, the result showed that Seward's forecast of it was correct. Congress would have neither the compromise of the Peace Conference, nor the compromise of Mr. Crittenden; neither the report of the Committee of Fifteen, nor the report of the Committee of Thirty-three. It would adopt no compromise, individual or collective, that had been offered. "The day of compromise was past."

Congress ended its session with results like those of a drawn game. It had lent no aid and countenance to secession; but neither had it done any thing to strengthen the hands of the Executive in resisting it. It had done nothing for the protection of the capital: but it refused to censure those who had. Parties were so balanced, and opinions were so divided, that no line of policy in regard to the national crisis could be adopted. Time, at last, brought the solution of all its dilemmas. The 4th of March came, and with it adjournment *sine die*.

And now the change of Administration was at hand. The week had been a busy one in Washington. The usual preparations for inauguration were in progress, attended by the usual bustle; but also by unusual anxiety and depression. A committee of patriotic citizens, who were getting up an Inauguration Ball, had Seward's hearty help; for he hoped that such a festivity would help to restore the proper tone of public feeling. At his suggestion, they modified its title and called it the "Union Ball, in honor of the Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln."

There has been handed down from the early days of the Government, a graceful and dignified custom, that the outgoing and incoming Presidents shall go up together to the Capitol, and returning after the ceremonies, part with each other at the Executive Mansion, which one enters and the other relinquishes. Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln had arranged to comply with this usage.

As there were still some apprehensions of attempts at disorder and riot on Inauguration Day, an earnest conference was held at General Scott's head-quarters on Sunday afternoon, at which the respective positions and functions of the military bodies were settled upon. Colonel Stone, in describing this conference in his "Washington on the Eve of the War," remarks:

To illustrate the state of uncertainty in which we were at that time concerning men, I may here state that the Lieutenant-Colonel, Military Secretary of

the General-in-Chief, who that afternoon recorded the conclusions of the General in conference, and who afterward wrote out for me the instructions regarding the disposition of troops, resigned his commission that very night, and departed for the South.

CHAPTER LV.

1861.

Inauguration of President Lincoln. Speech to New York Friends. The Inaugural Address. The Ball. The Cabinet. The Department of State. Mr. Hunter. Appointments and Tenure of Office. The Diplomatic Corps. The Beginning of a Diary. Circular to Ministers. Office-seekers and Office-holders. The Foreign Appointments. Holt, Dix, and Stanton.

INAUGURATION DAY dawned bright, cool, and tranquil. The streets were quiet. The parks and public squares were beginning to show signs of spring. Flags were floating on the line of march between the White House and the Capitol, and all was in readiness for the coming ceremony.

By ten o'clock Seward had disposed of his morning newspapers and letters, and was preparing to go up to the Capitol, when F street in front of his house began gradually to fill with an assemblage of several hundred people. Presently a committee from them called at his door, to inform him that they were all New Yorkers, who, having come to attend the Inauguration, deemed they could not more appropriately begin the day than by calling upon their Senator, tendering their salutations and good wishes, on the occasion of his leaving the Senate to enter upon new duties. He came out on the door-step, where James Kelly, in behalf of the visitors, addressed him.

In his reply, Seward remarked, that this day closed "that service of twelve years," a period which, in retrospect, seemed but short, and yet one that had been one-sixth part of the whole duration of the Union. He said that his public acts "throughout that long and trying period were all upon record," and that "looking back upon them here, and now, there is not one word of that record which I desire should be obliterated." He added, that while "a representative of one State only," he had been "all the while conscious" that he was "also a legislator for all the States — for the whole Republic." He said that though he had accomplished less of good than he had wished, the people of New York had generously sustained him; and that he

should rely on their intelligence and patriotism in preserving the national inheritance. Alluding to "the Administration, which you have come here to inaugurate," he said:

> It comes into power under circumstances of embarrassment and peril; but I believe I know the character and purposes of the Chief Magistrate. I believe that while he will be firm, he will be just to every State, and every section, and every citizen; that he will defend and protect their rights and interests, their peace and prosperity, while he will practice the moderation that springs from virtue, and the affection that arises from patriotism. Under his guidance, and with the blessing of God, I trust, and confidently expect, that an Administration that is inaugurated amid some distrust, and painful apprehensions, will close upon a reunited, restored, prosperous, free, and happy Republic.

Then followed the Inauguration pageant. It was in all respects orderly and impressive. Thousands of visitors thronged the streets, and witnessed the procession in silence, except when they greeted the new President with cheers. Mr. Buchanan had driven to Willard's for Mr. Lincoln, and when the two Presidents came out together, the military escort of regular and District troops formed closely about their carriage, and took up the line of march. The District companies were the theme of much comment, and no small exultation. It was a gratification to loyal residents of Washington, as well as to their visitors, to find that so numerous a body of effective, soldierly-looking men could be mustered at the capital, for its own protection. What other disposition of troops had been made, few knew; but there was a general feeling that no precaution had been neglected. General Scott called at Seward's door, in his brougham, to tell him where he would be found; and to say that the troops had been posted as advantageously as practicable, but, at the same time, quietly and unostentatiously. In point of fact, there were squads of riflemen on housetops, along the avenue, and at the windows of the wings of the Capitol, and under the steps leading to the platform, while batteries of light artillery were ready for immediate service to quell any street riot. But no untoward incident occurred to interrupt the proceedings.

Round the President, on the broad, eastern portico were clustered the Senators and Members of Congress, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the Diplomatic Corps. A vast crowd gathered in the open space in front of the building, who listened with intense interest, amid a stillness almost oppressive, to the clear, distinct utterance of Mr. Lincoln, in reading his Inaugural.

Mr. Weed relates that "after Mr. Lincoln commenced delivering his address, he retired, and in so doing, saw Generals Scott and

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION.

"FREEDOM" IN THE EAST PARK.
(NOW ON THE CAPITOL DOME.)

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Wool in full uniform, standing by a battery. When he presented himself to these veterans and personal friends, General Scott inquired how the Inauguration was going on. 'It is a success,' replied Mr. Weed; hearing which, the old hero raised his arms, and exclaimed: 'God be praised! God in His goodness be praised!'"

In the evening, the "Union Ball" took place, in a temporary building erected for the purpose, in the rear of the City Hall. The exterior was simply of plain boards; the interior tastefully decorated with flowers, evergreens, and national flags. The new President and Mrs. Lincoln came about nine o'clock, and walked through the room to the dais, where they received the greetings and salutations of guests, as they were presented. There was no crowd, little dancing; and one might almost say, no gayety. The guests assembled were, for the most part, refined, and well-dressed people, with a more serious air than is usual on occasions of social festivity. Many of those who attended, like those who subscribed for it, did so because it was an opportunity to display fidelity to the Union. Many who had been prominent in the society of the capital, during the previous Administration, manifested their lack of sympathy with the "Black Republicans" by staying away. Of course, the chief topic was the Inauguration and its incidents. And here one may be recalled. Conversing in the supper-room about the Inaugural Address, its peroration or closing sentence was especially commended by A. Oakey Hall, from whom, a day or two later, came the following poetic note:

New York City, *March* 7, 1861.

Regardez au plaisir. Par Parenthese: See how the paragraph slips into rhyme. I intend to have it set to music, and sung:

The mystic chords of Memory
That stretch from patriot graves;
From battle-fields to living hearts,
Or hearth-stones freed from slaves,
An Union chorus shall prolong,
And grandly, proudly swell,
When by those better angels touched
Who in all natures dwell.

Yours, appropriately, on foreign post,
A. OAKEY HALL.

At twelve o'clock on Monday, the Democrats had a majority in the Senate, and it was presided over by John C. Breckinridge. At one o'clock, the Republicans had a majority, and it was presided over by Hannibal Hamlin. So many Secessionists had gone away, and so many new Senators were to be sworn in, that the new Executive would have the Senate practically in accord with him. When they reassem-

bled on Tuesday morning, President Lincoln laid before them his nominations for his Cabinet, all of whom were duly confirmed:

William H. Seward of New York, Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War; Gideon Welles of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy; Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, Secretary of the Interior; Edward Bates of Missouri, Attorney-General; Montgomery Blair of Maryland, Postmaster-General.

On learning of the action of the Senate, the President penned a note, and sent it by his messenger.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, *March* 5, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD:

My Dear Sir — Please give me an interview at once.

Yours, truly,
A. LINCOLN.

Seward presented himself at once, and entered upon the duties of his new office, the first of which was to take the oath, and the next to call a Cabinet meeting.

Three days later he wrote to Mrs. Seward:

March 8.

I cannot recollect when it was that I wrote to you last. It has been a busy period, however, since that last letter.

I slipped quietly out of Congress, without getting any bones broken, and not without getting some little ground conceded by it, on which an Administration can stand. The President is determined that he will have a compound Cabinet; and that it shall be peaceful, and even permanent. I was at one time on the point of refusing — nay, I did refuse, for a time to hazard myself in the experiment. But a distracted country appeared before me; and I withdrew from that position. I believe I can endure as much as any one; and may be that I can endure enough to make the experiment successful. At all events I did not dare to go home, or to England, and leave the country to chance.

I attended, but was careful not to be conspicuous, at the Inauguration and at the ball. Circumstances indicate that, in losing my prominence, I shall receive some more of toleration from the public than heretofore. On Tuesday I was appointed Secretary; and it was pleasant that the President and Senate, with great good-will, confirmed Frederick as my assistant. I have placed him where he must meet the whole array of friends seeking offices — an hundred taking tickets where only one can draw a prize. I do not know what I should do without him.

I went into office on Wednesday, and for two days have attended at the department nine hours each. Last night I broke down, and sent for Dr. Miller. I have kept my chamber to-day, except an hour, when I went on a necessary errand to the White House.

I wish I could tell you something of the political troubles of the country; but I cannot find the time. They are enough to tax the wisdom of the wisest. Fort Sumter in danger. Relief of it practically impossible. The Commissioners from the Southern Confederacy are here. These cares fall chiefly on me. The country will, before long, come to a severe trial of its patience and patriotism.

The Department of State, at this period, was in the old two-story brick building, which used to stand on ground now occupied by the northern end of the Treasury Department. It was substantial and convenient, without being either stately or imposing. Its exterior was painted a plain drab color, and exhibited little attempt at ornamentation, excepting a portico of six white columns on the northern side. Under this portico was the main entrance, which, however, was little used — a side door on Fifteenth street offering a more convenient way of ingress and egress. Within, its finish was equally simple. It had but thirty or forty rooms, not large, though well arranged for their purpose; and these, during the preceding half century, had been found ample for the needs of this branch of the Government; though the accumulation of books and archives was now beginning to cramp the space of some of the clerks. The two rooms in the north-east corner of the second floor were usually occupied by the Secretary — one for study, the other for receiving visitors. Messengers were just outside his door; and across the hall, within convenient reach, were the rooms of the Assistant Secretary and Chief Clerk.

On the morning after his appointment, Seward quietly entered and took his chair. His first summons was for Mr. Hunter, in whose charge the department had been left, on the retirement of the preceding Secretary, Judge Black. Mr. Hunter was, and for years had been, the personification of the department work. He was its memory, its guiding hand. Originally appointed by John Quincy Adams, he had remained in the department ever since, usually as Chief Clerk, sometimes as Assistant or Acting Secretary. His life had been devoted to its service; and in return, it had come to regard him as an indispensable component part of its existence; while successive Presidents and Secretaries came and passed away. The working force of the department was small, but capable and experienced. It comprised between thirty and forty clerks and messengers. Some of them had already grown gray in the service. Some had come under its roof with Secretaries Van Buren, Webster, Marcy, Clayton, and Everett; others were of more recent date. With the change of parties, and the coming in of a new Administration, applicants, by the hundreds,

were in waiting for every place; and it had been confidently predicted that the Republicans would "make a clean sweep" in every department, even in the staid and conservative department of Foreign Affairs.

On his first day in office, Seward made inquiry as to how many of the clerks were loyal to the Union, and how many sympathized with the Secessionists. In so small and compact a body, proclivities for and against disunion could easily be ascertained. He promptly dismissed every disunion sympathizer; and gave orders that access to archives and papers should thenceforth be denied them. Then he informed the loyal Union men remaining, that he should make no inquiry into their politics. Whether they were Whigs, Democrats, or Republicans, their stay in the department would depend upon their fidelity in the discharge of official duties. Such a course inspired alacrity, and encouraged patriotism. That it was wise, has been attested by the fact that no case of disloyalty subsequently occurred; and that, following his example, successive Secretaries have continued the same incumbents in place, from that day to this — only filling by new appointments, such vacancies as have occurred through death, resignation, or promotion.

One of the ceremonial occasions incident to the opening of a new Administration is the presentation of the Diplomatic Corps to the President. This now took place at the White House; Seward formally introducing the foreign Ministers, with their secretaries and attachés, to Mr. Lincoln. Hardly any of them were strangers to the new Secretary of State, whose long residence in Washington had brought him into personal acquaintance with most of the Ministers. The *doyen* or senior member of the Corps at this time was the Commander Figaniere, the Portuguese Envoy, who had been accredited in 1854. Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister, had come in the same year. Señor Antonio José de Yrissari, from Guatemala and Salvador, had come in 1855. Mr. Edward de Stoeckl as the representative of Russia, and Señor Don Gabriel Garcia y Tassara, the representative of Spain, had both come in 1857. The others had arrived during the Administration of Mr. Buchanan. Señor Luis Molina was the Minister from Costa Rica and Honduras, Lord Lyons from Great Britain, M. Blondeel von Cuelebrouck from Belgium, Señor Miguel Maria Lisboa from Brazil, M. Henri Mercier from France, and Mr. Roest Van Limburg from the Netherlands.

The new Cabinet assembled in the President's room, around the green table, which had been the center of so many important deliberations; the President occupying the head, with the Secretary of State

THE OLD STATE DEPARTMENT.

IN THE SECRETARY'S ROOM.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

on his right and the Secretary of the Treasury on his left. With several of his new associates Seward was already well acquainted. Chase and Cameron had been with him in the Senate. Caleb B. Smith he had known as a Member of Congress. Montgomery Blair was the son of his old friend at Silver Spring. Edward Bates he had known as a leading Whig. With Mr. Welles he had little or no acquaintance prior to their meeting in the Cabinet.

Mr. Lincoln, in making up his Cabinet, had given the chief places to those who were the rival candidates for the presidential nomination at Chicago; and had sought to have his privy counselors represent each of the different elements which made up the Republican party. It was a sagacious thought, and a generous one. Such a Cabinet would be well calculated to maintain harmony in the party — provided it could maintain harmony within itself. In ordinary times such combinations are apt to lead to discords. But the great crisis now upon the Government, imposing like duties, risks, and responsibilities on every member, brought unity of sentiment and action. The pressure of the public danger soon obliterated whatever tendency there might be to personal or factional feeling; and during the next three critical years the Cabinet remained practically in accord. Its deliberations were often anxious and prolonged — never bitter or unfriendly. Solicitude to find the best means to meet the emergency of the hour, and readiness to acquiesce in and carry out whatever measure was determined upon, were marked characteristics of President Lincoln's Cabinet throughout this period.

One day during his first week in office, Seward requested his son to get a blank book for him, remarking that, as the epoch would probably be one of historic importance, he should begin to keep a diary. A suitable book was obtained, and laid on his table. On the following morning he came out of his room with it in his hand, and giving it back, said:

"There is the first page of my diary, and the last. One day's record satisfies me that if I should every day set down my hasty impressions, based on half information, I should do injustice to everybody around me, and to none more than my most intimate friends."

The book still remains with its one written page.

Another curious relic of this time is a sort of a cipher used by F. W. Lander (afterward a General in the United States Army). It had become important to know exactly what was going on in the seceded States. Reliable information, however, was difficult to obtain. Official utterances, and the accounts given by the press, seemed to savor of bluster and exaggeration. On the other hand, it was plain,

that, although nominally at peace with the North, various Southern localities were making active preparations for war. Northern visitors found themselves closely watched, and deemed it hardly prudent to write letters that might be intercepted. Lander had been called to the South on business of his own, and while there took occasion to inform Seward of what he saw there. In accordance with previous arrangements before leaving Washington, he wrote as if he was reporting to a landed proprietor, in regard to the condition of his crops, cattle, and estate in Texas. In these letters "sheep" signified troops, "bucks" were officers, "ranch or farm" was a fort, "corral" a camp, "ditching or plowing" was fortifying, "horses" were cannon, "timber" was munitions, "herdsmen" were Union men, "traders" were ships, etc., etc. Other similar words and phrases referred to different localities and people. Simple as the cipher was, it served its turn for the time.

As soon as he was installed in office, Seward commenced the preparation of a circular to all of the Ministers of the United States in foreign countries. It was completed and sent off by the first outgoing foreign mail. His predecessor, Judge Black, apprehending that persons claiming to represent the seceding States might seek for recognition in Europe, had issued a circular, in February, in which he said that "the Government had not relinquished its constitutional jurisdiction within those States, and did not desire to do so," adding, "it is the right of this Government to ask all foreign powers, that the latter will take no steps which will tend to encourage the revolutionary movement."

Seward renewed and emphasized the warning, instructing each Minister to "use all proper and necessary measures to prevent the success of efforts which may be made by persons claiming to represent those States, to procure a recognition," and saying, that he should expect the "exercise of the greatest possible diligence and fidelity to counteract and prevent the designs of those who would invoke foreign intervention to embarrass or overthrow the Republic." He then set forth the position of the Government, and the consequences that would follow, at home and abroad, if foreign powers should so far forget their friendship as to intervene.

As yet the Ministers appointed by Mr. Buchanan were still in place. Among them were some Southerners, who might decide to join the rebellion. The majority of them, however, were loyal. Mr. Dallas was at London; Governor Wright at Berlin; J. Glancy Jones at Vienna; John Appleton at St. Petersburg; Henry C. Murphy at The Hague. At Paris, the representative of the Union was a Virginian; and at Brussels an Alabamian, and at Madrid a Kentuckian.

Letters and newspapers by every mail were now bringing the response of the country to President Lincoln's inaugural. Even those who found fault with it did not misunderstand it. Under its calm, temperate, conciliatory language was manifest a fixed determination to maintain the laws, and uphold the Union. "Sectional," and "mischievous," "the knell and requiem of the Union," "the death of hope," "a declaration of war," "a challenge to fight," were among the epithets showered upon it, by the Secessionists. And yet, neither at the North nor the South, was there any widespread apprehension of actual war. At the South, it was believed that the North could not be aroused to attack armed States, leagued together, and bent on disunion. At the North, it seemed difficult to believe that any portion of the American people would deliberately begin hostilities against the rest. Such threats and declarations were familiar figures of political speech. Stump speakers had for years talked of "struggles for liberty," "hordes of invaders," "marshaling hosts for the battle," "vigorous campaigning," "routing the enemy," "sweeping fire," "bayonet charges," and "hand-to-hand fighting," when they only meant, and were understood by their hearers to mean, bringing out voters to put ballots into a box. As, hitherto, all such military rhetoric had ended, either in some concession by the majority, or in the acquiescence of the minority, it was not easy to realize that, this time, the words might have a different meaning.

In point of fact, the first troubles of the new Administration came, not from its enemies, but from its friends. Washington, as usual, after Inauguration Day, was full of applicants for office. Hotels overflowed with them. Halls and corridors were blocked with them. The President's doorway was thronged by a crowd, that seemed to daily receive fresh accessions. They were more than usually numerous, for, this year, the change of Administration was also a change of parties. The Republicans were in power, for the first time, and might be expected to turn out all their opponents in the public offices. Each applicant was armed with his letters of recommendation, and, if possible, brought his Senator or Member, to get him a personal interview. Each wanted only his own case attended to, and found the others as much in his way as they were in that of the appointing power. The President's kindly heart, and habits of popular intercourse, rendered him unwilling to shut his door against any citizen. Secretaries, Senators, and Representatives could not ungraciously turn away those who had been helping them into power. Yet the moments were too precious to waste, in listening to the "oft-told tale" of personal solicitation. To listen to all was simply impossible. There would be no

time for the public business, nor even for food and sleep. As it was, it was necessary to work nights and Sundays, and to delay much that needed prompt attention. Returning home after a hard day's work at the department, Seward usually found his parlor and library filled with a crowd of applicants, who, weary of waiting their turn in the official ante-room, had betaken themselves to his private house, as an easier and more speedy way of getting "an interview with the Secretary."

If those who were "out" were importunate, some of those who were "in," were worse. There was too much reason to fear that, in every department of the Government, were men disloyal to it, who were betraying its secrets to those arrayed against it. One of the most urgent duties of the Administration was to oust all such, and fill their places with faithful adherents. This was not merely a matter of rewarding political followers, but of public safety. And not only disloyalty, but lukewarmness, must be thwarted. If any new line of policy was to be entered upon, all the great public offices must be at once filled with those who would be efficient in its support.

Next in importance to the selection of a Cabinet was the choice of diplomatic representatives to protect the country's interests abroad. There was no lack of material in the Republican party to fill all the places acceptably; but the claims of locality and the wishes of local leaders caused some difficulty and embarrassment.

Seward shared in the President's desire to recognize each component portion of the party, adding to it his own solicitude to find wise and discreet Ministers, who would carry out the spirit as well as the letter of their instructions. An evening spent in consultation with the President resulted in a memorandum of names for the principal missions, which was satisfactory to the judgment of both; and, with some subsequent modifications, became the basis of the nominations sent to the Senate.

Two informal notes sent over from the White House will illustrate the cordial feeling and mutual confidence which pervaded these consultations:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *March* 11, 1861.

HON. SEC'Y OF STATE:

My Dear Sir — What think you of sending Ministers at once, as follows? Dayton to England, Fremont to France, Clay to Spain, Corwin to Mexico. We need to have these points guarded as strongly and quickly as possible.

This is suggestion merely, and not dictation.

Your ob't serv't,

A. LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *March* 18, 1861.

HON. SEC'Y OF STATE:

My Dear Sir — I believe it is a necessity with us to make the appointments I mentioned last night — that is, Charles F. Adams to England, William L. Dayton to France, George P. Marsh to Sardinia, and Anson Burlingame to Austria. These gentlemen all have my highest esteem; but no one of them is originally suggested by me, except Mr. Dayton. Mr. Adams I take, because you suggested him, coupled with his eminent fitness for the place. Mr. Marsh and Mr. Burlingame I take because of the intense pressure of their respective States, and their fitness also. The objection to this is, that, locally, they are so huddled up — three being in New England, and two from a single State; I have considered this, and will not shrink from the responsibility. This being done, leaves but five full missions undisposed of — Rome, China, Brazil, Peru, and Chili. And then, what about Carl Schurz; or, in other words, what about our German friends? Shall we put the card through and arrange the rest afterward? What say you?

Your ob't serv't,
A. LINCOLN.

The appointment of Mr. Judd to Prussia was the first made, followed during the month by those of Mr. Dayton to France, Mr. Adams to England, Mr. Marsh to Italy, Mr. Sanford to Belgium, Mr. Corwin to Mexico, Mr. Burlingame to Austria, Mr. Wood to Denmark, Mr. Schurz to Spain, Mr. Clay to Russia, Mr. Pike to The Hague, and Mr. Fogg to Switzerland.

Mr. George Harrington, whose long experience in the Treasury Department, under Secretaries Spencer, Walker, Meredith, and Corwin, peculiarly qualified him for the responsible post, was made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; and was rendering effective aid to Secretary Chase.

Mr. Holt had remained some days at the War Department until Mr. Cameron should arrive to take charge of it. Both he and Mr. Stanton, as well as General Dix and Judge Black, were enabled, by their recent experience, to give the new Administration useful information in regard to the state of business in their respective departments.

Meeting one of the Secretaries in the street soon after the inauguration, Mr. Stanton earnestly inquired as to the progress of affairs; and when answered that the rush of office-seekers seemed to clog and delay every thing, he exclaimed: "Get rid of them, somehow. Fill all the places as soon as possible, so as to get at the real work before you."

CHAPTER LVI.

1861.

The Army and Navy. "The Border States." Efforts to Win them to Secession, and to Save them to the Union. Southern Unionists. The Relief of Sumter. Cabinet Discussions. The Written Opinions. The Southern Commissioners. A "Memorandum." Instructing the New Envoys. The Senate. Preston King and the Flag. The Virginia Convention. News from Sumter and Pickens. Preparing Expeditions for Relief. "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration."

WHILE the crowd of applicants beleaguered his doors, and sought to divert the President's attention from his "real work" to their imaginary "claims," he was earnestly trying to inform himself about the impending national danger. On the third day of his official term, he wrote to Seward:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, *March* 7, 1861.

Will you please bring with you to-day the message from the War Department, with General Scott's note upon it, which we had here yesterday. I wish to examine the General's opinion, which I have not yet seen.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Hon. W. H. SEWARD.

As to the exact amount of the slender military and naval force at the disposal of the Government, he was promptly advised by his Secretaries of War and the Navy. But as to the actual power and intent of those who denied its authority, it was not so easy to gain information. True, nearly every day was bringing intelligence of the resignation of some military or naval officer, or some civil functionary of Southern birth, who deemed that his primary allegiance was due to his seceding State, and not to the Federal Government. But no more States seemed inclined to secede. Virginia had elected, to her Convention, delegates of whom the majority were Union men. Arkansas, in response to an appeal to join the Confederacy, had voted "not to secede from the Union." North Carolina had given a majority for the Union, and voted not to hold a Convention. Missouri formally declared there was "no adequate cause to impel her to dissolve her connection with the Union." The Kentucky Legislature had refused to call a Convention. Apparently, the tide of disunion was checked, if not permanently stayed. Whether the outcome of the crisis would be peace or war, seemed to depend, now, on the course chosen by "the Border States." If they all sided with the Union, "the Confederacy," limited to South Carolina and the Gulf States, must speedily collapse. If, on the other hand, they all joined

the "Confederacy," it would have territory and resources rivaling those of the Union.

Both Secessionists and Union men, therefore, put forth strenuous efforts to obtain the "Border States." Official envoys and volunteer advisers went out from Montgomery to the capitals of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas, to urge them to "join their fortunes with the South." One of their strongest arguments was, that the North would not dare to attack "an united South," which could then go on, and take in, or leave out, one by one, such Northern States as it chose; and thus reconstruct the Union, on a basis that would respect slavery, and "secure Southern rights." Secret societies, "Knights of the Golden Circle" and others, were assiduous in this work.

So, on the other hand, the leading Union men of the "Border States" were active, with tongue and pen and press, in urging their fellow-citizens to "stand by the old flag." They put themselves in communication with Senators, and the Administration, at Washington; who were thus kept advised of the progress of the struggle, from day to day. On one point, both Secessionists and Union men were, for the moment, agreed. That was, in deprecating any thing that would precipitate a collision of arms, until the attitude of the "Border States" could be definitely ascertained. Each feared to lose them, by hasty action. Each hoped to gain them, by delay.

During the winter Seward's correspondence had been enormous. Letters poured in on him from all parts of the country filled with the writer's hopes and fears about the Union. Many were from the South and showed a Union feeling pervading in many localities. In Eastern Tennessee, in Western Virginia, and North Carolina, in portions of Kentucky and Missouri it was especially outspoken. Even in the Gulf States there was an earnest "Union" minority. It was noticeable, however, that as soon as a State formally seceded, Union letters gradually ceased to come from it — showing that his correspondents deemed it unsafe to trust the mails, or had decided to "go with their State."

Now, in March, he was receiving hundreds of letters about Fort Sumter, showing the intense eagerness with which the public was watching that matter. Every conceivable plan that had been thought or talked of by military and naval men was urged, as at least worthy of a trial. And some that would never have occurred to any practical mind, were gravely propounded and advocated. One man was sure that a submarine vessel could carry reinforcements unnoticed "right up to the fort." Another was confident that supplies could be sent by balloon, and dropped down within the walls.

The relief of Sumter was a frequent topic, not only among the people, but in the Cabinet council. To the outside public, the question seemed a simple one — to send relief, or to refuse it. To those inside the council chamber, it was more complex; for they had to consider the feasibility of methods, and the question of consequences. Accustomed to see measures adopted or rejected in Congress by "ayes and nays," the press and public fell readily into the mistaken notion that there were two parties in the Cabinet, voting for and against relief; and that it would be granted or withheld in accordance with the verdict of the majority. But Cabinet questions are not decided by a majority of votes. As Seward once expressed it, "there is but one vote in the Cabinet, and that is cast by the President." He asks the opinions of each of his advisers, but is under no obligation to conform to that of the majority — does not conform to it unless he thinks it is also the wiser one. He often adopts that of the minority — sometimes even decides adversely to the united advice of his counselors. Having so decided, their duty is to accept and faithfully carry out his decision, and consider their own objections overruled. If not willing to do this they ought not to stay with him.

In the present case there was no one in the Cabinet who did not want to relieve Sumter, if it could be done. At the same time there was no one who felt at all certain that it could. The differences in the Cabinet, exaggerated and distorted outside, were only the differences that arise in every consultation of practical men, over the ways to achieve an end that all desire. The chief point of doubt was as to the expediency of attempting relief, at a time when the attempt would probably fail, and would precipitate collision. On this point opinions changed, with the varying intelligence received from the military officers, and from the "Border States." Manifestly, that which might be unwise one week, might prove advisable the next, or *vice versa.*

After much discussion of the subject in Cabinet, the President requested each of the members to give him their opinions confidentially, in writing, in order that the question might be carefully weighed and considered in all its aspects by them all. Seward drafted his opinion on the following day, and submitted it. It was elaborate and full. As all these opinions have been already published elsewhere, it will suffice for the purpose of this narrative, to give here two or three extracts from that of Seward, showing its tenor and scope:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *March* 15, 1861.

The President submits to me the following question: "Assuming it to be possible to now provision Fort Sumter, under all the circumstances, is it wise to attempt it?"

If it were possible to peacefully provision Fort Sumter, of course I should answer that it would be both unwise and inhuman not to attempt it. But the facts of the case are known to be, that the attempt must be made with the employment of military and marine force, which would provoke combat, and probably initiate a civil war, which the Government of the United States would be committed to maintain, through all changes, to some definite conclusion.

Seven of the slave States have seceded, and organized a new confederacy, under the name of "The Confederated States of America." These States, finding a large number of the mints, custom-houses, forts and arsenals of the United States situated within their limits, unoccupied, undefended, and virtually abandoned by the late Administration, have seized and appropriated them to their own use; and under the same circumstances have seized and appropriated, to their own use, large amounts of money and other public property of the United States. The people of the other slave States, divided and balancing between sympathy with the seceding States and loyalty to the Union, have been intensely excited, but, at the present moment, indicate a disposition to adhere to the Union, if nothing extraordinary shall occur to renew excitement and produce popular exasperation. This is the stage in this premeditated revolution, at which we now stand. As a statesman in the public service, I have not hesitated to assume that the Federal Government is committed to maintain, preserve, and defend the Union — peacefully, if it can — forcibly, if it must, to every extremity. I have, therefore, made it the labor and study of the hour, how to save the Union from dismemberment, by peaceful policy, and without civil war. Justified by these sentiments, I have felt that it is exceedingly fortunate that to a great extent the Federal Government occupies, thus far, not an aggressive attitude, but practically a defensive one, while the necessity for action, if civil war is to be initiated, falls on those who seek to dismember the Union.

It is by this policy, thus pursued, I think, that the progress of dismemberment has been arrested, and the "Border States" yet remain, although they do so uneasily, in the Union. It is to a perseverance in this policy, for a short time longer, that I look as the only peaceful means of assuring the continuance of Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas, or most of those States, in the Union. I am not unaware I am conceding more than can reasonably be demanded by the people of the "Border States." They could, speaking justly, demand nothing. They are bound by the Federal obligation to adhere to the Union, without concession or conciliation, just as much as the people of the free States are. But, in administration, we must deal with men, facts, and circumstances, not as they ought to be, but as they are. In this active and enlightened country, in this season of excitement, with a daily press, daily mails, and an incessantly operating telegraph, the design to reinforce and supply the garrison must become known to the opposite party at Charleston, as soon, at least, as preparations for it should begin. The garrison would then almost certainly fall by assault, before the expedition could reach the harbor of Charleston.

While there was some difference of opinion among the members of the Cabinet as to this line of action, yet it was, on the whole, acquiesced in, though without formally deciding how long it should be pursued, or even formally adopting it at all. For nearly all the month, the question of reinforcement or withdrawal remained in *statu quo*, awaiting the turn of events in the "Border States."

Seward wrote home:

March 16.

Of course you could tell our friends that I have not written to you about appointments; for I have thus far written to you very little, and certainly office is a subject that I never write upon, to any one. It don't bear writing upon.

It has been a laborious week for both Frederick and myself. The questions of Fort Sumter, and of the reception of the "ambassadors" from Davis and Toombs, have given me occupation enough. But as this is Cabinet work, you wont know about it.

This President proposes to do all his work. Of course he takes that business up, first, which is pressed upon him most. Solicitants for offices besiege him, and he, of course, finds his hands full for the present.

My duties call me to the White House one, two, or three times a day. The grounds, halls, stairways, closets, are filled with applicants, who render ingress and egress difficult.

I still hope for the prevalence of wise and prudent counsels.

The "ambassadors" or commissioners here alluded to were now in Washington, and had been there for a fortnight. They had sought an interview with the Secretary of State, in order to open negotiations; but he declined to receive them. Then they invoked the help of Senators, as well as Judges of the Supreme Court, and of one or two of the foreign Ministers, to obtain even an informal interview. Of course, to receive and treat them as representatives of an "independent nation" would be acknowledgment and recognition of the "Confederacy."

Finally, they sent a sealed communication to him at the Department, requesting him to name a day when they "might present to the President their credentials, and acquaint him with the object of their mission; which was," they intimated, "the speedy adjustment of all the questions growing out of separation, as the respective interests, geographical contiguity, and future welfare of the two nations may render necessary."

When this was laid before Seward, he saw that, to prevent misapprehension of the attitude of the Government, either by the applicants, or by the public at large, some notice must be taken of it. On the other hand, any letter to them, in reply, might be claimed to be the opening of "official correspondence." So he prepared a "Mem-

orandum," to be placed on the files of the department, and to become a part of its archives. Of this, they, or whoever chose, could have a copy, on application.

In this "Memorandum," after stating the contents of their communication, he added:

> The Secretary of State understands the events which have recently occurred, very differently from the aspect in which they are presented by Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford. He sees in them, not a rightful and accomplished revolution, and an independent nation, with an established government, but rather a perversion of a temporary and partisan excitement, to the inconsiderate purposes of an unjustifiable, unconstitutional aggression upon the rights and the authority vested in the Federal Government, and benignly exercised for the maintenance of the Union, preservation of liberty, and the security, peace, welfare, happiness, and aggrandizement of the American people.
>
> The Secretary of State is unable to comply with the request of Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford, to appoint a day on which they may present the evidences of their authority, and the objects of their visit to the President of the United States. On the contrary, he is obliged to state to Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford, that he has no authority, nor is he at liberty to recognize them as diplomatic agents, or hold correspondence or other communication with them.

This "Memorandum" was placed on the files of the department, and remained uncalled for, during a fortnight or more. The Commissioners, anticipating that its decision would be adverse to their request, and daily hoping and expecting to hear that Forts Sumter and Pickens were to be evacuated, preferred to await the course of events; and so delayed asking for their answer.

Meanwhile, the next duty devolving upon the Secretary of State was that of instructing the newly-appointed envoys to European courts. Mr. Judd was the first. Seward wrote him, prior to his departure for Berlin, saying: "You are well aware of what you will find Europeans unable to understand: that, owing to the peculiar structure of the Federal Government and the character and habits of the American people, this Government not only wisely, but necessarily, hesitates to resort to coercion and compulsion to secure a return of the disaffected 'to their allegiance.'" After emphatically stating the "purpose" to maintain the sovereignty and authority of the Union everywhere with firmness, as well as discretion, he went on to remark that it was "of the greatest importance that the disaffected States should not succeed in obtaining favor or recognition from foreign nations." Informing the Minister that agents to solicit such recognition were believed to be already on the way, he proceeded to advise as to the best method of counteracting their efforts, and to point out the line of argument that

might best influence the action of the Government to which he was accredited.

Four days later he was giving similar instructions to Mr. Sanford before leaving for his post at Brussels. After warning the Minister that the Federal Government would "not consent to the interposition of any foreign power, in a controversy which is merely a domestic one," he added: "There is some reason to suppose that the agents of the disunionists will attempt to win favor for their scheme of recognition by affecting to sympathize with the manufacturing interests of the European nations in their discontent with the tariff laws of the United States, and by promising to receive the fabrics of such nations on more favorable terms. You will be able to reply to such seductions as these." He suggested the points, "that all the interests of European manufactures and commerce are identified with the peace and undisturbed activity of the American people; and that the consequences of disunion by civil war would be disastrous to all the existing systems of industrial activity in Europe." He added, that "the phase of the whole affair changes almost daily."

These changing phases of the situation were reflected in the Senate. Resolutions were introduced and debated urging the withdrawal of all troops from the seceded States, and the evacuation of the forts. These were met by counter-resolutions that it was the duty of the Executive to enforce the laws and protect the public property. The Republican majority, deeming it wiser and safer to leave the question of Executive policy to be determined by the Administration itself, contented themselves with laying the various propositions on the table, and finally adjourned the special session on March 28.

An incident of this session illustrative of the times was related by Preston King, who said:

> I think it was the captain of the watch here at the Capitol, who came and consulted me about getting permission to omit, during the session of the Senate, to hoist the flag on the top of the Capitol; and when he was asked what he wanted to omit that for, he said he feared that it might be supposed that he desired to save labor and trouble; but he really suggested it, because "it hurt these people about here to look at it." To see the flag on the top of the Capitol! I had not done much, but I wrote a letter very promptly to the Secretary of the Interior stating the fact, and saying I did not care whom he appointed, but that I wanted *that* man removed. He *was* removed, and within ten days was with the enemy.

The closing week of March brought news from the Union men in the Virginia Convention that they felt encouraged and hopeful. They were in a decided majority; and believed themselves able to defeat the

Secession scheme, whenever a vote should be reached. Then the Convention would adjourn *sine die*, and Virginia would stand firmly in the Union. From Arkansas came news that Secession there also was, thus far, a failure. From Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri came intelligence that the agents or advocates of Secession, though active and busy, could "never obtain control." There was no reason to doubt the sincerity of the Union feeling in the "Border States." Mingled with it, however, was a habit of believing in compromises and concessions to slavery, and some natural distrust of the Republican Administration, whose election Southern Union men had opposed. The advocates of Secession, who were numerous at every Southern capital, skillfully adapted their appeals for "Southern unity," so as to utilize these prejudices. Yet they had, thus far, converted no "Border States."

But while the debate for and against the Union dragged thus slowly on the border, matters in Charleston harbor were rapidly approaching a crisis. The South Carolinians were throwing up batteries, mounting guns, massing troops, obstructing the harbor, and making rapid preparations to assault the fort. Anderson's little force had nearly exhausted their supplies, and in a fortnight would be driven out by starvation, even if not attacked. Communication between the fort and the town had been cut off by the Confederates, but official messages to and from Washington, though jealously watched, were permitted to pass, in the hope that their statements would hasten the evacuation.

Without any formal or written agreement, it was understood, both at Washington and at Charleston, that there would be no attempt to change the existing status at Sumter, by surprise, but that, whenever the rebels should decide to attack, or the Government to reinforce, previous notice would be given. Meanwhile the Administration, besides Anderson's written communications, now had the personal testimony of several eye-witnesses — Lieutenant Hall, who had brought dispatches; Captain Fox, who had visited the fort; Colonel Lamon, who had visited it subsequently, and finally, Lieutenant Talbot, who came from Anderson to state the condition of affairs.

From Pickens, the intelligence was hardly more reassuring. The flag was still flying, but no reinforcements had been landed from the fleet. Meanwhile a force was gathering to wrest that fortification also, out of the hands of the Federal Government, and turn it over to the "Confederacy."

The Cabinet conferences during the next few days, after the adjournment of the Senate, were frequent and earnest in regard to the threat-

ened forts. The President and his advisers were unwilling to abandon them, without at least making some effort in the direction of relief. As to Fort Sumter, the President decided to commence preparing a relief expedition, "to be ultimately used, or not, according to circumstances." It was based on a plan proposed by Captain Fox. On the 30th of March, as that officer narrates, "the President sent him to New York, with verbal directions to prepare for the voyage to Sumter, but to make no binding engagements."

As to Fort Pickens, Seward, before leaving the council chamber, penned this note to his son:

> Send a note by a messenger, who will be sure to find Captain M. C. Meigs, and bring him to the Department, that I may introduce him to the President.
>
> W. H. S.
>
> *March* 29, 1861.

What came of this interview will be seen by Captain Meigs' letter, in a subsequent chapter.

Proceeding afterward to General Scott's head-quarters, on Seventeenth street, Seward found him sitting at his table, busy with military papers. Addressing him in a grave tone, but with a smile, he said: "Lieutenant-General Scott, you have officially advised the President of the United States, that, in your judgment, it will not be practicable to relieve Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens. I have come to you, from the President, to tell you that he directs that Fort Pickens shall be relieved."

Scott, looking up, caught both the humor and the gravity of the situation. He placed his two hands on the table, and rose slowly, and with difficulty, till he stood erect, at full height, facing his visitor: "Well, Mr. Secretary," he sonorously answered, "the great Frederick used to say that 'when the King commands, nothing is impossible!' Sir, the President's orders shall be obeyed!" And in five minutes more, he had out his maps, and reports, and was at work with energy and hearty good-will.

Seward found it no longer prudent, or possible, to write in detail of passing events. But in a hasty letter to Mrs. Seward, he said:

> I would not have all communications with you and Fanny suspended. But I am full of occupation, and more of anxieties. I could write only of them, and they must not enter into our correspondence. Dangers and breakers are before us. I wish you were near enough to share some of my thoughts and feelings, and fears, and trials.

On the same day he prepared a confidential memorandum of his views in regard to the future course of the Government. It was this:

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CONSIDERATION.

April 1, 1861.

1. We are at the end of a month's Administration, and yet without a policy either domestic or foreign.

2. This, however, is not culpable, and it has even been unavoidable. The presence of the Senate, with the need to meet applications for patronage, have prevented attention to other and more grave matters.

3. But further delay to adopt and prosecute our policies, for both domestic and foreign affairs, would not only bring scandal on the Administration, but danger upon the country.

4. To do this we must dismiss the applicants for office. But how? I suggest that we make the local appointments forthwith, leaving foreign or general ones for ulterior and occasional action.

5. The policy at home. I am aware that my views are singular, and, perhaps, not sufficiently explained. My system is built on this *idea*, as a ruling one, namely: that we must change the question, before the public, from one upon Slavery, or about Slavery, for a question upon *Union* or *Disunion*. In other words, from what would be regarded as a party question to one of *Patriotism* or *Union*.

The occupation or evacuation of Fort Sumter, although not, in fact, a slavery or party question, is so *regarded*. Witness the temper manifested by the Republicans in the free States, and even by Union men in the South. I would, therefore, terminate it, as a safe means of changing the issue. I deem it fortunate that the last Administration created the necessity.

For the rest, I would simultaneously defend all the forts in the Gulf, and have the Navy recalled from foreign stations, to be prepared for a blockade. Put the island of Key West under martial law.

This will raise distinctly the question of *Union* or *Disunion*. I would maintain every fort and possession in the South.

For Foreign Nations.

I would demand explanations from Spain and France categorically, at once.

I would seek explanation from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America, to rouse a vigorous continental spirit of independence on this continent against European intervention, and if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, would convene Congress, and declare war against them.

But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it. For this purpose, it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it, incessantly.

Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree, and abide. It is not my especial province; but I neither seek to evade, nor assume responsibility.

The President's reply was kind and dignified. Dissenting, on some points, as to the lack of definite policy, he said, as to the closing sug-

gestion: "If this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress, I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet."

Before the month passed away, the policy thus discussed had been adopted. Seward's "ruling idea" was verified and realized. The swift march of events, and the Administration's action thereon, soon "changed the question before the public from one upon Slavery or about Slavery for a question upon *Union* or *Disunion*."

CHAPTER LVII.

1861.

The Crisis Reached. Dispatch of the Sumter Expedition. "The War upon Us." Departure of the Southern Commissioners. Successful Reinforcement of Fort Pickens. Instructions to Mr. Adams and Mr. Corwin. Questions to be Settled after the War. The Bombardment of Sumter. The Cabinet Meeting. The Call to Arms. The Proclamation for 75,000 Men. The Response. Northern Enthusiasm. Southern Defiance. Border State Refusals. A Diplomatic View of the Situation. The Proclamation of Blockade. The "War Democrats." Seizure of Harper's Ferry. Attack on the Troops in Baltimore. The Norfolk Navy Yard. Washington Cut off and Beleaguered.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN tersely described the condition of affairs at this juncture, in saying: "Starvation was not yet upon the garrison (at Sumter), and ere it could be reached Fort Pickens might be reinforced. This would be a clear indication of policy, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a military necessity."

Such was the condition of affairs up to the close of March. But four days of April brought a change. News of the near exhaustion of the provisions at Sumter, and of the *quasi*-armistice at Pickens, showed that it would be impossible to reinforce the latter before the crisis would be reached at the former. "The strongest anticipated case for using the relief expedition" was now presented, and it was resolved to send it forward. On the 4th of April, the President sent for Captain Fox, and informed him that he had now decided "to let the expedition go."

In accordance with the understanding that notice should be given, the President requested Seward to find him a trusty messenger to con-

vey the notification to Charleston. Mr. Robert S. Chew of the State Department was selected, and instructed to go with as much celerity and secrecy as possible. He carried this notice drafted by Mr. Lincoln himself:

I am directed by the President of the United States to notify you to expect an attempt will be made to supply Fort Sumter with provisions only; and that if such attempt be not resisted, no effort to throw in provisions, arms, or ammunition will be made without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort.

On the day this notice was given at Charleston, the expedition under command of Captain Fox was expected to sail from New York harbor. Before it had time to reach its destination the news of its departure was spreading North and South. At Washington the announcement occasioned intense excitement and alarm. Mr. Stanton, in a brief note to ex-President Buchanan, described the feeling of the hour among the citizens:

We have the war upon us. The telegraph news of this morning you will have seen before this reaches you. The impression here is held by many:

First. That the effort to reinforce will be a failure.

Second. That in less than twenty-four hours from this time, Anderson will have surrendered.

Third. That in less than thirty days Davis will be in possession of Washington.

The Southern Commissioners, finding their hopes disappointed, now sent for, and received a copy of the "Memorandum," placed on file in answer to their application. After reading it, they sent in response, a sharp and caustic letter, in which they remarked that the Secretary of State was "persistently wedded to those fatal theories of construction of the Federal Constitution, always rejected by the statesmen of the South;" adding that, "you now, with a persistence untaught, and uncured by the ruin which has been wrought, refuse to recognize the great fact, to you, of a completed and successful revolution; you close your eyes to the existence of the Government founded upon it." Predicting that "blood and mourning" would ensue; and that history would place the responsibility for it on the Administration, they adverted to the expedition fitting out for the relief of Fort Sumter, and said, "the undersigned, in behalf of their Government and people, accept the gage of battle thus thrown to them."

On the receipt of this warlike missive, Seward directed it to be placed upon the files, and with it, the following memorandum:

MEMORANDUM.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *April* 10, 1861.

Messrs. Forsyth, Crawford, and Roman having been apprised by a memorandum which has been delivered to them, that the Secretary of State is not at liberty to hold official intercourse with them, will, it is presumed, expect no notice from him of the new communication which they have addressed to him under date of the ninth instant, beyond the simple acknowledgment of the receipt thereof, which he hereby very cheerfully gives.

In March, Judge Campbell had called with a telegram received from Governor Pickens of South Carolina, inquiring about Sumter. Seward wrote the words for him to use in reply: "I am satisfied the Government will not undertake to supply Fort Sumter, without giving notice to Governor Pickens." When it began to be known that an expedition to relieve Sumter was in preparation, Judge Campbell made inquiry, by letter, whether the assurances he had given were well or ill founded.

Seward wrote in reply:

Faith as to Sumter fully kept. Wait and see.

This was regarded as entirely unsatisfactory; for while "faith was kept," in sending the notice, it was deemed to have been broken, by sending the expedition to which the notice referred. Apparently the Confederate envoys believed they had received an assurance that the fort would be evacuated — an assurance that neither the President nor any of the Cabinet could have given; for the question of evacuation had remained undecided from the 4th of March till the day when the special messenger was sent to Charleston. But such misunderstandings are common enough in the period of excited feeling which precedes a war. Those who are about to begin hostilities usually prefer to believe themselves aggrieved and wronged. Seward was charged with "duplicity," and the Commissioners were said to have been "abused" and "overreached."

The story of the Fort Pickens Expedition, the secrecy which attended its fitting out, the misunderstandings to which it gave rise, and its successful result, can best be told by Captain Meigs himself. He relates it in his published letters and official report:

My first interview with the President and the Secretary of State in relation to this matter was on the evening of the 29th of March. The President did not inform me that he intended to attempt to relieve Fort Sumter; but questioned me as to the possibility of doing it. I advised him, in general terms, that I could find him plenty of officers of the Navy willing to try it. He then asked me whether I thought Fort Pickens could be reinforced. I replied,

that if the attempt was made, a fleet steamer under a young and enterprising officer should be dispatched immediately, to run the batteries, enter the harbor, and prevent any expedition of Bragg's crossing the harbor in boats to assault Fort Pickens.

The President said he would see me again, if he concluded to go farther in the matter. I quietly made inquiries, and learned that the *Powhatan* had just returned from the East, and was able to go to sea.

On the morning of the 31st of March, I was again summoned and directed, in conjunction with Colonel E. D. Keyes, and with the approval of General Scott, to prepare a project for the relief of Fort Pickens.

The President signed two orders on the 1st of April, to Lieutenant David D. Porter, one directing him "to proceed to New York, and with the least possible delay assume command of any naval steamers available, proceed to Pensacola harbor, and, at any cost or risk, prevent any expedition from reaching Fort Pickens or Santa Rosa Island." He also instructed Lieutenant Porter to communicate this order, his object, and destination, to no person whatever, until he reached the harbor of Pensacola. The other order of the same date was intended for exhibition to such officers as had control of the vessels. It authorized him to take command of the steamer *Powhatan*, or any other United States steamer ready for sea, which he might deem best fit for the service to which it had been assigned by confidential instructions of the same date — 1st of April.

All of this was three days before the President informed Captain Fox that he had decided to let the Sumter expedition go. The *Powhatan* was taken under an order signed by him, before he authorized the Sumter expedition, in which order she was expressly designated, by name, for the Pickens expedition. The orders of the President in relation to the *Powhatan*, and to the whole Pickens expedition, were not known to the Secretary of the Navy. The success of the expedition to relieve Fort Pickens depended upon secrecy. Washington and New York were full of persons ready to transmit the first intelligence of such an intention. The telegraph was in operation, and open to the rebels, as to the United States, and had it become known that the expedition was being prepared to relieve that post, the telegraph would have communicated the fact to Bragg, who had several thousand men, and who could have taken Fort Pickens by assault, on any night, at the cost of a few hundred men.

The instructions to Lieutenant Porter were signed on the 1st of April, and the President, on that day, signed, at my request, a telegraphic dispatch to New York, directing that the *Powhatan* be made ready for the sea instantly. This dispatch, as we learned, reached the Navy Yard only an hour or two after the *Powhatan* had been put out of commission, and her spars taken down, and her crew detached. Great exertions were made to prepare her for sea; but, instead of sailing on the 2d, as intended, she did not leave until the 6th, by which time the steamer *Atlantic*, with stores, supplies, and some 700 men, had also been made ready, and sailed the same day.

Lieutenant Porter did not produce the order to assume command of the

Powhatan until the last moment, as it was considered better not to awaken attention, by changing commanders, until the vessel was about to sail.

Some other interference with the program of another expedition, it seems, arose in the secrecy with which both were organized. The orders in relation to the two expeditions were communicated only to the officers engaged in each. We were unadvised of the preparations for the Sumter expedition; and at the moment the *Powhatan* was ready for sea, the sign-manual of the President was produced, and Captain Mercer, after some hesitation, in consequence of conflicting orders from the Navy Department, gave up the ship. The positive order of the President detaching him, and placing Lieutenant Porter in command, overruled the orders of the Navy Department. The conflict was the result of the secrecy with which the whole business was conducted; and to that secrecy, in great measure, was due the relief of Fort Pickens, and the retention of the finest harbor in the South by the United States.

Secrecy has its inconveniences; but upon perfect secrecy depended these great stakes, and so well kept was the secret, that in the returning steamer *Atlantic*, I brought back to New York, at once, the news of the destination, and of the success of the expedition.

M. C. MEIGS.

And in another letter he added:

This order designating the commander, and the designation of a single second-class war steamer certainly appeared to me to be within the prerogative of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and I readily saw that its chances of success were increased by excluding from all knowledge of it, the chiefs and the officers and the clerks of the two departments, in either of which a leaky or disloyal person could have betrayed it. I have no reason to believe that there was any distrust of any Cabinet Minister involved in this secrecy, or any desire to interfere with one; but it does not require argument to prove that the safety of a secret is in inverse ratio to the number of persons holding it.

The truth is, probably, that the real object and hopes of the President in both expeditions were attained. The Pickens expedition sailed in secrecy, and saved to the United States the control of the entrance to the finest Southern port and naval station; saved the cost of a large blockading squadron for years. The Sumter expedition, which the President and the Cabinet had been advised by the highest military and naval authorities to be impracticable, demonstrated, and published to the world, the resolve of the President to do all in his power to retain Fort Sumter. The correctness of the opinions of the advisers of the President was shown by the result.

M. C. MEIGS.

While the expeditions were on their way, and the country awaiting the news of the impending conflict, Seward set to work in the line of duty, which would now be imposed on him, of counteracting unfriendly intervention from abroad.

Preparing elaborate instructions for Mr. Adams, who was going out as Minister to the Court of St. James, he remarked that "the agita-

tors in this bad enterprise" were not mistaken in supposing that it would derive signal advantage from a recognition "by any European power," and especially Great Britain. He advised the Minister, therefore, that his task involved "the responsibility of preventing the commission of an act by the government of that country which would be fraught with disaster, perhaps ruin, to our own."

Describing the condition of affairs at the time when the new Administration came into office, he said, "it found itself confronted by an insurrectionary combination of seven States practicing insidious strategy to secure eight others." Up to that moment the dominant party had practically "held in unreserved communion all disunionists. It held the Executive Administration. The Secretaries of the Treasury, War, and the Interior were disunionists. The same party held a large majority of the Senate, and nearly equally divided the House of Representatives. Disaffection lurked, if it did not openly avow itself, in every department and every bureau, in every regiment and in every legation and consulate from London to Calcutta. Of four thousand four hundred and seventy officers in the public service, civil and military, two thousand one hundred and fifty-four were representatives of States where the revolutionary movement was openly advocated and urged, even if not actually organized. No provision had ever been made to anticipate this unprecedented disturbance. The magistracy was demoralized, and the laws were powerless."

Proceeding to narrate the gradual change toward "a better sentiment," he said, "the Executive Administration hesitatingly, in part, reformed itself. The Capitol was garrisoned, the new President came in unresisted, and soon constituted a new and purely loyal Administration. They found the disunionists perseveringly engaged in raising armies, and laying siege around national fortifications within the territory of the disaffected States. The Federal marine seemed to have been scattered everywhere, except where its presence was necessary; and such military forces as were not in remote States and Territories were held back from activity by vague and mysterious armistices, informally contracted with a view to postpone conflict. Commissioners sent by the new confederacy were already demanding recognition of its sovereignty, and a partition of the national property and domain. The treasury was exhausted and the public credit was prostrate."

Describing the specious form at first taken by disunion, he said its advocates claimed "that the Union is a purely voluntary connection, founded on the revocable assent of the States;" and that their movement, therefore, "instead of being war is peace." Assuming that

"peaceful separation" was "in harmony with the Constitution," they urged that "coercion would, therefore, be tyrannical," and even pushed their claims so far as to insist that "the defensive retaining, by the Government, of its positions in the seceding States," was an act of "such coercion." It was not strange that, under these circumstances, disunion had rapidly matured. "The country was bewildered," "Union required time" to "appeal to reason," while "military spirit," more fully developed in the disaffected States, was "ready for revolution. Thousands of men have already banded themselves, as soldiers, in the cause of disunion, while the defenders of the Union, before resorting to arms, everywhere wait to make sure that it cannot be otherwise preserved."

Foreseeing that in the coming contest, the Mexican Republic would "share our perils," since it would naturally be found a convenient field for intrigue, or conquest, he gave very full instructions to Mr. Corwin, who was about going out as Minister. Remarking on the late information that the government of President Juarez had finally overthrown its adversaries, and established itself at the capital, he proceeded to foreshadow the line of policy to be adopted by the United States toward her sister republic. He said that he found "the archives here, full of complaints against the Mexican Government, for violations of contracts and spoliations," lodged there with the view of having them made the basis of demands for indemnity. But no such claims would be presented, nor any unfriendly controversy opened with Mexico, at a time when their mutual interests required harmony and confidence. He said that, while deprecating "a continuance of the chronic reign of disorder" in Mexico, the United States themselves were now embarrassed by "civil commotions" by which "Mexico, in consequence of her proximity, is not unlikely to be affected." "The spirit of discontent seems, at last, to have crossed the border." He added:

> Both of the governments must address themselves to this new and annoying condition of things, with common dispositions to mitigate its evils, and abridge its duration as much as possible. * * * Mexico, instead of being benefited by the prostration or obstruction of Federal authority, in this country, would be exposed by it, to new and fearful dangers.
>
> On the other hand, a condition of anarchy, in Mexico, must necessarily operate as a seduction to those conspiring against the integrity of the Union, to seek aggrandizement for themselves, by conquests in Mexico. Peace, order, and constitutional authority, in each and all of the several republics of this continent, are not exclusively an interest of any one of them; but a common and indispensable interest of them all.

He warned the Mexicans that foreign powers were already discussing the question whether the time had not come when they migth "intervene to establish a protectorate, or some other form of government. Such schemes may even now be held under consideration by some European nations, and there is reason to believe that designs have been conceived in some parts of the United States to effect either a partial dismemberment, or a complete overthrow of the Mexican Government, with a view to extend over it the authority of the newly-projected confederacy."

In conclusion, he remarked that, "while the Republican system of government would probably pass safely through all ordeals," yet it was evident that it would have to "make its way painfully, through difficulties and embarrassments that result from the action of antagonistical elements, which are a legacy of former times and very different institutions."

On Friday, the 12th, came intelligence that the Secessionists were about to attack Fort Sumter, and would endeavor to carry it by assault, before the relief expedition could reach there. It was while the batteries in Charleston harbor were opening fire on the national flag, that Seward was penning his first instructions to Burlingame, who was expecting to go out as Minister to Vienna. In them he remarked:

We are just now entering on a fearful trial, hitherto not only unknown, but even deemed impossible. Ambitious and discontented partisans have raised the standard of insurrection, and organized a revolutionary government. Their agents have gone abroad, to seek, under the name of recognition, aid and assistance.

Vienna is a political center. You may expect to meet agents of disunion there, seeking to mould public opinion for effect elsewhere. There is reason to apprehend that the form of arguments which they will chiefly employ will be an assumption that the independence and sovereignty of the new authority they represent is already *de facto* established.

After pointing out the line of answering argument, he added:

At all events, foreign governments may be expected to consult their own interests and welfare, even though indifferent to the rights and interests of the United States. A premature declaration of recognition by any foreign State would be direct intervention; and the State which should lend it must be prepared to assume the relations of an ally of the projected confederacy.

And then, looking through and beyond the war about to be inaugurated, he remarked:

But, in truth, both the justice and the wisdom of the war must, in the end, be settled, as all questions which concern the American people must be determined, not by arms, but by suffrage. When, at last, the ballot is to be em-

ployed, after the sword, then in addition to the questions indicated, two further ones will arise, requiring to be answered, namely: which party began the conflict; and which maintained, in that conflict, the cause of freedom and humanity?

On the following morning, came the news of the bombardment, and the gallant defense of their flag, by the handful of men in the garrison, against the overwhelming odds of batteries erected all round the harbor, and manned by besiegers, who were to the besieged more than a hundred to one. Occasional telegraphic dispatches, sent out during the day, and evening, by the assailants, chronicled the progress of the unequal struggle.

On Sunday morning, it was known in Washington that the defenders, having faithfully performed their duty, so long as their guns and ammunition held out, would haul down their flag at noon, and evacuate the fort.

President and Cabinet passed most of the day in consultation over the grave, though not unexpected event, and its far-reaching consequences. As to their own immediate duty, there was no difference of opinion. The time had manifestly arrived to call for troops. It was no longer a question of "coercing States," but of defending the existence of the nation. Nor was there any delusive hope that a small force would suffice. Each of the Cabinet realized that the contest would be gigantic. The point for anxious consultation was, not, how many soldiers would quell the rebellion, but how many it would be wise to call for, at the very outset. Thousands would readily respond; but patriotic zeal might be dampened, if the call was for a number impossible to obtain. The lowest figure suggested was fifty thousand men; the highest, one hundred thousand. Seward advocated the largest number. It was finally, however, deemed prudent to fix the limit at seventy-five thousand. By this, an effective force of fifty thousand might be counted upon, at once, from the Northern States. In the Border States, there would be lukewarmness and delay; perhaps refusal.

Then as to calling Congress. The Executive branch of the Government could not levy armies and expend public money, without congressional sanction. Congress would be loyal; but it would be a deliberative body; and to wait for "many men with many minds" to shape a war policy, in the debates of an extra session, would be to invite disaster. So it was concluded to call Congress to meet on the 4th of July; and to trust to their patriotism to sanction the steps taken, prior to that time, by the Executive.

President Lincoln drafted the substance of his proposed Proclama-

tion. The Secretary of War undertook to arrange the respective quotas of the several States. The Secretary of State brought the document to his department, and calling together his clerks, had it duly perfected in form and engrossed. The President's signature and his own were appended, the great seal affixed that evening; and copies were given to the press that it might appear in the newspapers of Monday morning, bearing the date "April 15, 1861." It was carefully worded, appealing to "all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government;" and declared the purpose of avoiding any unnecessary devastation or destruction of property.

On that day Seward penned a hurried reply to a letter from his wife at Auburn:

Monday, April 15, 1861.

I think that care and responsibility will make me forget everybody and every thing but the country and its perils. Treason is a painful fact, and at last we have the stern necessity of meeting and treating it as such. I leave you in order to discuss our national affairs with our Minister to France. I have already instructed the Ministers to Belgium, Prussia, England, and Austria. I have to fight everybody to get time to study.

The Diplomatic Corps were, of course, upon the *qui vive* and watching the political situation with the closest interest. Their respective Governments would expect from them the latest and most authentic intelligence, both as to passing events and as to the policy of the Executive. Many historic statements of the outbreak of the war have been penned, but all American accounts are necessarily from the standpoint of personal sympathy with one side or the other. It may be of interest to note how the matter appeared to a dispassionate outside observer. Lord Lyons, the British Minister, an experienced and sagacious diplomatist, wrote home to his Government:

* * * Civil war is now imminent; or, rather, has already begun. * * * The loss of Fort Sumter is not, of itself, of much importance, in a military point of view, to this Government. As the beginning of civil war, it is a most serious and a most unhappy event. It seems calculated to arouse feelings of resentment and humiliation in the North, which will overwhelm the party of peace, and throw the people, with bitter eagerness, into the war.

The immediate apprehensions of the Government are for this city. The chiefs of the Southern Confederacy loudly declare their intention of attacking it immediately if the border States join them. This Government, previously to the issue of the proclamation this morning, were already making arrangements with the Governors of the Northern States to obtain volunteers and militia to defend it.

In the approaching contest the North has the superiority in numbers and in wealth; and the immense advantage of possessing, and of being able to maintain, a navy. It has also an organized, though small, regular army; but the advantage of this will be in a great measure neutralized by the retirement of the Southern officers. The South is, if the accounts which reach us are to be trusted, more unanimous; it is more eager, and, as it has more at stake, is more ready to make sacrifices. *The taint of slavery will render the cause of the South repugnant to the feelings of the civilized world. On the other hand, commercial intercourse with the cotton States is of vital importance to manufacturing nations.*

The conduct of Virginia and the other border States is now more than ever the critical question. If they remain true to the Union, the contest may be confined to small dimensions. Unless, however, they abandon their solemn declarations, they must now make common cause with the South.

These prognostications were well founded. The response to the proclamation at the North was all or more than could have been anticipated. Every Governor of a free State promptly promised that his quota should be forthcoming. An enthusiastic outburst of patriotic feeling — an "uprising of the North" in town and country was reported by telegraph. Dispatches poured in, announcing the readiness not only of individuals, but of whole organizations, to volunteer. Party lines for the moment were swept away. Disunion sympathizers were silenced. Whole communities were vigorously at work mustering troops and sending them forward for the defense of the national capital. The newspapers were filled with vivid pictures of the scenes of popular enthusiasm in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where regiments were forming amid the waving of flags, the roar of cannon, and the shouts of assembled thousands.

From the South the echo to the proclamation was more sullen, but equally significant. Troops already organized were hurrying forward. Veteran soldiers of the Union were marshaling recruits for the struggle against it. Popular feeling in the seceded States was declared to be unanimous. "Union" utterances were silenced, and the South was said to be bitterly in earnest "in fighting for independence."

From the border States came indications that, while there was still division of opinion, the outbreak of hostilities was paralyzing the Union men, and lending new energy to the Secessionists' efforts to induce the slave-holding States to combine. To the call upon them for militia, defiant answers were returned. "You can get no troops from North Carolina," telegraphed the Governor of that State; "I regard the levy of troops made by the Administration, for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South, as a violation of the Constitution, and a usurpation of power." The Governor of Tennessee re-

plied: "Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defense of our rights, and those of our brethren." The Governor of Kentucky answered: "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." The Governor of Missouri said: "Not one man will the State of Missouri furnish to carry on so unholy a crusade." The Governor of Delaware more mildly answered: "The laws of this State do not confer upon the Executive any authority allowing him to comply with such requisition." From Maryland, came no immediate response. From Virginia came ominous news, that the Convention had hastily and secretly reversed its previous decision; had adopted an Ordinance of Secession, and had joined the Confederacy. The President of the Rebel Government, at Montgomery, issued a proclamation offering letters of marque and reprisal, to armed privateers of any nation; and active measures were begun for organizing troops to attack the national capital.

Seward had counseled, in the early days of the Administration, that naval vessels in foreign waters should be recalled, for use in a blockade of the Southern ports, whenever that step should be found advisable. Ever since the seizure of the custom-houses, and defiance of the revenue laws, at the South, the proper course for the Government to pursue there had been the subject of discussion in the newspapers and elsewhere. Publicists differed in opinion as to the expediency of a blockade. It was urged, with some force, that, as blockades were usually instituted against foreign enemies; and as the Government lacked naval force to make one effective, a more suitable way to deal with this domestic disturbance would be, to declare, by Executive order and Congressional enactment, that certain ports of the United States were closed. Seward's examination of the question soon satisfied him, that European nations, wanting cotton, were not likely to respect a "paper blockade" of that sort. No principle of international law is better settled than that a blockade, to be respected, must be actual and effective. Any thing else is but a flimsy barrier.

The assault on Sumter, the call for troops, and the rebel project of letters of marque, brought the expected emergency, and the President and Cabinet decided that the time had come to issue a proclamation of blockade. Upon the Secretary of State, of course, devolved the duty of preparing and perfecting its details. The proclamation was duly signed, and then given to the public on the morning of the 19th of April. It began by stating that "an insurrection against the Government of the United States has broken out in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and

Texas," so that the "laws for the collection of revenue" could not be efficiently executed. Then, after referring to the rebel project of letters of marque, and the Union call for troops, it proclaimed "a blockade of the ports within the States aforesaid, in pursuance of the laws of the United States, and of the laws of nations, in such cases provided. For this purpose, a competent force will be posted, so as to prevent entrance and exit of vessels." It stated the penalty for violation, after due warning. "If the same vessel shall again attempt to enter or leave the blockaded port, she will be captured and sent to the nearest convenient port, for such proceedings against her and her cargo, as prize, as may be deemed advisable." Finally, to meet the case of rebel privateers, it added, "that if any person, under the pretended authority of such States, shall molest a vessel of the United States, or the persons or cargo on board of her, such persons will be held amenable to the laws of the United States, for the prevention and punishment of piracy."

Of the regiments called for, New York was to furnish seventeen, Pennsylvania sixteen, and Ohio thirteen; the quotas of the other States ranged from one to six. The day after the proclamation was issued, the Massachusetts Sixth mustered on Boston Common; and on the following evening, armed and equipped, was on its way to Washington. Acclamations greeted it along the road; and its march down Broadway in New York roused the popular enthusiasm to the highest point. The evening of Thursday, the 18th, found it at Philadelphia. The same evening witnessed the arrival in Washington of three or four hundred Pennsylvanians, to be armed, equipped, and placed in regimental organizations after reaching the capital. These were the first comers of the new levy. A day later the telegraph announced that General Butler with the Massachusetts Eighth, and Colonel Lefferts with the New York Seventh were also *en route* through Philadelphia. Others would speedily follow. It seemed probable that, before the week was out, Washington would be amply garrisoned and protected.

The press of the North reflected the unanimity of the people. A few journals, here and there, could not at once give up their long-settled habit of praising Southern statesmanship, and of denouncing the "Black Republicans" as blood-thirsty "agitators." But when they undertook to comment in this vein on the President's proclamation, they drew upon themselves so much popular censure that, with more or less grace, they changed front; and accepted the conclusion that firing on a fort was not a "peace measure;" and armed rebellion not a "Union-saving compromise."

Amid the general outburst of patriotism, nothing was more significant, or more gratifying, than the promptness with which many influential Northern Democrats announced their determination to "stand by the Government." Chief among them was Douglas, who on the day the proclamation was signed, visited the President, to assure him of hearty sympathy and co-operation against the rebellion.

But the Confederates had not been idle, nor were they indifferent to so tempting a prize, within their reach, as the national capital, exposed to easy attack from the slave-holding States on either side of it. While celebrating the fall of Sumter, the rebel Secretary of War at Montgomery predicted that the "Confederate flag would float over the Capitol at Washington before the 1st of May." And the chain of disasters which followed, in swift succession, menaced Washington with a fulfilment of the prediction.

On the morning of the 19th came news that Virginia, now suddenly transformed into a hostile power, had sent troops to seize Harper's Ferry. The lieutenant in charge had escaped with his little garrison, after setting fire to some of the buildings; but the rebels had thus gained an important post, with valuable machinery, and a large amount of arms. Later in the day came the startling intelligence of the mob attack upon the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops, as they were coming through Baltimore. Seward was sitting in the department, at work on his foreign dispatches, when his friend, ex-Speaker Littlejohn, who had come on the train from Philadelphia with the troops entered the room. He hurriedly recounted the facts, and described the scene as he saw it from one of the cars which had succeeded in getting through the excited mob. The telegraph and the evening papers soon brought confirmation, and further news, showing that the rioters had practical control of Baltimore and of the communication with the capital.

A day later came the news that the Navy Yard at Norfolk would probably share the fate of the Armory at Harper's Ferry. Protected by only a few marines, it was exposed to easy capture by the Virginia forces from without, aided by disloyal officers within. The vessels, arms, supplies, machinery, buildings and docks had cost the United States Government many millions, and their value to insurgents, at the very outset of a rebellion, was incalculable. Possession of Armory and Navy Yard would place in the hands of the rebels, for instant use, more of the material of war than the Government itself would have at the capital.

The Administration could not send troops enough to defend the Yard; but Commodore Paulding could be sent with the *Pawnee*, to

rescue and bring such of the ships and supplies as might be practicable. He found, on arrival, that the ships had already been scuttled, and after a hasty conference of the officers of the expedition, it was determined, that since the property could not be saved for the Government, it was best to burn and destroy as much as possible, to keep it out of the hands of the rebels.

Dangers were thickening around the Federal city in all directions. With Virginia in active hostility on one side, Maryland was taking steps to prevent all help on the other. From Baltimore came intelligence that the Secessionists were in complete control of the city, probably of the State. They were holding meetings, mustering State troops, stopping trains, burning railway bridges. By Saturday night it was known that railway communication with the North through Baltimore was cut off. By Sunday night the telegraph had ceased to work, and it was realized that Washington was isolated, and beleaguered by its enemies.

CHAPTER LVIII.

1861.

Washington Isolated. Wild Rumors. The Administration and the Crisis. Vesting Provisional Powers in New York. Communications through Ohio and Pennsylvania. General Scott. Amusing Incidents. "No Troops through Maryland." British Mediation Suggested. Troops Arriving at Annapolis. The Dispatch to France. How Governments Converse. The Key-note of Seward's Foreign Correspondence. Faith Under Difficulties. Proffering the Principles of the Paris Congress. Arrival of the Seventh Regiment and the Massachusetts Eighth. The Dead-lock Broken. News from the North and South.

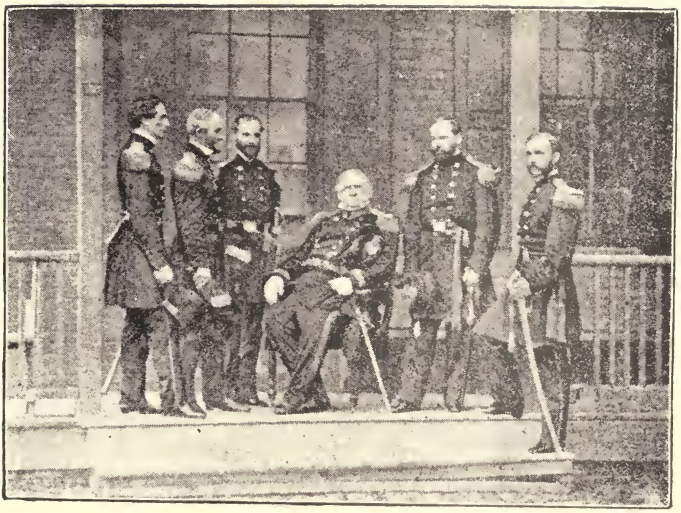
WASHINGTON was still a slave-holding city. Southern sympathies pervaded its social, and as yet even its official circles. Its inhabitants were divided in opinion. Some clung strongly to the hope of a return to power of the Southern leaders so long dominant in Congress. Others were beginning to realize that the future fortunes of the city were inseparably linked with those of the new Administration. When it began to look as if the latter were cut off from all Northern help, and would soon be captured by troops advancing from the South, the exultation of secession sympathizers was neither concealed nor repressed. The rebel flag was flying at Alexandria in full view from the Capitol and the White House. Rebel scouts were reported to be posted at the end of the bridge connecting the city with Virginia. In

the streets and hotels the wildest rumors gained credence. A mob was reported to be coming over from Baltimore to burn the public buildings and sack the town. Rebel vessels were declared to be coming up from Norfolk to bombard it. Rebel troops were asserted to be marching up from Richmond and down from Harper's Ferry to take possession. "Forty thousand Virginia volunteers," armed "with bowie-knives," it was said, were "coming over the Long Bridge." Business was at a stand-still. The railway station was silent; the wharves deserted. Groups of people gathered at street corners, exchanging in low tones their forebodings of disaster or their hopes of relief. Government clerks cherishing disloyal sympathies made haste to vacate their places; and Southern army and navy officers to resign their commissions, so as to be ready to join the ranks of the coming conquerors. The newspapers, cut off from their usual telegraphic facilities, gave such intelligence as they could get; but their columns would hardly hold a tithe of the startling stories that were flying about the streets.

Order and quiet reigned at the White House and in the departments. Government business was dispatched with more than usual celerity, for it was now falling into loyal hands; and there was no outside pressure to cause delay. The crowd of office-seekers had fled and scattered at the first alarm. On Sunday, the President hastily convened a meeting of the Cabinet in the Navy Department, for, as he said, "it became necessary to choose whether, using only the existing means which Congress had provided, he should let the Government fall into ruin," or, in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, he should use against the insurrection such unauthorized means as only were available, and trust to Congress for their subsequent sanction. The Cabinet were unanimous in favor of this course. Orders were, therefore, made for the purchase, charter, and arming of steamships in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia; and extraordinary powers to act in behalf of the War and Navy Departments were bestowed upon Governor Morgan, George D. Morgan, William M. Evarts, R. M. Blatchford, and Moses H. Grinnell, to whom officers should report for instruction and advice in forwarding troops and supplies. Similar powers to act for the Treasury Department in expending the public money were conferred upon John A. Dix, George Opdyke, and R. M. Blatchford. These gentlemen were to give no security; and to act without compensation, reporting their proceedings when communications should be reëstablished. The messenger bearing the grant of these large powers started at once to go around to New York by way of Wheeling and Pittsburg. How faithfully the great trust was discharged, Mr. Lincoln himself, at a later day, bore testimony. He said:

The several departments of the Government at that time contained so large a number of disloyal persons, that it would have been impossible to provide safely, through official agents only, for the performance of the duties, thus confided to citizens favorably known for their ability, loyalty, and patriotism. The several orders issued upon these occurrences were transmitted by private messengers, who pursued a circuitous way to the seaboard cities, inland across the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the northern lakes. I believe, that by these and similar measures taken in that crisis, some of which were without any authority of law, the Government was saved from overthrow. I am not aware that a dollar of the public funds, thus confided, without authority of law, to unofficial persons, was either lost or wasted.

General Scott sat in his office on Seventeenth street, placid as a summer morning, and renewing the military activity of his youth in the bustle of giving orders and receiving reports. His military secretary sat at the table by his side, to take down instructions which he was dictating with his accustomed precision of language. In an adjoining room, Adjutant-General Townsend, and Aides-de-Camp Henry Van Rensselaer, E. D. Keyes, Schuyler Hamilton, and H. G. Wright were carrying them into effect. His military force was small, but it was charged with a momentous duty, being nothing less than the safety of the American Government. Half a dozen companies of the Regular Army had been gathered, and distributed where most needed. The batteries of light artillery were posted to guard the bridges. The Capitol was barricaded, and the Massachusetts Sixth, which had fought its way through Baltimore, was quartered in the Senate Chamber. The Pennsylvanians had been armed and assigned to similar duty. The marines were charged with the defense of the wharves, and the Navy Yard. The District Militia, which the General had organized for the Inauguration, now proved a valuable arm of defense. It mustered fifteen companies, several new ones having been added during April. They were distributed to guard the avenues and public buildings. Sentries were posted, ammunition distributed, and a system of signals arranged, so as to insure rapid concentration at any point attacked. Secretary Cameron directed that the railroad depot, and such cars and engines as could be found there, should be taken for the use and protection of the Government. Secretary Welles gave like orders as to steamboats at the wharves. Some of them were placed under the command of naval officers, and hurriedly fitted up with howitzers and muskets for river patrol. Civilian volunteers were welcome. Muskets were distributed to clerks in various Government offices, and many private residences were armed for defense. Two companies were hastily formed by visitors at the hotels and others



GENERAL SCOTT AND STAFF.

HARPER'S FERRY ARSENAL IN RUINS.

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under the lead of Cassius M. Clay and James H. Lane, who patroled the streets, and performed guard duty.

Even a period of public danger has its humorous incidents. "General Scott," said one of the Cabinet, at a conference around the President's green table, "how are we defended on the river below here? What force is there in Fort Washington, at present?"

"I think, sir," replied the General, with his customary precision, "I think, sir, that Fort Washington could now be taken with a bottle of whisky. At last accounts, it was in charge of a single old soldier, who is entirely reliable when he is sober."

One indefatigable applicant for a place was urging his claims upon a Secretary so late in the evening, that when he essayed to leave the department, he found sentries had been posted for the night, and he could not get out without the countersign. Informed of the dilemma, the Secretary hastily wrote on a slip of paper, "Let the bearer pass," and signed it. In 1863, the pass was returned to the Secretary, by the commanding officer at Fredericksburg, who found the holder had traveled on it, up and down, within the lines of the Army of the Potomac for two years.

There was some talk among the Diplomatic Corps, as to the propriety of raising their flags over their respective legations, in case the city should be attacked — a customary usage in war, for the protection of the Minister's archives, and of his family. Then, to the chagrin of some, and the amusement of others, it was found that, having always regarded Washington as a peaceful city, hardly one Minister had a flag to hoist. Baron Gerolt, the Prussian envoy, was a staunch believer in the Union; but seeing that there might be a Confederate attack, thought it as well to be prepared; and so ordered a set of his national colors from New York. The Baltimore mob tore up the railway before these reached him. Not willing to be checkmated, he employed a painter to inscribe in large German text, over his door, "The Prussian Legation." Returning from a call at the State Department, he was disgusted to find a drunken German soldier endeavoring to force his way into the house. On demanding what he wanted, the man replied: "Something to drink."

"Go away, then," said the Baron, "there is nothing to drink here. This is not a tavern."

The man leered at him, and retorted with drunken gravity:

"If you don't keep a Gast-Haus, then what for do you put up a sign?"

At a Cabinet conference, General Scott suggested that troops might be brought by way of Annapolis, as well as by the Relay House; thus

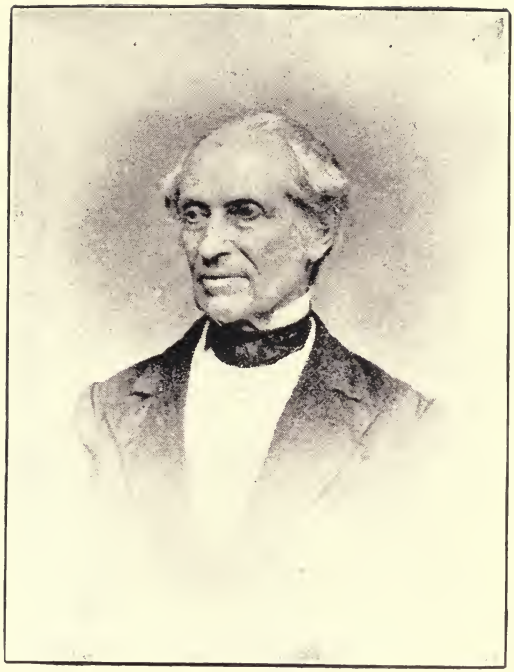
avoiding the obstacles created by the Baltimore rioters. No sooner were the orders given, however, than committees, deputations, and individuals from Baltimore presented themselves at the White House, to urge the President not to allow any Northern troops to come through Maryland, as it would certainly provoke disturbance. They based their pleas on their desire to preserve peace, and "prevent the effusion of blood." It was not as well understood, at the time, as it came to be afterward, that many of these zealous advocates of peace were really in sympathy with the Secessionists, and wanted the capital to be left without reinforcements, in order that it might more easily fall into rebel hands. President Lincoln's patient forbearance was severely tried by the pertinacity of these absurd appeals. "We must have troops for defense," he said, "and as they can neither get *under* Maryland, nor fly *over* it, why, they must cross through it."

The Governor of Maryland, yielding to the pressure of the community about him, addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, advising that the troops arriving at Annapolis should be ordered away, and that "no more should be sent through Maryland;" adding the suggestion that Lord Lyons should be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties. Seward, in his reply, refusing to accede to the suggestion, added:

> There has been a time in the history of our country, when a General of the American Union, with forces designed for the defense of its capital, was not unwelcome anywhere in the State of Maryland, and certainly not at Annapolis. If eighty years could have obliterated all the other noble sentiments of that age in Maryland, there is one that would forever remain there, and everywhere. That sentiment is, that no domestic contention whatever, that may arise among the parties of this Republic, ought in any case to be referred to any foreign arbitrament — least of all to the arbitrament of an European monarchy.

The suggestion was as much a surprise to the British Minister as to any one. Lord Lyons immediately wrote to Lord John Russell, then in charge of the foreign office:

> My Lord, I have the honor to inclose a copy of a letter dated yesterday from Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, to the Governor of Maryland, which has appeared in the Washington papers this morning. I learn from it that the Governor proposed to Mr. Seward that I be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties, to prevent the effusion of blood. I had no previous knowledge of this proposal, nor have I had any communication whatever with Governor Hicks, or any other of the Maryland authorities.
>
> The proposal is, as might have been foreseen, unhesitatingly rejected by Mr. Seward. I am convinced that no good effect could be produced at this mo-



BARON GEROLT.

LORD PALMERSTON.

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ment by any offer on the part of the representatives of the European powers to mediate between the North and South.

As soon as it was known that vessels from New York had arrived at Annapolis with troops, messengers were dispatched from Washington to urge them to proceed to the city with all speed. But the messengers, as soon as they were out of the District of Columbia, found scouting parties and sentries of the Maryland Militia, who had volunteered or had been posted to guard the country roads, and to prevent all communication between the Government and its troops. On the branch railway from the Annapolis Junction to Annapolis the Secessionists had torn up the rails, and stopped all traffic as effectually as through Baltimore. One after another of the messengers were turned back; and those who succeeded in accomplishing their mission only did so by concealing their character and purpose.

It was during this period of gloom, while the fate of the national capital seemed trembling in the balance, that Seward sat calmly at his writing-table drafting his dispatch to Mr. Dayton for the eye of the French Government. It was in strong contrast to the outlook immediately around him. As regarded the Union, it was not only hopeful, but confident. As regarded the possibility of European aid to the rebels, it was, as far as comported with diplomatic courtesy, defiant. He knew that the intelligence of the peril of the capital, and the accession of the border States to the Confederacy, would go out by the foreign mail. He meant that when it was read by European Cabinets they should also read that the Washington Government was, nevertheless, firm, bold, and confident. His dispatches would accompany the untoward news, and must, so far as possible, counteract its effect. After remarking that as a large portion of the American people had been bewildered by the suddenness of the disunion movement, it was not strange that foreign nations should not at once comprehend it, he said:

> To take care that the Government of his Majesty the Emperor of France do not misunderstand our position, and through that misunderstanding do us some possible wrong, is the chief duty which you will have to perform at Paris.

After pointing out the various reasons, commercial and political, that should make France desire the maintenance of the Union, and emphatically stating that no foreign intervention, interference, or influence would either be invoked or admitted by the United States in the present contest, he said:

> Foreign intervention would oblige us to treat those who should yield it as allies of the insurrectionary party, and to carry on the war against them as enemies. The case would only be aggravated if several European States should

combine in that intervention. The President and the people of the United States deem the Union, which would then be at stake, worth all the cost and all the sacrifices of a contest with the world in arms; if such a contest should prove inevitable.

The tone here adopted is that which pervaded all Seward's dispatches during the war. It is one that never was satisfactory to the Confederates or their sympathizers. They endeavored to parry its force by declaring Seward was a "visionary," an "optimist," who loved to indulge in baseless hopes. Nothing would have suited them better than to have the Secretary of State give some sign that he "despaired of the Republic."

Some of his friends even, uninitiated in diplomatic usage, wondered why he deemed it necessary to so persistently assure Mr. Adams and Mr. Dayton of the strength and stability of the Union. But Governments cannot converse, except through their diplomatic representatives. The Secretary of State addresses, to an American envoy abroad, the views he desires to have laid before the Ministry of the foreign power. Sometimes the envoy is requested to present the subject to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, conversationally, in his own words. Sometimes he is instructed to read the dispatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to give him a copy of it. The arguments of the Secretary of State, therefore, though addressed to the American envoy, are actually for the eye and ear of the Ministry of the foreign power. They must be courteous, or they will irritate, instead of persuading; they must be confident and sincere, or they will not inspire belief. They must be logically sound, or they will fail to impress the trained intellects of statesmen who are the rulers of kingdoms.

Seward saw, at the outset of the war, that the first and indispensable step toward convincing European Governments that the Union would stand, was to show that he believed it himself. What they had heard from former representatives of the country, what they were reading in the daily newspapers, and what they were receiving from their Ministers and Consuls in the United States, all tended to show that grave doubts existed at Washington, as to the ability of the Union to maintain itself. Seward determined they should find no word of doubt, no hint of apprehension, in any thing that he, as the nation's mouthpiece, might utter. The Union could, would, and should be preserved. That must be the key-note of all his correspondence. How could there be any other? For him to discuss intervention, would be to invite it. For him to betray apprehension, would be to betray the Union.

Readers of his dispatches were sometimes puzzled by the anomaly, that he expressed the most fervent faith in success, at the hour when the prospects for it seemed the darkest. That was precisely his reason. Victories might be trusted to carry their own moral; but tidings of a defeat must always be accompanied by assurances that the Union would surmount its troubles, however grave and protracted they might be.

Two days later, he prepared and sent out a circular to the United States Ministers at London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, Turin, and Copenhagen. The Paris Congress of 1856 had formulated a mutual agreement upon four principles of international law, in these words:

1. Privateering is, and remains abolished.
2. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.
3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under the enemy's flag.
4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, maintained by forces sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

These principles Great Britain, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sardinia and Turkey agreed to adopt, as toward each other, and toward any power that should afterward join in the compact. The United States had been invited to join, but declined, not being at that time prepared to give up the right of privateering.

Referring to these events, Seward now instructed the American Ministers to reopen the subject, with a view to the formal accession of the United States to the Paris agreement. Such accession would protect American commerce from the threatened depredations of privateers, and would prevent the maritime powers from assisting, or even tolerating their existence. In case the powers should accept the proposition, the Ministers were authorized to conclude the necessary treaties at once.

Now came the hoped-for news from Annapolis, that the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment, under General Butler, and the New York Seventh, under Colonel Lefferts, had safely landed there, were in quiet possession of the Navy Yard, and were preparing to march to Washington.

Soon followed the intelligence that they were marching by the railway track, relaying the rails that had been torn up to prevent their approach. There were rumors of batteries and ambush parties lying in wait for them, but they encountered no opposition. A twenty-mile march through a hostile region, accompanied by the work of track-

laying, during a day and a night, was a laborious task, for soldiers as yet unaccustomed to campaigning. But they were pushing forward with zeal and spirit. Reaching the Junction, they found a train awaiting them, which, two hours later, landed them in Washington. When the welcome sound of their drums was heard, the towns-people thronged the streets to see and greet them with cheers and flags, hats and handkerchiefs. Their march up Pennsylvania avenue, past the Treasury and State Departments, past the portico of the White House, where the President stood to salute them, and to the War Department to report for duty, was an ovation throughout. Perhaps no regiment ever entered Washington, before or since, that was received with such heartfelt satisfaction. Their arrival showed that the dead-lock was broken, the isolation over. Henceforth troops and supplies would reach the capital. The Government was again in communication with its loyal supporters.

With the coming of the troops, began to come also a flood of news, about the outburst of popular enthusiasm for the Union throughout the Northern States; the great New York meeting in Union Square; the formation of the Union Defense Committee, composed of leading citizens; the organization and equipment of regiments, the forwarding of supplies, the opening of subscription lists, the prompt action of States and municipalities, the lavish gifts of individuals, the speeches of public men, the sermons of the clergy, the unanimity of the press. Flags, banners, badges, and every form of device typified the popular feeling. Quiet villages and busy streets were suddenly transformed by gay decorations of the "red, white and blue." Drum beats and cannon echoes became the familiar sound; uniforms the favored wear. The drill-room and the recruiting office were centers of attraction. Heretofore, the South had been the only scene of such demonstrations, and the North had looked on with apathetic interest. Now, at last, the North woke up, and was in earnest to defend the Union and the flag.

One of the most encouraging features of this news was the position taken by the New York Democrats. Announcing that their country rather than their party had the first claim upon their loyalty, Dix and Dickinson, Pierrepont, Havemeyer, Brady, Walker, Bronson, and Bell were in zealous and hearty coöperation with Fish and Draper, Evarts, Grinnell, and Blatchford in upholding the Administration. Even partisan criticism subsided for a time. Former secession sympathizers were dumb; and the wild proposal of a few weeks before, that New York should cut loose from the Union, and become an independent city, was only a theme of ridicule.

Gratifying as was the news from the North, it was somewhat coun-

terbalanced by that which now came from the South. The Southern Union men were silenced. Disunionists were taking easy possession of Southern State and municipal governments. Organized opposition to their plans seemed to have ceased to exist. Governors, Legislatures, courts, civil magistrates, and military officers were doing their behests, and serving the new-born Confederacy with energetic zeal. Whether a reign of terror was stifling adverse opinions, or whether the Union men had experienced a sudden change of feeling, could not be known. But the result was the same. The seceding States were apparently as united against the Federal Government, as the free States were in its favor. Confederate and State authorities made haste to seize whatever Federal property was within their reach. Arsenals, forts, mints, custom-houses, post-offices, vessels, arms, provisions, and money were swept into Confederate control, as lawful prize, from the public enemy. Not only regiments, but armies were mustering. Proclamations, resolutions, orders, and oratory were "firing the Southern heart" for the coming war.

One of the curious surprises brought by the news from the North was the discovery that loyal, but impatient leaders and journals, even while they were hurrying troops to the rescue of the imperiled capital, were freely berating the Administration for its inefficiency in not having put down the Baltimore rioters, and saved Norfolk, during the time Washington was beleaguered, and waiting for troops. But this was in accordance with the good old Anglo-Saxon custom, when things go wrong, of laying the blame for it on the Government. Seward, writing to Weed, said:

WASHINGTON, *April* 26.

Twenty steamers were ordered to be purchased, and armed, by a messenger, who left here the *day the blockade was ordered*. Captain Stringham takes charge of that.

Do send men, money, provisions forward, and don't complain of us for inefficiency, without stopping to think. Think of the Seventh New York, and of the Massachusetts regiments, lying seventy-two hours at Annapolis, within thirty-six miles of us, and we, with only three thousand men here — half of those District Militia. All Virginia, and all Maryland, are to be upon us in mass, it seems, from reports of our messengers there.

To Mrs. Seward, he wrote:

April 26.

Eight thousand troops actually arrived; we are safe from surprise. Preparations in Virginia and Maryland indicate a conflict here, or in the vicinity, in which the forces will be counted by the hundred thousand on a side. We are in the right, for our country, for freedom, for peace, for humanity, cheerful and content — only fearful of failure to acquit ourselves of so great responsibilities.

CHAPTER LIX.

1861.

Troops for the Defense of the Capital. Visiting the Camps. The House on La Fayette Square. Growth of the Union Army. Its Generals. The Confederacy. Guarding the Railways. Occupying Baltimore. The Movement into Virginia. Fortifying the Heights. Ellsworth's Death. Changed Aspect of Washington. A Great Camp. Scott's Plan of Campaign. Building up a Navy. The Blockade.

Now troops came pouring in for the defense of the capital. The quiet little town of Annapolis woke up to sudden bustle and activity, as vessels appeared in its harbor debarking regiment after regiment, who hastened by rail to Washington. Every day came the welcome sound of drum and fife, and the cheering gleam of bayonets, as the long lines of newcomers marched up Pennsylvania avenue, passing the State Department, and the White House, and pausing at the portal of the War Department "to report for duty," and to be assigned to their camps.

Seward wrote home:

WASHINGTON, *April* 27, 1861.

Virginia has precipitated events, and war with her is rendered inevitable by her own act. Ten thousand of our troops are arrived here, and the city is considered safe. It begins to be a camp.

Frequently in the course of an afternoon drive, Seward would stop to visit General Scott, either at his office or at his lodgings. Usually in either place, the General's surroundings were those of active military service — the sentry pacing before his door, the orderly sitting in the hall, the aides-de-camp at their respective desks, and the General's table covered with maps, dispatches, and calculations. One day, soon after the first call for troops, while exchanging news and comparing views, Seward remarked, "We are gathering a large army. What I do not yet foresee, is how it is to be led. What are we to do for generals?"

"That is a subject, Mr. Secretary," said the veteran commander, "that I have thought much about. If I could only mount a horse, I,—" then checking himself, with a shake of his head, he added, "but I am past that. I can only serve my country, as I am doing here now, in my chair."

"Even if you had your youth and strength again, General, it might not be worth as much to us as your experience. In any case, you would need commanders of military training, to carry out your orders."

"There are few who have had command in the field, even of a brigade," said the General, "but," he added reflectively, "there is

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THE 7th (N. Y.) IN CAMP.

THE 69th AT PRAYERS.

excellent material in the Army to make generals of. There are good officers. Unfortunately for us, the South has taken many of those holding the higher grades. We have captains and lieutenants that, with time and experience, will develop, and will do good service."

Proceeding to name over several officers, or West Point graduates, in whom he evidently felt interest and pride, he mentioned McClellan, Franklin, Halleck, Hooker, Mansfield, Sumner, and several others, actually or recently in the Army. "There is one officer who would make an excellent general," he continued, "but I do not know whether we can rely on him. He lives not far away, and I have sent over to see. I had expected to hear from him to-day. If he comes in to-morrow, I shall know."

"I will not ask his name until you hear from him, then, General," said Seward, "though I think I can guess who you mean."

A day or two later, reverting in their conversation to the same subject, Seward remarked, "You were expecting to hear from some officer you thought well of. Did you?"

"Yes," said the General, "it was too late. He had decided to 'go with his State,' as the phrase is now. I am sorry: both on our account and on his own."

That was the turning point in the life of Robert E. Lee.

About the only relaxation and exercise that Seward had, at this period, was this afternoon drive, on the closing of the department for the day. At this season, the days were long and the roads good; and he took especial pleasure in visiting the newly-established camps. The New York Seventh Regiment (Colonel Lefferts) was on Meridian Hill. The Seventy-first (Colonel Vosburg's), at the Navy Yard. The Sixty-ninth (Colonel Corcoran), at Georgetown College. The Twelfth (Colonel Butterfield), on Franklin Square. The Rhode Island Regiment (Colonel Burnside), on the Glenwood road. On the river bank were Ellsworth's Zouaves. At each camp, he found among officers and men many old acquaintances, and the sons of old friends. On one of the heights overlooking Rock Creek, he found the Nineteenth N. Y. from Cayuga county, which was largely made up of his townsmen. His neighbor, John S. Clark, was its colonel; his nephew, Clarence A. Seward, its lieutenant-colonel; J. S. Ledlie its major; his family physician, Dr. Dimon, its surgeon; and the Rev. Mr. Fowler, the Presbyterian clergyman, its chaplain. One company, commanded by Captain Gavigan, had sprung into being literally at the altar of the Catholic Church, under the impassioned preaching of Father Creedon. Another was commanded by Captain Kennedy, who claimed to be the "first

volunteer of the war," having begun to enroll a company as early as November, 1860.

As other regiments came in, he extended the circuit of his drives. His hearty greetings, and words of encouragement, made him a welcome visitor: and the opportunities these visits gave him of studying the character and needs of the great Union Army now organizing were useful and valuable.

Early in May, Seward took possession of the residence on LaFayette Square, that he was to occupy. It was a roomy old house of red brick, plain and substantial, with spacious parlors, and convenient rooms for library and study. Many traditions about its former owners clung to it. Built by Commodore Rodgers, on ground bought from Henry Clay, it had been the residence of various Cabinet officers, and Foreign Ministers: and at one time had done duty as a club-house.

The still unfurnished rooms were hastily decorated with flags; and a series of informal evening receptions were given, to enable the new Army and Navy officers to meet each other, as well as the families of Washington residents, the Diplomatic Corps, and Government officials. The novel circumstances and surroundings gave these gatherings a peculiar interest to each of the diverse elements thus brought together. Among the young officers who had here their first experiences of Washington society, were several whose lives and names have since become historic.

Frequent parades, drills, and reviews marked the opening of the new military era at the capital. There was a musical matinee at the Navy Yard, under the lead of Harrison Millard, where patriotic enthusiasm found vent in national songs. Especial merriment and encores greeted a song descriptive of the tedious track-laying march from Annapolis, to the air of "Jordan is a hard road to travel," — of which the refrain was: "Only nine miles — only nine miles — only nine miles to the Junction!"

From every part of the North now came news of the rising tide of popular enthusiasm. Governor Morgan of New York, Governor Dennison of Ohio, Governor Blair of Michigan, Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, Governor Morton of Indiana, Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, Governor Randall of Wisconsin, and all the other loyal Governors were mustering, equipping, and forwarding full regiments. Governor Olden of New Jersey was sending a brigade. Governor Black of Nebraska Territory had called for volunteers. The Union Defense Committee in New York was providing ships, supplies, arms, and transportation. States and cities were vieing in lavish appropriations. Connecticut had appro-

priated $2,000,000. New Jersey had voted $2,000,000. By the end of the first week in May, the war contributions had amounted to twenty-three millions. Institutions and individuals were proffering their means, and tendering their services. The New York Yacht Club were offering their vessels. The Boston school-teachers were offering part of their salaries. Medical schools were sending surgeons. Philadelphia was organizing the most effective means of hurrying the forces to the field. Boston was paying military honors to her soldiers killed at Baltimore. In every important Northern town, drums were beating, and flags flying. The recruiting offices were thronged with young men, eager to put down their names. College boys left their classes, mechanics their workshops, farmers their fields; professional men and skilled artisans gave up comfortable incomes to serve their country for a pittance. In Michigan, premiums were paid for places. Every State was ready to furnish, not only its quota, but many more. Clergymen were preaching war sermons, ladies were organizing "Union Aid Societies," school-children were singing national anthems. Patriotic devices decorated shops and streets. Badges were worn, in endless variations of the "Red, White, and Blue." Letter-paper and envelopes were stamped with Union designs; the most popular being one representing a volunteer at "charge bayonet," with the words, "Through Baltimore."

The seventy-five thousand men called out by the proclamation of April were to remain in the service for three months only. Militia regiments, already formed, had responded to the call; but even while this force was assembling, it became manifest that troops would be needed for a longer term. As more than seventy-five thousand had already offered their services, the Administration decided to give notice that additional volunteers would now be accepted, "for three years, or during the war." On the 3d of May, a call was issued for forty-two thousand and thirty-four volunteers, and twenty-two thousand seven hundred and fourteen regulars, to be added to the Army, and, also, for eighteen thousand seamen, for the Navy. No existing law warranted such a call; but the public danger made it necessary, and it was believed that Congress would justify it.

"If the North is terribly in earnest, the South is not less so," said a Southern journal. And, indeed, the reports coming from the Southern States seemed to show that, while Southern leaders had been somewhat surprised by the magnitude of the Northern "uprising," and considerably disappointed at the news of Democrats joining with Republicans to uphold the Union, yet they bated no jot of heart or hope. The "Confederacy" so suddenly sprung into exist-

ence was already a coherent, aggressive, gigantic power. Troops were gathering in Richmond, and Lee was soon placed in command. Virginia had turned over all the United States property to the Confederate Government. Other States were doing the same. Arms, steamers, munitions of war, and public funds were seized without scruple. President Davis had sent a "message" to the "Confederate Congress" and had been authorized to raise an army. Regiments were mustering. Privateers were arming. A "Confederate Loan" had been proposed, and would "command a premium in London." Southern States and Southern business men were absolved from liability to Northern creditors.

Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina, after long holding back, had decided to join the fortunes of the Confederacy, whose capital was henceforth to be at Richmond. "Congress" had adjourned to meet there, and "the President" was on his way. Governors of the several States were issuing proclamations, and enjoining allegiance to the new "Government." It was a part of the ingenious self-deception in which the Southerners now indulged to underrate and decry their adversaries. "One Southron is a match for five Yankees" was a common boast. "Northern mud-sills" were described as "white-livered cowards," who "dare not fight." They would hire "Irish and German mercenaries" to do their fighting; perhaps make their regiments out of some of the "refuse of the prisons," and "scum of the great cities;" but these "hirelings" would "run away the first time they saw Southern troops."

An essential feature in the defense of Washington was to keep open its lines of communication with the North and the sea. The route by Annapolis was strengthened and fortified, troops were pushed forward on the railway line, gradually getting possession of it north and south of Baltimore, and finally General Butler, by a rapid movement, entered that city and intrenched his force on Federal Hill. Before the Secessionists realized it, the town was again under loyal control. Union men began to show themselves and tender their help. Guards were posted at Havre-de-Grace and the reconstructed bridges, and communication "through Baltimore" with the North was formally restored. The Northern Central railroad was re-opened by Pennsylvania troops. As there were rumors of rebel troops and batteries at various points on the lower Potomac, the naval force to patrol the river was increased and strengthened, and additional troops were sent to Fortress Monroe.

The Administration had been warned by the reports of its engineer officers, that there could be no assured safety for Washington so long as the heights on the Virginia side of the river were left undefended.

The Secession flag was still flying at Alexandria in full view of the windows of the Executive Mansion.

At an evening meeting of the Cabinet, called for that purpose by the President, he laid before them General Scott's recommendation of a movement to occupy and fortify those heights. Troops enough had now arrived, and there was no doubt of the military expediency of that step. But as it was the first actual "invasion of the sacred soil of the Old Dominion" for permanent occupation, it was deemed proper that it should receive formal consideration. All the Cabinet concurred with the President. The order was given, and preparations quietly made for the march.

On the evening of the 23d, Seward sat reading in his parlor till late at night, and advised his family not to retire, but to sit by the open windows and listen. After midnight, while the moon was setting, came the distant sound of footsteps, gradually swelling till it seemed as if an invisible multitude were passing. To baffle the curiosity of spies and rebel sympathizers, orders had been given to "break ranks" and march without drum and fife, so that it would be impossible to tell how many regiments were moving. The ceaseless, irregular tramp, tramp, tramp of the unseen column over the resounding pavements made the force seem much larger than it really was.

Early in the morning came the intelligence that the movement had been entirely successful. The various regiments had crossed the bridges, occupied Arlington Heights, and were already throwing up earth-works at designated points, to command the approaches to the river. The rebel forces had retired, except some cavalrymen at Alexandria, who were captured. Ellsworth's Zouaves had proceeded to Alexandria by steamer, and taken possession of the town. But that gallant commander, just after he had captured the rebel flag, had been shot down. Mourning over his untimely death pervaded the capital and intensified the feeling at the North. He lay in state at the White House, and was buried with military honors. For months afterward, "Remember Ellsworth" was a watchword at recruiting stations; and one regiment was organized with the title of the "Ellsworth Avengers."

A change was now coming over the aspect of Washington. Without trade or manufactures, it had hitherto been a quiet Southern town, busy only with politics in the winter, and lapsing during summer into supreme dullness. The coming of fifty thousand troops gave it life and activity. They not only "camped round about it," but were in it and of it, everywhere. Uniforms and flags were met in every street: detachments, parades, and drills in every public square.

Patrols moving at quick-step, and orderlies dashing at a gallop, were every-day sights in the avenues. The drum and the bugle became familiar sounds; and all knew that the echo of guns meant only "artillery practice." The tents that dotted city squares and suburban fields, the earth-works bristling with black-mouthed cannon, the long trains of army wagons passing in each thoroughfare, showed that the national capital was fast becoming a great camp.

None were more surprised than the business men, who, in Washington as in other cities, had dreaded the advent of war, as meaning commercial ruin. But their business grew brisk. Customers multiplied. New avenues of trade opened. Shops, hotels, places of amusement, and public conveyances all experienced an influx of prosperity, as welcome as it was unexpected.

During the next few weeks the War Department and the Lieutenant-General were busily engaged in organizing the rapidly-growing army, and assigning its regiments to duty, in the localities where they were most needed. General Mansfield, in command of the troops for the defense of Washington, was at work with his camps and fortifications. McClellan and Fremont were appointed major-generals in the regular army; shortly afterward Dix, Butler, and Banks received commissions of similar grade: the former in the regulars, the two latter in the volunteers. Raw and inexperienced as the army was, it, at least, was intensely loyal — the sympathizers with secession having, at last, all resigned or been weeded out. It was one of the curious anomalies of that critical period in April — when Washington was in hourly apprehension of attack, that three of its commanders were in sympathy with the rebels — Pemberton of the infantry, Magruder of the artillery, and Commodore Buchanan of the Navy Yard. But, when their mistaken sense of duty led them over to the enemy, they resigned their trusts, instead of attempting to betray them.

General Scott had moved his head-quarters to a more convenient house on Pennsylvania avenue, and, with his staff, was busy, night and day, in providing for the disposition and equipment of his troops. In all military questions, the Administration relied largely on his judgment. His experience had told him that raw levies of volunteers could be most effectively used as infantry. Proffers of volunteer cavalry were, therefore, discountenanced, at the outset. "Unless the war is going to last two years," said he, "there is no use in accepting cavalry, for both men and horses require months of training, to be effective." Pistols, though urged by their friends or manufacturers, as a suitable arm for the volunteers, the General also discountenanced, remarking that "Pistols always kill more friends than enemies."

The General's plan of campaign, so far as he had matured one, at this period, was in substance: First, defense of the national capital. Second, a movement from the north-west down the Mississippi Valley.

The few vessels comprising the Navy had been found widely scattered. They were recalled, manned, and equipped for active service with all speed. Every Navy Yard at the North had become a hive of industrious activity. Ocean steamers, coasting propellers, river steamboats and ferry-boats were chartered or purchased, and converted into naval vessels, or army transports. The policy of declaring the Southern ports closed to commerce, by Executive decree or proclamation, had been earnestly urged upon the Administration, as less costly and troublesome than a blockade. It was soon evident, however, that foreign ships would regard such a declaration as mere "*brutum fulmen*," and that nothing but an actual blockade, by armed vessels, would be effective. The first proclamation of the blockade, issued on the 19th of April, was supplemented by another on the 27th, extending its provisions to Virginia and North Carolina; and vessels were dispatched as promptly as possible, to enforce them. Already there were reports of rebel privateering vessels on the coast. One was captured in Chesapeake bay. Others were reported to be lying in wait for incoming merchantmen. Before May was passed, Richmond and Norfolk, Charleston and Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans were all more or less effectively blockaded.

The news of the successful reinforcement of Fort Pickens, and the saving of the post from its threatened fate, was a subject of general congratulation.

CHAPTER LX.

1861.

The State Department. Dealing with Foreign Powers. Great Britain. France. Spain. Austria. Italy. Switzerland. Denmark. Holland. Belgium. Rome. Russia. Sweden. Portugal. Prussia. Nicaragua. Peru. Mexico. Stopping Information and Supplies to the Insurgents. Spies and Blockade-Runners. "Arbitrary Arrests." Passport Regulations. Fort La Fayette. Suspension of the Writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Southern Unionists. East Tennessee. West Virginia. Maryland. Missouri. Letters to Weed.

THE staid and quiet old Department of State presented a marked contrast to the bustling, active War and Navy Departments. Within,

its work was going on just as busily, but without sound of drum; for while their business was war, at home, its function was to keep peace abroad.

In his diplomatic correspondence, Seward found that different lines of argument were necessary with different countries. The same reasoning would not be effective with a monarchy, as with a republic; nor with an insular, as with a continental power. Yet this required no double dealing. He believed that it was for the true interest of every people in the world, that the American Union should survive. His only care, therefore, was to find the reason why, in each particular case. Thus to England, he wrote:

> Great Britain has within the last forty-five years changed character and purpose. She has become a power for production, rather than a power for destruction. She is committed to a policy of industry, not of ambition; a policy of peace, not of war. This new career on which she has entered is as wise as it is humane and beneficent. Her success in this career requires peace throughout the civilized world; and nowhere so much as on this continent.
>
> The British Empire itself is an aggregate of diverse communities. Some, at least, of these communities are held to their places in that system, by bonds as fragile as the obligations of our Federal Union. The strain will some time come, which is to try the strength of these bonds, though it will be of a different kind from that which is trying the cords of our confederation. Would it be wise for her Majesty's Government to set a dangerous precedent, or provoke retaliation? * * *
>
> Great Britain will calculate for herself the ultimate, as well as the immediate consequences, and will consider what position she will hold, when she shall have forever lost the sympathies and affections of the only nation on whose sympathies and affections she has a natural claim.

To France, on the other hand, he said:

> France is an agricultural and manufacturing country. Her industry depends very largely on a consumption of her productions and fabrics within the United States, and, on the receipt, in exchange, of cotton, or other staples, or their equivalent in money, from the United States. The ability of the United States to thus consume and furnish, depends on their ability to maintain and preserve peace. * * * However other European powers may mistake, His Majesty knows that the revolution of 1775, in this country, was a successful contest, of the American idea of free, popular government. He knows that the conflict awakened the sympathies of mankind. He knows at what cost European nations resisted for a time the progress of that idea, and how much France, especially, has profited by it. It stands forth now to the glory of France that she contributed to the emancipation of this continent from the control of European states; an emancipation which has rendered only less benefit to those nations, than to America itself.

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS IN 1861.

Denmark.	Belgium.	France.	England.
Spain.	Sweden.	Prussia.	Holland.
Austria.	Russia.	Rome.	Italy.

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To Spain, he addressed this view:

Her Catholic Majesty's Government has not been addicted to such intervention hitherto; and the wisdom of its forbearance is seen in the revival of the energies of the nation.

Adverting to the point, that the very interest, now resorting to insurrection, was the one which had gotten up the filibustering enterprises against Cuba, he added:

Will the disunionists claim that they are the discoverers of a new system, which commends itself to the patronage of Her Catholic Majesty? What are the salient principles of their system? Each State, district, intendency, or province, retains an inherent and absolute sovereignty, and its people may rightfully withdraw from the Federal Union at pleasure, leaving its common debts unpaid, its common treaties unfulfilled, its common defenses frustrated.

It is not to be doubted that the kingdom of Spain could be dissolved, by Her Catholic Majesty's acceptance of this new system, much more rapidly than by waiting the slow effect of foreign wars, or domestic mal-administration. Castile, and Old Castile, Leon, Andalusia, and Aragon, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands, would be much more easily separated, on this plan, than New York and Louisiana, California and Massachusetts, Florida and Michigan.

To Austria, he said:

Austria is not an unique country, with a homogeneous people. It is a combination of kingdoms, duchies, provinces, and countries, added to each other by force, and subjected to an imperial head, but remaining at the same time diverse, distinct, and discordant. * * * The interests of Europe, and of mankind, demand peace, and, especially, peace on this continent. The Union is the only guaranty of peace. Intervention would be war, and disunion would be endless war.

Writing to Italy, he remarked:

Count Cavour, a true exponent of the sentiment of a generous sovereign, will be rejoiced to receive, from this country, a minister who will not manifest a repugnance to the aspirations of the Italian people, for liberty and unity. So Count Cavour cannot be at any loss to understand the present political condition of the United States.

The American revolution of 1776, with its benignant results, was due to three effective political ideas: First, that of emancipation from distant European control. Second, popular desire for an enlargement of the political rights of the individual, upon the theory of the natural rights of man. Third, that of union among the States. The revolution attempted in 1861 is a spasmodic reaction against the revolution of 1776. It combines the three ideas put down, in that great war, namely: First, European authority to regulate political affairs on this continent; second, the aggrandizement and extension of human slavery; third, disunion, dissolution, and anarchy.

In like tone, addressing Switzerland, he said:

Tell the Swiss Republic, that, with God's blessing, we will preserve this model of Federal Republican Government, by which they have reformed their institutions, and we invoke them to retain their own with no less fidelity. So Switzerland and the United States shall, in after ages, be honored as the founders of the only true and beneficent system of human government — a system that harmonizes needful authority with the preservation of the natural rights of man.

To Denmark, he wrote:

It is hardly to be supposed that these agents will visit the capital of Denmark. They will seek the favor of powers supposed to be more capricious, or more ambitious. * * * Friendly nations may, for a little time, perhaps, suffer some inconvenience from the blockade of the ports of the insurgent States, which this Government has found it necessary to set on foot, as they will justly take alarm at the announcement that the revolutionary party have proclaimed their purpose to employ privateers to prey upon commerce.

To Holland, he wrote:

The Government of the Netherlands may perhaps have forgotten that New York, one of the largest and most prosperous of these States, was colonized by emigrants from that country, and that their descendants still cherish lively affection for the land of their ancestors. * * * The Netherlands lost even their independence, for a time, through the disastrous operations of the French Revolution of 1789. They are slowly, but surely, recovering advantages and prestige which they enjoyed before. Their policy is peace, and friendship, with all nations, and certainly they have always manifested the most liberal sentiments toward the United States.

To Belgium, he said:

You will not fail to represent to the Government of the King of the Belgians that the interests of European manufacturers and commerce are identified with the promotion of peace and the undisturbed activity of the American people. An act of recognition in favor of a now discontented party would necessarily tend to encourage that party to attempt to establish their separation by civil war, the consequences of which would be disastrous to all the existing systems of industrial activity in Europe; and when once begun, those consequences would be likely to continue indefinitely.

To Rome, he wrote:

The United States are on the verge of civil war. It happens to them now, as it happened to ancient Rome, and has happened to many other republics, that they must make the trial whether liberty can be preserved while dominion is widely extended. What, then, shall we say or do in regard to Rome, or what ought Rome to say or do in regard to us?

Assure the Government that we will not violate friendship by any intervention in the domestic affairs of the State or of the Church. Assure his Holi-

ness that it is the settled habit of the Government to leave to all other countries the unquestioned regulation of their own internal concerns. * * * What ought Rome to do in regard to the United States? Just what I have thus said they will do in regard to Rome.

To Russia, he said:

Russia was an early, and has always been a constant friend. This relationship between two nations so remote and so unlike has excited much surprise, but the explanation is obvious.

Russia, like the United States, is an improving and expanding empire. Its track is eastward, while that of the United States is westward. The two nations, therefore, never come into rivalry or conflict. Each carries civilization to the new regions it enters, and each finds itself occasionally resisted by States jealous of its prosperity, or alarmed by its aggrandizement. Russia and the United States may remain good friends until, each having made a circuit of half the globe in opposite directions, they shall meet and greet each other in the region where civilization first began; and where, after so many ages, it has become now lethargic and helpless. It will be your pleasing duty to confirm and strengthen these traditional relations of amity and friendship.

To Sweden, he wrote:

We notice, with much pleasure, the willingness of military gentlemen of talent and experience in Sweden, as in other nations, to enter the army of the United States. It is a proof of a sympathy with our great cause, of inestimable value. We wish, indeed, that we were able to engage to accept all who should come. But this is impossible, for the reason that they are coming in unknown numbers from various European States, while, at the same time, a long-repressed martial spirit has broken out among our own countrymen, which gives us more candidates than we have place for. Gradually we have taken into the service several able and spirited military men from Prussia, Italy, France, and Hungary. I shall be happy to recommend any the Government of Sweden may desire us to accept.

To Portugal, he wrote expressing doubts that:

Portugal would be the only, or even the first power to permit proceedings so injurious to the United States as a license or shelter granted to pirates engaged in preying on their commerce would be. Nevertheless, we shall look not without some solicitude for the result.

To Prussia, he said:

Baron Gerolt may be assured that the Government and the people of the United States have deliberately and carefully surveyed the unhappy disturbance of their social condition, which has caused so much anxiety to all friendly commercial nations, and have adopted the necessary means for its removal, so that they expect to be able to prosecute their accustomed career of enterprise; and while fulfilling all national obligations, to coöperate with enlightened nations engaged, like Prussia, in enlarging and increasing the sway of commerce, and in promoting and advancing civilization and humanity.

Addressing the Spanish-American Republics, he reminded them that the rebels were the very party who, in behalf of slavery, had set on foot the various filibustering enterprises which had occasioned them such expensive annoyance. He said to Nicaragua:

Our own Government has been at one time treating that republic with neglect and indifference, and at another indirectly, if not directly, consenting to the conquest and desolation of the country by our own citizens for the purpose of reëstablishing the institution of slavery. It may be doubtful whether Nicaragua has not, until this day, been a loser instead of a gainer by her intercourse with the United States. Happily this condition of things has ceased at last.

Assure the Republic of Nicaragua that the President will deal justly, fairly, and in the most friendly spirit; that he desires only its welfare and prosperity. Cultivate friendly dispositions there toward the United States. See that no partiality arises in behalf of any other foreign State to our prejudice; and favor, in every way you can, the improvement of the transit route, seeking only such facilities for our commerce as Nicaragua can afford profitably to herself.

To Mr. Corwin, he wrote:

Be just, liberal, frank, and magnanimous toward Mexico. In all your negotiations, fear not to give strength to that republic. It can never be an enemy, it ought to be made a friend of the United States.

Now came another danger to be checked. Spies and rebel sympathizers were freely going back and forth between the loyal and the revolted States. The mails continued to go into the Confederacy. Telegraph lines connecting Richmond with Washington and the Northern cities, were daily carrying a stream of useful information to the rebel authorities. By its aid, and that of the Northern newspapers, they were accurately advised as to the amount and disposition of the Federal forces. Agents of the Confederate Government were buying arms and supplies, at Northern manufactories and shops.

A single incident may illustrate the anomalous state of affairs. A sentry posted on the picket line, outside the forts, having bought his New York paper from a newsboy, remarked that the little fellow was going on down the road.

"Come back," he called, "there's nobody beyond me. If you go that way the rebels will catch you."

"Oh no, they wont," answered the boy, "there's fellows just over the hill that'll buy papers, and give me twenty-five cents apiece for 'em!"

Nations, between whom there is a well-known frontier, do not always find it easy to break off commerce and intercourse, and submit to

the restrictions of war. It was worse in the case of the North and South; for no frontier divided them; and the Northern people, imbued with the love of freedom, chafed at every restraint, however necessary. Yet somebody must assume responsibility for the thankless duty; and no one else in the Cabinet offering to do it, Seward volunteered to take the ungracious task of imposing checks on travel, mails, and telegraph — until the laws could be so modified, as to vest proper powers in the various departments.

He began by instituting a system of passport regulations, — for all travelers to and from foreign countries, one feature of which was the requirement of an oath of allegiance from all Americans, and proof of nationality from all foreigners. Orders were given to the military commanders, to stop all passing, to and fro, between the hostile lines, except of those duly provided with passes by the Government. Putting himself in communication with the superintendents of police, in New York and other cities, he requested them to act in coöperation with United States marshals and their deputies, to prevent rebel purchases and plots. The mails southward were stopped at the line where the Federal authority ceased. Telegraph offices at Washington were placed under the supervision of the Assistant Secretary, who gave instructions to prevent the sending of "dispatches giving aid and comfort to the enemy." Similar precautions were taken with the telegraph offices at other points.

Of course, complaints began as soon as the restrictions were applied. Loyal people thought it a hardship to be denied their accustomed intercourse with friends or relatives in the South. Merchants thought they ought to be allowed to correspond with their customers or debtors. Travelers did not see why they should be interfered with when they were going on their own business, and with no disloyal intent. Newspaper correspondents thought the interference with telegraphs and mails smacked of "infringing the liberty of the press." Of course, all these complaints were fomented and artfully encouraged by those who were secretly disloyal. They wanted the Confederacy to get all the information and all the supplies that were possible. Time and the progress of the war, however, ultimately educated the popular feeling on this as on many other points; and a year or two later the complaints were of laxity, rather than of tyranny.

The restrictions were not too soon imposed. Before many weeks it was found that Confederate agents were evincing ingenuity and address in evading or defeating them. It became necessary to exercise greater severity. Dispatches and arms were seized, and rebel emissaries were arrested "*in flagrante delictu*," and summarily consigned to

confinement in the nearest fort. There was a great outcry at these "arbitrary arrests" without "due process of law." The Secretary of State's orders were compared to the French *lettres de cachet* and the military prisons to the Bastile, the dungeons of the Inquisition and of the Middle Ages. They proved useful, however, both in counteracting and in preventing proceedings that, if unchecked, would have rendered military success hopeless.

Fortunately there was at least an implied authority in the Constitution to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in case of rebellion or invasion. This was first exercised in April, when it was found that the courts in Florida were being used to reduce the little garrison of United States troops by bringing the soldiers, one by one, before the local judge on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and then taking care that they did not get back to the fort again. In the formal proclamation, sent down by the expedition to reinforce Fort Pickens, the commander of the United States forces in Florida was directed to "permit no person to exercise any office or authority upon the islands of Key West, Tortugas, and Santa Rosa, which may be inconsistent with the laws of the United States;" authorizing him at the same time, "if he shall find it necessary, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and to remove from the vicinity of the United States fortresses all dangerous and suspected persons."

This form of suspension was afterward made general, and proved adequate to its purpose during the war. Applying the suspension merely to exposed points and actual cases of disloyalty, it did not interfere with the rights of the general public in the courts.

The attempt to unite all the slave-holding States in the Confederacy had not been entirely successful. There was still a warm Union sentiment in various localities in the border States. In East Tennessee the mountaineers were holding Union meetings, but they were practically hemmed in and powerless. In Kentucky the popular election showed that there was a decided Union preponderance, but the Legislature evinced a disposition to avoid taking up arms on either side, and a "Peace Convention" was in progress. After the advent of the Federal troops, the Union sentiment in Baltimore and northern Maryland had found active expression, and Governor Hicks had called for four regiments of Union volunteers, in compliance with the President's proclamation. Missouri had decided not to secede, but her Governor and Legislature were making strenuous efforts to draw her into the Confederacy. He had refused compliance with the President's call for volunteers, but the Union men, nevertheless, were raising them. He had formed a "State camp" in the interest of secession, but by the

EXAMINING PASSES AT GEORGETOWN.

THE OLD CAPITOL PRISON.

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OF
CALIFORNIA

energy and address of Captain Lyon, the Federal Arsenal at St. Louis was saved, and the "State camp" captured. Subsequently Lyon had been made a brigadier-general, and put in command of the Union forces, while the Governor had called out fifty thousand State militia to "repel Federal invasion." So the campaign had actively begun on the Mississippi as well as on the Potomac.

Most encouraging of all was the news of the action of the Union men of western Virginia. Dispersing the Confederate militia, they were organizing Union regiments, and holding conventions, to formally separate from the "Old Dominion," and adhere to the Union. Later came the brilliant Union successes at Grafton, Phillippi, Beverly, and the Kanawha Valley, under the lead of McClellan, Kelly, and Rosecrans.

In one of his letters to his daughter, he said:

Your letter was very welcome. I feared very much that your mother and yourself would be deeply alarmed, when the shades gathered here; and shut us out of sight and hearing. It seemed a critical moment. I could not safely write about it, at large, because I knew that my letters might fall into hostile hands.

We work very hard here, to organize, direct, and employ the vast military and naval forces that present themselves, at our call, for the rescue of the nation. I write every day now to Ministers, Kings, Queens, and Emperors, as well as generals. But I value a letter from you, more than one from any of them.

A letter to Mrs. Seward said:

May 17.

I received your letter, last evening, on my birthday.

It seemed to me a matter of regret that I had lived to reach it, under circumstances so trying and painful. A country so largely relying on my poor efforts to save it, had refused me the full measure of its confidence, needful to that end. I am a chief reduced to a subordinate position, and surrounded with a guard, to see that I do not do too much for my country, lest some advantage may revert indirectly to my own fame. My labor yesterday was to counteract the designs of those who think I am organizing too great an army for the occasion, although it is only from an army so strong as to dishearten the traitors, that we can hope for peace or union. It is due to the President to say, that his magnanimity is almost superhuman. His confidence and sympathy increase every day. But, but — let all this pass.

The tide, on this side of the Atlantic, begins to turn in our favor. I am anxious, yet hopeful, as to the other. They have misunderstood things fearfully, in Europe. Great Britain is in great danger of sympathizing so much with the South, for the sake of peace and cotton, as to drive us to make war against her, as the ally of the traitors. If that comes, it will be the strife of the younger branch of the British stock, for freedom, against the older, for slavery. It will be dreadful, but the end will be sure and swift. My last dispatches from Great Britain and France have showed that they were almost

ready, on some pretext, to try and save cotton, at the cost of the Union. I am trying to get a bold remonstrance through the Cabinet, before it is too late.

And to Weed, he wrote:

May 23.

I wrote to you, at Albany, yesterday, on consulting with the P.

The Union Defense Committee were introduced to me, by yourself, with a committee of three, to urge bolder and more energetic measures. Up to this hour, with two hundred and fifty thousand men called out, we have not got a force here sufficient to spare a detachment to fortify heights that overlook the town. A week ago, the committee came here to offer and urge upon us fourteen regiments.

"Why not take them?"

"Because the Governor had called for thirty-eight."

"Well," we said, "we'll take the fifty-two."

It was agreed, and ordered, by the President and Secretary of War. We wrote and telegraphed both the Governor and the committee, to come. Neither comes. How and whom am I to reconcile? You ought to be able to reconcile the parties, for you are near both of them. I see neither. But I do see disgrace before us, and if not disaster, certainly disappointment. Let the Governor, in God's name, send on the whole quota! I'll take care of it, here. The President is all right.

The European phase is bad. But your apprehension that I may be too decisive alarms me more. Will you consent, or advise us to consent, that Adams and Dayton have audiences and compliments in the Minister's Audience Chamber, and Toombs' emissaries have access to his bed-room? Shall there be no compromise at home, and shall we compromise every thing in Europe? Private recognition gives currency to Southern bonds.

Do you still think that Raymond should go to Paris. If not, who?

If the newspapers could, they would find out, publish, and defeat all I am doing. When they can't find it out, they retaliate by charging that I am doing nothing. But who cares?

CHAPTER LXI.

1861.

"A House Divided Against Itself." The Panama Route in Danger. San Domingo Seized by Spain. British Precipitancy. The Queen's Proclamation. Manifestations of Unfriendly Feeling. Suspicions about Canada. England and France Acting in Concert. Refusal to Receive their Communications. Project of Seizing Lower California and Sonora. The Spanish-American Republics. Treasonable Correspondence.

"EVERY house divided against itself shall not stand." The warning dispatches on Seward's table daily attested the fact. Since the

great American Republic had chosen to divide, it no longer inspired fear, and hardly commanded respect, from foreign powers. Its flag might be flouted; its remonstrances ignored, or despised. Kings, statesmen, and adventurers were watching for its downfall, and preparing to profit by it.

Menaces of disaster seemed to start up on every side. One day came a note from Señor Rafael Pombo, the New Grenadian Chargé, expressing fears of serious disaster from lawless outbreaks on the Isthmus of Panama, threatening the loss of that line of inter-oceanic communication, and the destruction of American interests there. Seward advised the sending there of such naval vessels as could be spared for their protection. Weeks elapsed before the danger was fully averted. Meanwhile, came confirmation of the intelligence that Spain, having taken possession of San Domingo, had garrisoned its capital, and was apparently intending to subvert that republic, and make it again a Spanish province. He wrote to Mr. Schurz, the Minister to Spain, instructing him, to make protest in the name of the United States. He reminded the Spanish Government that the United States had been content to leave Cuba and Porto Rico in the possession of Spain, adding:

> But it must be borne in mind that this forbearance on our part has always proceeded on the ground that Spain is not an aggressive power; and that she is content to leave the Spanish-American independent states free from her intervention. I have called the attention of the Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Catholic Majesty at this place to these very extraordinary facts, and asked for an explanation thereof. You are furnished with a copy of that communication, and also of Mr. Tassara's reply, he having promised to communicate further, after having consulted his Government.

To Mr. Perry, the chargé at Madrid, he wrote:

> It has been by no means a pleasant experience to learn that in Madrid, as in other European capitals, there has been a disposition to consider the insurrection which has arisen in the United States as certain to result in the dissolution of the Union; and, possibly, to build hopes of advantage upon the great calamity thus deemed so certain to befall us.
>
> You cannot be too decided in exacting for the United States all the consideration, now, that they have uniformly received heretofore; making no abatement in the firmness with which you have been enjoined to insist on all our national rights.

Before the arrival in London of the newly-appointed Minister from the United States, and as if for the purpose of foreclosing discussion with him, the British Government, in concert with that of France, determined to recognize the rebels as a belligerent power. The

Queen's proclamation to that effect was issued; and first met Mr. Adams' eye, in the morning paper, the day before his presentation. He said in his dispatch, that it excited general surprise among those friendly to the United States:

> There seemed to be not a little precipitation in at once raising the disaffected States up to the level of a belligerent power, before it had developed a single one of the real elements which constitute military efficiency, outside of its geographical limits.

He remarked upon "the illusions industriously elaborated during the period of isolation of the city of Washington," and the prevalent doubts in England whether all government in the United States was of any more cohesiveness than a "rope of sand." His predecessor, Mr. Dallas, had, in accordance with Seward's instructions, made an earnest protest against any recognition, but the protest was disregarded. It was a fresh illustration of "the little wisdom with which the world is governed," even by its wisest heads. The British statesmen who adopted this course undoubtedly supposed that they were acting for the good of England. They could hardly have taken a step more injurious to her. They protracted a war that they wanted to stop, laid the foundations for years of ill-feeling, and got nothing in return except the short-lived friendship of a short-lived Confederacy. Lord John Russell, with earnest sincerity, said in Parliament: "We have not been involved in any way in that contest. For God's sake let us, if possible, keep out of it." And thereupon they plunged headlong into it, making the British Government the chief participant, next to the two "belligerents" themselves.

> "Every instruction you have received," wrote Seward when the news reached Washington, "is full of evidence of the fact that the principal danger in the present insurrection was that of foreign intervention, aid, or sympathy, and especially of such intervention, aid, or sympathy on the part of the Government of Great Britain. The Queen's proclamation is remarkable. First, for the circumstances under which it was made without affording you the interview promised before decisive action should be adopted; secondly, the tenor of the proclamation itself, which seems to recognize, in a vague manner indeed, but does seem to recognize the insurgents as a *belligerent* national *power*."
>
> "A year ago the differences which had partially estranged the British and the American people from each other seemed to have been removed forever. It is painful to reflect that that ancient alienation has risen up again under circumstances which portend great social evils, if not disaster to both countries."

Throughout the rebellious States the Queen's proclamation was received with an outburst of rejoicing. It was seen that it would put

new life into their cause. Throughout the loyal States, as at Washington, it was received like a reverse in the field, but with the added soreness that the blow was struck, not by the avowed enemy, but by a supposed friend. In England its immediate effects were seen in the exultant expressions of Secession sympathizers, in the press, in Parliament, and in society.

Similar manifestations of unfriendly feeling in other countries came by every foreign mail. Rancor and contempt for the unhappy Republic were freely expressed in her hour of misfortune. It was a disagreeable surprise at the North to find the depth and fervor of the anti-American prejudices which seemed to prevail in the Old World. But the explanation was not far to seek. Those who believed monarchy the only safe and strong government, saw in the coming fall of the Republic a confirmation of their theories and predictions. The United States had kept aloof from the controversies of Old World monarchies, but had usually evinced a readiness to recognize young republics in their stead. It could now be paid in its own coin. Furthermore, the smaller the fragments into which the great American Republic might choose to shatter itself, the less likely any of them would be to disturb the "balance of power" elsewhere. Americans in Europe, of Secession proclivities, had done much to foment these prejudices, for their assurance that the Union "was going to smash" was naturally regarded as the opinion of experts. Seward perceived that European statesmen were deluding themselves with the belief that, whatever the outcome, they, themselves, were in no danger. He endeavored to show them that they were drifting into a policy which would inevitably bring them into commercial disaster and war.

To Paris, he wrote:

> This Government understands equally the interest of friendly nations, and its own, in the present emergency. If they shall not interfere, the attempt at revolution here will cease, without inflicting serious evils upon foreign nations. All that they can do by way of interference, with a view to modify our action, will only serve to prolong the present unpleasant condition of things; and possibly to produce results that would be as universally calamitous as they would be irretrievable. Down deep in the heart of the American people — deeper than the love of trade, or of freedom — deeper than the attachment to any local or sectional interest, or partisan pride, or individual ambition — deeper than any other sentiment — is that one out of which the Constitution of this Union arose — namely, American independence — independence of all foreign control, alliance, or influence. Those who in a frenzy of passion are building expectations on other principles do not know what they are doing. Whenever one part of this Union shall be found assuming bonds of dependence toward any foreign people, then, even if not before, that spirit will be re-

awakened which brought the States of the Republic into existence, and which will preserve them united.

Northern people, accustomed for years to read English denunciations of slavery, and to find themselves arraigned for even tolerating it, had expected that British sympathies would be with the anti-slavery side of the contest, instead of the pro-slavery one. There was an incongruity in it, at first inexplicable. But many of the statesmen of Great Britain had accepted the mistaken idea, that the disruption of the American Union would be a benefit to England. Sympathy with those who were trying to disrupt it was a logical consequence.

One of the notions that found credence in Great Britain was a belief that the Washington Government was planning to invade and "annex" Canada. It showed the distrust of the United States, then prevalent — a distrust which Confederate presses and agents did their best to promote. When, in April, Seward had sent George Ashmun to Canada to ascertain the truth of rumors in regard to fitting out "Confederate" privateers on the St. Lawrence, so that due precautions might be taken, if necessary, Ashmun was at once suspected of being an emissary to foment "annexation" plots.

Writing to Mr. Adams, Seward said:

> This Government has not been disturbed by the action of the British authorities in sending three regiments into Canada; nor by the announcement of the coming of British armed vessels into American waters. These movements are certainly not very formidable in their proportions; and we willingly accept the explanation that they proceed from merely prudential motives. Doubtless it had been better if they had not been made. But what Government can say that it never acts precipitately, or even capriciously? On our part, the possibility of foreign intervention, sooner or later, in this domestic disturbance, is never absent from the thoughts of this Government. We are, therefore, not likely to exaggerate indications of an emergency, for which we hold ourselves bound to be, in a measure, always prepared.

That graver danger was now imminent. Early in the war, Seward learned, through the legation at St. Petersburg, that an understanding had been effected between the Governments of Great Britain and France, that they should take one and the same course on the subject of the American war; including the possible recognition of the rebels. Later, this understanding was distinctly avowed by M. Thouvenel, to Mr. Sanford, at Paris. This alliance, for joint action, might dictate its own terms. From a joint announcement of neutrality, it would be only a step to joint mediation, or intervention; and it was hardly to be anticipated, that the Washington Government, struggling with an insurrection which had rent the country asunder, would be willing to

face, also, the combined power of the two great Empires of Western Europe. To the mind of the French and English statesmen the project was even praiseworthy. It would stop the effusion of blood and increase the supply of cotton. It would leave the American Union permanently divided, but that was a consummation that European statesmen, in general, would not grieve over.

On the morning of the 15th of June, a scene occurred at the State Department, which, though it has attracted but cursory attention from the historian, had more influence on the fortunes of the Union than a pitched battle.

Seward was sitting at his table reading dispatches, when the messenger announced, "The British Minister is here to see you, sir, and the French Minister, also."

"Which came first?"

"Lord Lyons, sir; but they say they both want to see you together."

Seward instinctively guessed the motive for so unusual a diplomatic proceeding. He paused a moment, and then said:

"Show them both into the Assistant Secretary's room, and I will come in presently."

A few minutes later, as the two Ministers were seated, side by side, on the sofa, the door opened, and Seward entered. Smiling and shaking his head, he said:

"No,—no,—no. This will never do. I cannot see you in that way."

The Ministers rose to greet him.

"True," said one of them, "it is unusual; but we are obeying our instructions."

"And, at least," said the other, "you will allow us to state the object of our visit?"

"No," said Seward, "we must start right about it, whatever it is. M. Mercier, will you do me the favor to come to dine with me this evening? There we can talk over your business at leisure. And if Lord Lyons will step into my room with me, now, we will discuss what he has to say to me."

"If you refuse to see us together,——" began the French Envoy with a courteous smile, and shrug.

"Certainly, I do refuse to see you together, though I will see either of you separately, with pleasure, here, or elsewhere."

So the interviews were held severally, not jointly, and the papers which they had been instructed to jointly present, and formally read to him, were left for his informal inspection. A brief examination of them only, was necessary to enable him to say, courteously, but

with decision, that he declined to hear them read, or to receive official notice of them.

To Mr. Dayton, he wrote:

The concert thus avowed has been carried out. The Ministers came to me together; the instructions they proposed to read to me differ in form, but are counterpart in effect. * * * France proposes to take cognizance of both parties as belligerents, and for some purposes to hold communication with each. The instructions would advise us, indeed, that we must not be surprised if France shall address herself to a Government, which, she says, is to be installed at Montgomery, for certain explanations. This intimation is conclusive, in determining this Government not to allow the instruction to be read to it.

The United States, rightly jealous, as we think, of their sovereignty, cannot suffer themselves to debate any abridgment of that sovereignty with France or with any other nation. * * * This Government insists that the United States are one whole undivided nation, especially so far as foreign nations are concerned; and that France is, by the law of nations and by treaties, not a neutral power between two imaginary parties here, but a friend of the United States. This Government is sensible of the importance of the step it takes in declining to hear the communication, the tender of which has drawn out these explanations.

He wrote to Mr. Adams:

When we received official information that an understanding was existing between the British and French Governments that they would take one and the same course concerning the insurrection, involving the question of recognizing the independence of a revolutionary organization, we instructed you to inform the British Government that we had expected from both of those powers a different course of proceeding.

We added, that we should insist in this case, as in all others, on dealing with each of those powers alone, and that their agreement to act together would not at all affect the course we should pursue.

In the present state of the correspondence between the Governments, I deemed it my duty to know the character and effect of the instructions respectively before I could consent that they should be officially communicated to this department. The Ministers, therefore, confidentially and very frankly submitted the papers to me for preliminary inspection. After having examined them so far as to understand their purport, I declined to hear them read or to receive official notice of them.

This Government could not, consistently with a just regard for the sovereignty of the United States, permit itself to debate these novel and extraordinary positions with the Government of Her Britannic Majesty; much less can consent that that Government shall announce to us a decision derogating from that sovereignty. This Government is sensible of the importance of the step it takes in declining to receive the communication in question.

In another quarter of the globe there was a distrust of the Ameri-

can Goverment which had some foundation. The Spanish-American Governments had found, during preceding Administrations, when pro-slavery influences were dominant at Washington, that "filibustering expeditions" frequently succeeded in escaping official vigilance, and in coming to rob them of their territory. Seward set himself to work at once to show them that this period was past, and to cultivate a spirit of amity among the republics of the Western Continent.

He wrote to Mr. Corwin at Mexico:

> Information which wears an air of authenticity leads us to apprehend that a design exists, on the part of the insurgents of this country, to gain possession of the Peninsula of Lower California to cut off our commerce with Mexico, to seize the Panama steamers, and with the aid of the treasure so acquired, extend their conquests to Sonora and Chihuahua. The design is understood to embrace an ultimate absorption of all Mexico. We shall immediately take care to have the commanders of our land and naval forces on the Pacific instructed to prevent this threatened violation of the territory of Mexico. You will invoke its energetic and vigorous efforts to the defense of its own sovereignty in the Peninsula.

To Mr. Dickinson, at Nicaragua, he said:

> The United States no longer think that they want slavery reëstablished in that State, nor do they desire any thing at the hands of its Government, but that it may so conduct its affairs as to permit and favor the opening of an inter-oceanic navigation, which shall be profitable to Nicaragua and equally open to the United States and to all other maritime nations.

His communications to the other Spanish-American countries were in the same spirit. "Confidence is a plant of slow growth." The Governments and people of those countries hesitated, at first, about putting too implicit a trust in the change of policy on the part of the Great Republic. Their Ministers at Washington, however, were quick to perceive its genuineness and sincerity. Their reports, and Seward's continuance in the same line of action, in a few months developed a spirit of international accord between the Governments of the Western Hemisphere that had not existed for forty years.

To Mr. Riotti, who was going out as Minister to Costa Rica, he wrote:

> Let the memories of the past annoyances endured by Costa Rica, as well as by neighboring States, from lawless bands of invaders from our shores, be buried; and let her rely upon the sympathy and support of the United States, if at any time she shall need them.

Colonel Amory, his former aide-de-camp at Albany, was now the United States Dispatch Agent at Boston; and was also zealously at work in thwarting the schemes of rebel emissaries to obtain informa-

tion and arms. Colonel Bowen, who had been another of his old staff officers, was now Commissioner of Police in New York. To him he wrote:

Will you institute means to prevent the transmission of treasonable correspondence, by the channel there indicated? Can you concert similar arrangements in Boston, if necessary? Shall you want any military authority to secure that end?

And a few days later he wrote the Secretary of War and Postmaster-General:

You will find herewith a letter from the Commissioner of Police at New York; and if you approve the subject, you will please give directions to him to break up the channel of communication between the disunionists in Europe, and the North, with their party in the Southern States.

These suggestions were promptly complied with by both Cabinet officers. The New York Police rendered effective aid, in this way, to the Union cause, throughout the whole of the war.

He wrote to his daughter:

The last three weeks have brought me very oppressive labor.

Besides the ordinary details of the department, and the almost daily, and sometimes hourly consultations with other departments and the commanding generals, I have had voluminous dispatches to write to foreign countries. Great Britain and France have lost their fear, and with it their respect for this country, in a good degree. They have been favoring disunion, without any regard to principles of morality or honor. I have, on the contrary, taken decided ground with them. If we should unfortunately become demoralized again at home, those great nations will become practically allies of the disunion Confederacy. If we retain our virtue, and meet with no great disaster, the world will exult. I am not sorry that you come upon the stage at such an important crisis in your country's history. It will be instructive for all your future life.

CHAPTER LXII.

1861.

Troops Gathering at Washington. Camps, Drills, and Skirmishes. "The Old Club-House." Daily Life and Occupation. Correspondence with Home. The Conduct of the War. European Friends and Opponents. Popular Impatience.

TENTS now began to dot the hills round about Washington; and on every road the Union flag was flying. A chain of camps was gradually growing up around the city; those on the Virginia side of the river being intrenched, and armed with heavy artillery. During June, the

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FORTRESS MONROE.

Army was by degrees consolidated and strengthened. With all its enthusiasm, it was but a raw force; most of whose members were unfamiliar with the simplest field manœuvres, or with the ordinary details of camp life. But all were ready and willing to learn; and the genial summer days were favorable to camp instruction. General Mansfield had been put in command of the city and its defenses. General McDowell had been assigned to command the Army for its operations in Virginia. General Dix had been commissioned, and assigned to duty at Baltimore; and General Butler at Fortress Monroe. Troops continued to arrive from the North. Regiments were coming in from Wisconsin, Vermont, Ohio, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York, and Minnesota. General Sanford of the First Division of the New York Militia, was received into the United States service, and placed in command of New York troops, and of Arlington Heights.

As the Union forces were gradually pushed out, to occupy localities hitherto held by the rebels, frequent skirmishes occurred between detached bodies, attended with varying fortune; though with the general result that the Federal forces were slowly extending their area of occupation. General Patterson advanced and took possession of Hagerstown. Colonel Wallace captured Cumberland and Romney. Reconnoissances were made on the roads and railways leading into Virginia. The Confederate force, under Johnston, burned the railway bridges, evacuated Harper's Ferry, and retreated to Winchester. Beauregard was reported to be in command at Manassas, and to be rapidly massing the rebel troops there.

Then followed the skirmish at Edward's Ferry, the disastrous engagement at Big Bethel, the "masked battery" at Vienna — events whose casualties showed that the Federal advance would be contested at every step. Rebel batteries were springing up on the banks of the lower Potomac, threatening to obstruct the passage of Union vessels. The naval expeditions sent to dislodge and destroy them, did not accomplish that work without serious loss. There were daily reports from the West, of encounters between rebel and Union forces, those in West Virginia usually favorable to the Union men, while in Tennessee and Missouri success seemed to alternate between the two. In Baltimore, St. Louis, and New York, arms and munitions, secreted for rebel use, were found and seized in large quantities.

Offers of troops continued to come in from all the Northern States. Seward wrote to Governor Fairbanks of Vermont:

Requisitions for seventy-five thousand militia, for three months, and forty thousand volunteers, for three years, are already full; and there is still a

pressure upon us to accept twice as many of each. The War Department, I will undertake to say, will accept your additional regiments, if they will engage for three years, as they doubtless will.

To the Secretary of the Navy, he wrote:

Mr. Williams reports to me, that when the proceedings at Boston were taken, of which he comes to advise you, it was only known then that two steamers were bought in Boston, and it was not known that we were purchasing eighteen more. Captain Meigs reports that the Collins steamers can be bought now at half price, and that they ought all to be bought at once. I hope it may be done.

In a letter to his daughter, he said:

I am especially pleased that you are doing what you can for the increase of the comfort of the brave volunteers who are moving for the defense of the Union, and the rescue of the country. I often wish that you and your mother could be here; but you are safer where you are, and you can do more good there than you could here.

The newspapers say that we are safe here; but we are far down in an enemy's country. That enemy can rapidly gather fifty thousand or more impetuous, though undisciplined troops. We gather defenders here, so far from their homes, much slower than is generally supposed. There are enough coming, but many of them stop by the way, to keep it open. Circumstances indicate a conviction, on the part of the insurgents, that they must strike a sudden blow, and gain an immediate advantage. On our side, the policy is "a Fabian one," of hazarding nothing, until we are ready.

Of one thing I feel assured: the country and freedom will be saved. It matters little what becomes of us. My occupations are very various. I keep on writing dispatches to foreign nations, for my regular occupation. But the war brings labors, cares, and duties of a domestic nature upon us all. I am counseling with the Cabinet one hour, with the Army officers the next, the Navy next, and I visit all the troops as fast as they come.

The "Old Club House," on La Fayette Square, where Seward was now living, remained his residence during the rest of his stay in Washington. The books and furniture brought from Auburn, and from F street, gave it the look of home. His son and daughter-in-law were living with him. Mrs. Seward and Fanny were at Auburn for the summer. His youngest son was in business there. His eldest one was in the Army, having just returned from a frontier post in the South-west, narrowly escaping capture on the way. The domestic establishment had been slightly enlarged. The old servants remained, and Gustav Forsberg, a capable Swede, was installed as butler and steward.

Seward's daily life at this period was necessarily a laborious one. He used to rise between six and seven, dress and shave with his

own hand, and when the family assembled in the breakfast room, he would be found hastily running over the morning papers, throwing each aside as soon as dispatched. "You do not stop to read details of news, Governor," said a friend. "I have only time to see whether there is any thing that concerns us in the Government. The rest is for others to read."

Breakfast was soon over, unless, as often happened, friends had come from New York by the night train, and availed themselves of the brief opportunity of seeing him before going to the department. Walking thither, he was ensconced in his chair generally before the throng of morning visitors began to assemble. A huge pile of opened letters and dispatches, that had come by the morning mail, lay in a mahogany box at his right hand. A similar box, empty, at his left, was ready to receive them, as he marked upon each the disposition he desired to have made of it. Of course, the bushel of communications addressed "to the Secretary of State" had been already sifted out by the Chief Clerk. The letters and dispatches relating to matters of routine and ordinary department work had been distributed among the respective bureaus. Only those having a political importance, or involving some new question for decision, needed to be laid before the Secretary. When once a subject had been passed upon, the department could deal with it in its subsequent stages. But in this period of civil war the number of new questions coming up for the Secretary's decision increased every day. Nearly every old question appeared in a new light, for it involved the decision whether the present emergency required adherence to precedents or departure from them. And the worst of it was, that a wrong decision would not be merely an ordinary blunder, but an act that would bring a foreign war and imperil the national life.

Before half the contents of the box could be disposed of, cards of visitors would be brought in. Those who came in pursuit of place and patronage were referred (with as much courtesy and as little waste of time as possible) to the Assistant Secretary, who was instructed to listen to their statements and present the pith and kernel of them to the Secretary at some convenient season. Those who came to confer on public affairs found ready hearing and advice. Those who came as a matter of ceremony or friendship received pleasant greeting, and frequently an invitation to dine or drive later in the day. Those who came with startling news and false reports, always abundant in war time, met a cheerful incredulity. But he always grudged the time thus lost. "I never appreciated till now," he used to say, "the Scriptural expression 'rumors of wars.' See what time we waste in chas-

ing up these false rumors only to find that they are false, when every minute is needed for our actual work."

Toward noon the foreign Ministers would begin to arrive. Each of them was finding the work of his legation suddenly increased, for nearly every Government in the world was sending, by every mail, instructions to its representatives to have an interview with the Secretary of State about some ship or subject, or treaty or policy, that was interfered with by the war. Almost every day some question would arise, about which it was necessary to confer with some other member of the Cabinet or with the President. These, usually of a confidential character and requiring prompt action, he preferred not to write notes about. So he would call his carriage and drive to the War or Navy Department, or step over to the White House or Treasury to hold the necessary conference. Sometimes he could send the Assistant Secretary or the Chief of a Bureau. In any case his communications had to be rapid and his conclusions prompt. A vast amount of business thus passed under his eye and through his hands every day, but he never seemed worried, or anxious, or flustered by it.

There was no time for lunch except four or five minutes snatched from other occupations. Mrs. Seward used to send over to the department a small basket, containing some crackers and cheese, with a cup of cold tea. Before long, the teapot and cup were broken in the transit; and Forsberg bethought himself that the tea would go as safely in a corked bottle, and could be drank from tumblers. This was a good idea; but it led to consequences that no one had anticipated. Before long, innuendoes began to appear in unfriendly newspapers, about the habits of the Secretary of State. By the time the story came back from Boston and St. Louis, it was in the shape that "Seward, despairing of the Union, is drowning his cares in drink."—"The Secretary is drunk every night," etc.

Seward was too much accustomed to malicious newspaper criticism, to attach much importance to this. But presently letters began to come from old acquaintances, political associates, and clergymen, remonstrating, more or less kindly, against his fall into intemperance; but all assuming the accusation to be true. At first, he was puzzled to account for the wide-spread gossip, but finding in one paper a specific allusion to "the black bottle," he burst into a laugh, and sent it over to Mrs. Seward. One morning some friends from Boston called; among them A. H. Rice, then in Congress, and afterward Governor of Massachusetts. One of the party was cautiously approaching the subject of temperance, when Seward, interrupting him, called out: "Donaldson, bring my bottle here, and some glasses."

A grave expression came over the countenances of the visitors, as Donaldson solemnly uncorked the bottle, and poured the fluid into the glasses.

"Why," said one, after a sniff and a taste, "why, it is tea!"

"Of course it is," said Seward, "what else did you think it was?"

Rice laughed, and drew out of his pocket a marked copy of the Boston *Post*, saying: "I was not quite sure whether I would show this to you; but I am going to send it back to Schouler, now, and tell him how to answer it."

The doors of the department were closed against the public at four o'clock. But it seldom happened that officers or clerks got away at that hour. When any time remained before the dinner hour at seven, Seward would take his carriage, and drive with some of his family or friends, to Rock Creek, the Soldiers' Home, Arlington Heights, Brentwood, Anacostia, or some other of the many beautiful suburbs of the city. When he came, as he was sure to do, in any of these directions, upon a camp or a fort, he would stop to chat with the officers or men, often finding old friends among them.

His dinner table was rarely without one or more guests. It was the only time of day when he would have leisure to converse with friends on ordinary topics; and even the dinner table soon became a place where questions of state or diplomacy were informally discussed, and satisfactorily settled. Forsberg was always ready for whatever number might come, with his dinner of three, or at most four, simple courses. After dinner Seward used to like to continue the conversation, over a cigar on the piazza, or in the library. Whist was the only game of cards he cared for. The game would begin in the parlor, as soon as the cigars were finished, but it was usually interrupted by the coming in of visitors. If not, he stopped at the end of the rubber. It had always been his habit to read, for an hour or so, before retiring. But at this period, there was no time for that. Visitors and letters continued to come in until midnight, and for several months in the early part of the war the telegrams continued to come at all hours of the night — sometimes requiring immediate attention, to prevent mischief or disaster.

He was obliged to give up a favorite habit of his senatorial days, that of a walk in the early morning, to market and back. There was no time to spare even for needed exercise. Occasionally he would vary his afternoon drive by getting out of the carriage and climbing a hill, or strolling through a bit of wood. He was obliged also to give up his old custom of sitting on the front porch before breakfast to enjoy the cool of the morning, or the refreshing shade after a hot

day. Applicants, claimants, and visitors soon found this out, and presently their numbers and importunities increased so as to oblige him to content himself with the back piazza. Another habit that was in a great degree pretermitted, was that of the long letters to Mrs. Seward, describing his daily life. The changed conditions of war time rendered it unsafe to trust important secrets to the mails. His letters, while as frequent as ever, were now brief and more cautious in referring to public events and personages, — the latter being often mentioned by an initial only, and the letter itself frequently unsigned. Among those written in June were the following:

June 5.

I am sorry to hear of Fanny's illness. Distance and war are making strangers of us. God grant that you and she and the other children and friends keep alive until we can meet somewhere! I find it impossible to get away. My own anxieties and occupations in the State Department do not allow me to rest.

It is now clear that all Europe was prepared to divide our noble political and commercial estate when our new Ministers reached its unfriendly shores. The decision and the demonstration here needful to roll back the demoralizing tide there, are not maintained without so much of question, in the councils of the Administration, as to render my place unpleasant enough. The factious press indicates the difference. It wanted gasconade for our deluded countrymen who are disaffected or forced, like Governor Hicks, into a false attitude; and it quails, and requires us to quail before Europe.

The war is ostensibly prosecuted with vigor. But you have no idea how incessant my labors are to keep the conduct of it up to the line of necessity and public expectation. Executive skill and vigor are rare qualities. The President is the best of us; but he needs constant and assiduous coöperation. But I have said too much already. Burn this, and believe that I am doing what man can do. It is only by degrees that I win freedom and power.

June 13.

After a week's hard work upon foreign questions, I am able, I think now, to see a pacific solution of our affairs in Europe. Great Britain has put herself and led France into a very unenviable position. But our star is ascendant.

My heart bleeds for the suffering of our noble men at Bethel; and none the less, because my apprehensions of disaster were scouted and rejected in council.

I would go home to-morrow if it were prudent, but decisive movements are expected in Virginia, and my absence at such a time would, perhaps, be held inexcusable.

June 25.

The enemy don't come, and I think does not mean to. It follows that the Federal forces must go out toward him. This is just now being considered. A week or two will develop it.

(*Confidential.*)

June 27.

Twelve or fourteen days ago I knew that the Disunionists ought, for their own sake, to attack our line, and, therefore, I thought they would do so. Now I know that they will not come against us. It would not be prudent to say what I know our forces will do.

Of course, I have no fear that in any case the insurgents will reach Washington or disturb our communications. But battles fought within twelve to fifty miles from this place would make it desirable that women and children should not be so near the scene as Washington. We will watch the tide and I will let you know when Fanny can come.

The *Star* of this afternoon unriddles the compromise that the newspapers have been scaring the people with, very happily.

To Weed, he wrote:

June 25.

I should despair, and give up, if I thought it needful to be vexed with the complaints that come to me, all the time, from all sides. I know, and every one connected with the Government knows, that * * * was loyal, and faithful, and saved and restored his men to the country. It would be mean to punish him more than he is punished, for the temporary weakness so nobly atoned for. It would be mean to punish * * * for a piece of folly that did no harm, and intended no disloyalty. The public is impatient, and wants activity, and in the absence of activity it wants cruelty. Forty letters a day come, complaining that we don't kill prisoners taken in war. If we should yield every one of these points to the public impatience, it would not stifle complaints, or prevent new ones. Yesterday, reports came that Lord Lyons was guaranteeing free communication with Charleston. I sent the complaint to him. The complainant came back, and said: "There's not a word of truth in it." To-day Henry Wilson tells me that there are loud and deep complaints because Weed is getting all the profitable contracts. Wilson went to Meigs, and found that was false. Then I told Wilson that *he* was reported to me as "very hostile" to me! The secret cause is, that the country is impatient, because the Army don't do up its dreadful work faster. I confess that I fear to crowd it too fast. Think of Big Bethel, of Vienna, and of the militia troops on the upper Potomac!

CHAPTER LXIII.

1861.

Congress Assembles. The Extra Session. The Message. Its Story of Sumter and Pickens. Congressional Enthusiasm. The Extra Constitutional Acts Approved. Ample Powers and Appropriations Given. Urging "Vigorous Prosecution of the War." Replies to Seward's Dispatches. His First Treaty. An Advance Movement of the Army. Popular Impatience. The Battle of "Bull Run." A Great Disaster. Attempts to Retrieve it.

THE coming of Congress is an event which always inspires Executive Departments with mingled hopes and apprehensions. The presence of the National Legislature is essential to give validity to Executive action in the past, and to make provision for it in the future. At the same time, a great deliberative body of three hundred men will usually contain rash men, as well as prudent ones: self-seekers, as well as patriots; impracticable theorists, as well as practical statesmen; foes, as well as friends. To what new or needless issue its debates may give rise, is a problem that cannot be solved in advance. In the present crisis, prompt decision and patriotic purpose were of vital consequence to the defense of the Union.

Seward wrote to Carl Schurz, at Madrid:

Congress meets in special session on the 4th of July, but we do not think it would be expedient to divert its attention from the domestic subjects for which it is convened. It is hoped that our protest (about San Domingo) has been made in pursuance of the instructions to Mr. Perry. If not, you will do it in such a manner as to indicate our firm denial of the rightfulness of the annexation.

On the day before the meeting of Congress, came this note from the President:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
July 3, 1861.

General Scott has sent me a copy of the dispatch which you kindly sent me. Thanks to both him and you. Please assemble the Cabinet at twelve to-day, to look over the message, and reports. And, now, suppose you step over, and let us see General Scott, and General Cameron, about assigning a position to General Fremont.

Yours, as ever,
A. LINCOLN.

Various portions of the message had been the subject of several conferences. It was now complete. At this meeting it was read and carefully considered *in extenso*, and had the hearty concurrence of every member of the Cabinet. At noon, on the 4th of July, Congress opened its session, in accordance with the President's call. It was a

body in strong contrast with those which had preceded it. Fresh from the people, and reflecting the intense popular feeling that pervaded the North, it was, in the main, not only loyal, but ready to vote troops and supplies, and to support whatever measures would best conduce to a vigorous prosecution of the war. The disunionists were "gone with their States." The Republicans had a strong majority in both Houses.

Among the "War Democrats" were some of the most earnest supporters of the measures of the Administration. A few of the opposition members, who, at this stage of the war, affected the virtue of loyalty, soon afterward manifested sympathies with the Secessionists, and became "copper-heads" or open "rebels." Senator Andrew Johnson remained "faithful among the faithless" of the "seceding" States; and Representatives were sent by the Union men of West Virginia and the mountaineers of East Tennessee. The border States of Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and Delaware were fully represented. The House elected Galusha A. Grow to be its Speaker, and Emerson Etheridge, a Tennessee loyalist, its Clerk. The brief session of the first day was devoted to organization. Afterward followed an interchange of Union sentiments, quickened by the inspiring military parades in honor of the 4th. There were twenty-five thousand men under arms — a greater army than the streets of Washington had before witnessed. On the following day President Lincoln's message was sent in, an able State paper now become historical. Its statement of the proceedings in regard to Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens was clear and full. After adverting to the reports from military authorities that no sufficient force was then at the control of the Government, or could be raised and brought to the harbor within the time when the provisions in Fort Sumter would be exhausted, he continued:

> In a purely military point of view, this reduced the duty of the Administration, in the case, to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort. It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that, in fact, it would be our national destruction consummated. This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and ere it would be reached, Fort Pickens might be reinforced. This would be a clear indication of policy, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a military necessity. An order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship *Brooklyn* into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must take

the longer and slower route by sea. The first return news from the order was received just one week before the fall of Fort Sumter. The news itself was that the officer commanding the *Sabine*, to which vessel the troops had been transferred from the *Brooklyn*, acting upon some *quasi*-armistices of the late Administration (and of the existence of which the present Administration, up to the time the order was dispatched, had only too vague and uncertain rumors to fix attention), had refused to land the troops. To now reinforce Fort Pickens, before a crisis would be reached at Fort Sumter, was impossible — rendered so by the near exhaustion of provisions in the latter-named fort. In precaution against such a conjuncture, the Government had a few days before commenced preparing an expedition, as well adapted as might be, to relieve Fort Sumter, which expedition was intended to be ultimately used or not, according to circumstances. The strongest anticipated case for using it was now presented, and it was resolved to send it forward. As had been intended in this contingency, it was also resolved to notify the Governor of South Carolina that he might expect an attempt would be made to provision the fort; and that, if the attempt should not be resisted, there would be no effort to throw in men, arms, or ammunition without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort. This notice was accordingly given; whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall, without even awaiting the arrival of the provisioning expedition. * * * They assailed and reduced the fort to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution. The Executive having said to them in the Inaugural Address, "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors," he took pains to keep this declaration good. By the affair at Fort Sumter, with its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached. Then and thereby, the assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms, without a gun in sight, or in expectancy, to return their fire; save only the few in the fort, sent to that harbor years before for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful. In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue, "immediate dissolution or blood."

And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question, whether a constitutional republic or democracy — a government of the people — can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes.

Describing then the call for volunteers, and the subsequent action taken, he remarked:

These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand, and a public necessity; trusting then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them. * * * It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty, of employing the war power in defense of the Government, forced upon him. He could but perform this duty, or surrender the existence of the Government.

He added, as if there was a prescience of the future in his mind:

He felt that he had no moral right to shrink, or even to count the chances

SEWARD IN THE SENATE.

MRS. SEWARD.

REESE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

of his own life, in what might follow. In full view of his great responsibility, he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. * * * And having thus chosen our course, without guile, and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear, and with manly hearts.

This message was listened to at both ends of the Capitol with deep attention; and welcomed with enthusiastic approval. The extra session lasted about a month. Like other sessions of other Congresses, it had its useless days of wordy encounter. Some of its members were busy with questions of patronage for their constituents, and some were moved, by disloyal sympathies, to throw obstacles in the path of the Government, and extend encouragement to the rebels. But in the main, it was characterized by an earnest desire to do its whole duty; and to coöperate with the Executive in the effort to maintain the Union. The House resolved to consider only the military, naval, and financial measures necessary for the war. The President had asked for authority to raise four hundred thousand men, and an appropriation of $400,000,000. It was voted to give him five hundred thousand men and five hundred millions of money: and afterward the Senate pledged "the entire resources of the Government and people," and the House pledged "any amount of money, and any number of men necessary to put down the rebellion." Authority was given to negotiate a Government loan; duties on imports were raised to increase the revenue; bills were passed to close the Southern ports against commerce; and to punish conspiracy against the United States.

The Senate formally expelled those of its members who had left their seats to participate in the rebellion; and both Houses voted down proposals to send Commissioners to treat for peace. The Executive acts and proclamations calling out volunteers, organizing the Army and Navy, suspending the *habeas corpus*, and establishing the blockade, were legalized; and under the chairmanship of Henry Wilson, the Military Committee pushed the necessary war legislation. There was some feeling adverse to the increase of the regular army, growing out of the fact that so many West Pointers had gone into the rebel ranks; but the increase was finally sanctioned. In one respect, zealous Congressmen hindered the work they wanted to help — using their official prestige to urge "speedy movements," and a "more active campaign," on the ground that "the people" wanted "results."

The record of a Foreign Secretary has, always, for its salient points, the treaties negotiated by him. Seward, in July, made his first treaty. It was with Denmark; and added some new provisions to those already in force, for the protection and encouragement of the

commerce between the two countries. Colonel Raasloff, the Danish Minister at Washington, was the Plenipotentiary on the part of Denmark, and Seward the Plenipotentiary on the part of the United States. On the day they were appending their signatures to it in Washington, Mr. Wood, the newly-appointed American Minister at Copenhagen, was writing of his reception by Mr. Hall, the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs: "He was frank and cordial, and while he alluded to the opinions held by my predecessor as different from mine, he expressed himself decidedly in favor of the Administration and against the so-called Confederates."

The answers to Seward's dispatches were now coming. They showed that the threatened cloud of European intervention was relieved, here and there, by a ray of sunshine. Sweden, like Denmark, sent words of sympathy. Switzerland and Italy expressed the friendship which had been expected from them. Prussia sent assurances of just and generous feeling. Russia had faith in the Union, and would enter into no combination for its overthrow.

Early in July he wrote to his daughter in Auburn:

It has been a very earnest wish of mine to have you come here and spend a part of the summer. It would have been pleasant for you. You would have seen, if you had been here, the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war — very attractive to young persons — without its horrors. But I suffered that time to pass because I could not certainly know that some disaster might not bring the conflict suddenly on and near to this place.

Now I do not think it wise that you should come. The enemy yet remains in force within twenty or twenty-five miles of the opposite shore of the river, and gives no sign of either advancing or retiring. So it is likely that we shall have conflict there soon. My own nature makes war painful to me, even though duty requires me to prepare and direct it. Civil war is especially saddening to me. It is contest, on my part, without anger or revenge — contest for self-defense, for the country is part of one's self. I would fain keep you aloof from sight of the inhumanity that I contemplate with so much regret, and participate in only because it is a duty which I cannot decline.

News from the seceded States now began to be clouded with more or less of uncertainty. Published announcements were made there, perhaps intended for Northern reading, but the actual military movements in progress were judiciously kept as secret as possible. One Governor announced that he should prevent any more goods from being shipped North; another declared that it would be considered treasonable for Southern citizens to pay debts due Northern creditors. A considerable force was known to be massing at Manassas Junction, and other hostile bodies were organizing along the line of the Ohio and the Missouri.

Cheering reports continued to come from West Virginia. Victories at Buckhannon, Rich Mountain, and Barboursville, and skirmishes in the Kanawha Valley were daily raising, in the public esteem, the names of McClellan, Rosecrans, and Cox. The proposed new State had organized and chosen Pierpont for Governor, and Carlisle and Willey for United States Senators. In Missouri a kindred movement was in progress, the State Convention having formally deposed the Governor and other officials for treason, and chosen loyal men in their stead. The deposed officials had thereupon allied themselves to the rebels, and claimed that Missouri had thereby joined the Confederacy. Its citizens divided according to their feelings; some adhering to the rebellion, others to the Union.

In the immediate vicinity of Washington the Union Army was steadily growing in numbers. General Sanford was sent with New York troops to strengthen General Patterson's command at Williamsport. Skirmishes occurred at and near Harper's Ferry, at Great Falls, and Martinsburg. Batteries were repeatedly erected at various points on the Potomac, and were destroyed or dislodged by the naval vessels, though not without serious loss of life.

And now, after so many weeks devoted to preparation, the public grew impatient for an advance movement. The Army, greater than those which had invaded Mexico, or fought Great Britain in 1812, seemed an enormous force, that must be irresistible. General Scott, by whose advice the Administration had been guided in strategic matters, thought it better to defend the capital and its communications, and to push the West Virginia campaign; but not to take the field, with the three months men, whose term of service was so near its expiration. When enough of the three years men had been mustered and drilled, a movement on Manassas might be wise. But this very consideration increased the popular impatience. The three months men were going home, when they might have "crushed the rebellion." Scott was ridiculed as "Old Fuss and Feathers," denounced as an "old fool," for keeping the Army "cooped up" in his "useless earthworks" around Washington; when they ought to be marching to capture Richmond. "On to Richmond," soon became a popular watchword. The feeling found expression through the press, and the members of Congress; the urgent appeals for an advance being occasionally coupled with hints about the "imbecility" of the Administration, and the "disloyalty" of the military commanders. Finally it was deemed no longer prudent to oppose it. An advance was ordered, of the troops under command of McDowell, which were generally understood to be about fifty thousand men.

Seward, in a hasty note to Mrs. Seward, wrote:

(*Private.*)

July.

I snatch a moment to write a few words.

We are on the eve of a conflict on the Virginia side of the Potomac, probably some day this week. It will be very important.

Clarence has gone, with reinforcements, to General Patterson, at Martinsburg, and there may be a conflict there. So in Western Virginia, a battle is looked for daily. We are past danger in Europe, *if we meet with no disaster.*

The story of the battle of Bull Run has been told too often to need repetition here. Those who witnessed and took part in it have described its incidents and results.

During that eventful Sunday, Seward was receiving, at the department, and at his house, frequent news of the progress of the battle. The Army, equipped with the latest inventions of modern warfare, had a field telegraph, whose chief station was at Fairfax Court House. Every twenty minutes, a mounted orderly would dash up to the door with a copy of a telegram from the field, just received at the War Department, and sent round to the President and Cabinet. These telegrams reported the successive phases of the battle: "Heavy firing on the left," "Rebels driven back on the Sudley road," "General Hunter wounded," "Union advance on the right temporarily checked by artillery," "Now regaining lost ground," etc., etc. Occasional visitors, coming in, reported that the sound of cannon was distinctly heard at high and exposed points like the dome of the Capitol, and on Georgetown Heights. Finally, between four and five o'clock, came an exultant dispatch, in which the operator announced that "the Union Army had achieved a glorious victory." Seward was just sitting down to dinner, after this news, when Secretary Chase came in, saying that later dispatches gave less favorable intelligence. Not long after that came the startling dispatch: "General McDowell's army in full retreat through Centerville. The day is lost. Save Washington and the remnants of the Army." And then the telegraph suddenly stopped.

Manifestly, a great disaster had occurred. Seward spent the evening with the President, at the War Department, and General Scott's head-quarters, where every effort was made to retrieve the unlooked-for misfortune. Troops were sent out to the relief of the returning fugitives. Reinforcements were called in from New York and Pennsylvania. Orders were sent to Baltimore and along the railway line for redoubled vigilance in guarding Northern communications. When he returned after midnight, he told his family: "Every thing is

being done that mortal man can do. Scott is grieved and disappointed, but is working steadily and saying little. Mansfield (in command of the defenses of the city) is dispatching orders with marvelous speed, coupled with an occasional outburst of wrath at the unnecessary panic. He is sending forward detachments from the troops left in the forts, and from the camps of the new regiments arrived since McDowell's march. He says his detachments have gone out to, and into, and through, and beyond the mass of fugitives, and they report there is nobody in pursuit. What went out an army is surging back toward Washington as a disorganized mob. They fought well, did nobly, and apparently had gained the day, when some unreasonable alarm started a retreat. If the officers had experience and the men discipline, they could be rallied, and could be marched clear back to the field without meeting an enemy. But as it is, he thinks they will not be rallied until they reach the Potomac. And now I shall go up and get a night's sleep, for I foresee there is going to be work for me to do to-morrow."

Meanwhile, horsemen and ambulances with the wounded began to arrive. All through the night and the next day the stream of weary, disbanded, and fagged-out soldiers came pouring over the bridges into the city and spread through the streets. When they had marched to the field a few days before, their camps were broken up, and now they were literally houseless and homeless. Most of them had thrown away their rations, many their arms and accoutrements. A steady drizzling rain set in, adding to their discomfort, and it continued two days. But all the inhabitants of Washington were eager to hear the details of the battle, and all were either hospitable and kind-hearted enough, or patriotic and grateful enough, to receive the soldiers and give them shelter and refreshment in their houses. In return they got such accounts as each wanderer could give of his own share in the incidents of the day.

Early Monday morning Seward went over to the department to go to work. Everybody was eagerly speculating as to the chances of a rebel attack on the city. He felt no apprehension on that score, but he knew that this defeat would be a source of fresh complications abroad — where the news of it would be hailed as presaging the success of the rebellion and the inability of the Government to check it. Looking from the department windows, a motley array of soldiers, in every kind of militia uniform, mingled with teamsters, laborers, and towns-people, were seen scattered through Fifteenth street, and up and down the avenue. The only group that seemed to have any regularity or cohesion was one of about a dozen Zouaves, in blue

blouses and red trowsers, drawn up in a line in front of the Treasury Department. A messenger sent out to make inquiries returned with the statement: "They say they are all that is left of the New York Fire Zouaves. All the rest of the regiment is cut to pieces!" But presently a visitor came in who had seen about two hundred and fifty more of the Zouaves in another part of the town. So it was with other regiments. The various squads were hopelessly intermixed, and each squad had the impression it was "all that was left."

It was not an easy day to write diplomatic dispatches, for every minute brought some visitors who wanted news or encouragement, or who came to impart news of some fresh disaster. Nevertheless, he found time to prepare communications, instructing Ministers abroad as to the new responsibilities which the great defeat would impose upon them. He closed an elaborate dispatch to Mr. Adams, by saying:

The policy of the Government is in no case likely to be changed whatever may be the varying fortunes of the war at home, or the action of foreign nations. The policy of these United States is not a creature of the Government, but an inspiration of the people; while the policy of foreign States are at the choice, mainly, of the Governments presiding over them.

If, through error, on whatever side, this civil contention shall transcend the national bounds and involve foreign States, the energies of all commercial nations, including our own, will necessarily be turned to war, and a general carnival of the adventurous and the reckless of all countries, at the cost of the existing commerce of the world, must ensue.

Writing home, he said to Mrs. Seward:

July 22.

I am sorry that the danger of publicity obliges me to be content with writing instead of telegraphing.

One great battle has been disastrously lost, and nothing remains but to reorganize and begin again. It was an accidental panic, I think, but the dread inspired by supposed superior numbers rendered it uncontrollable. We do not fear for the safety of the city, or of course for our own. Be not alarmed.

CHAPTER LXIV.

1861.

After "Bull Run." "Beginning Again." Quelling a Mutiny. Reorganizing the Army. Judge Wayne's Decision. Great Britain and "Paper Blockades." "Three Months Men" and "Three Years Men." Growth of the "Army of the Potomac." Visit of Prince Napoleon. Arrest of Spies and Blockade-Runners. "Seward's Little Bell." Garibaldi. Battles and Skirmishes in Missouri and Virginia. The Hatteras Expedition. Washington in War Time. The Maryland Legislature.

NOTHING remained, as Seward had said, but to "reorganize and begin again." The reorganization was prompt and vigorous. A provost guard was sent through the streets to gather up the multitude of stragglers and distribute them to their respective forts and camps. Rations and camp equipage, arms and accoutrements were issued to supply the place of those lost. The wounded were placed in hospitals. Very soon the city and its surrounding defenses had resumed the aspect they wore before the battle. Drills and parades began again, the sentries paced their rounds, and the long trains of army wagons rumbled through the streets.

The question of general officers for the Army was a subject of frequent discussion and anxiety. One of the memoranda prepared by Seward, to submit to the President, and based on suggestions of General Scott, was this:

Men fit to be Generals.

McClellan, Halleck, McDowell, Richardson, Keyes, Sherman, Wright, Woodbury, Kearney, Stone.

General McClellan, under whose command victories had been gained in West Virginia, was called to the command of the "Army of the Potomac." General Rosecrans succeeded him in West Virginia. General McDowell remained in charge of the defenses at Arlington and Alexandria. General Banks succeeded General Patterson at Harper's Ferry. General Butler was continued at Fortress Monroe, and General Dix placed in command at Baltimore. General Andrew Porter was made Provost-Marshal of Washington. The Army was divided into brigades and divisions, and Generals Thomas, Heintzleman, Keyes, Franklin, Sherman, Buell, Burnside, Fitz-John Porter, Anderson, and others were assigned to commands. The officers that were with Anderson at Fort Sumter, and with Slemmer at Fort Pickens, as well as those who had won credit at "Bull Run" and in the West, received promotions and commissions.

Thomas A. Scott, whose management of the Government railways

and telegraphs had shown rare capacity and vigor, was now made Assistant Secretary of War.

Congress devoted the closing days of its session with commendable energy, to "war legislation," granting whatever powers, men, and money the crisis called for. The people of the loyal States, though surprised, disappointed, and shocked by the defeat, set themselves only the more sternly to work to retrieve it. Offers of volunteer regiments came by mail and telegraph; and for a while none were refused. Throughout the Northern cities the business of recruiting was renewed with less enthusiasm, but with dogged persistence and determination.

Yet signs of demoralization and discord were not lacking in Washington. Many employes and citizens now hastened to quit town and join the Confederates, who were celebrating their victory with salutes, thanksgivings, and proclamations throughout the South. Sympathizers with secession were emboldened, and hardly concealed their exultation. Journals of doubtful loyalty found readers and were encouraged to renewed attacks on the Administration. Discontents and mutinous demonstrations were reported in some of the camps.

Seward suggested to the President that visits by him to some of the regiments would stimulate the soldiers' zeal and patriotism. Accordingly, they went together, on two successive days — devoting one to the camps on the Maryland side of the river, and the other to those in Virginia. Their presence and words of encouragement seemed to have good effect.

At one fort there was an angry feeling which threatened mutiny. The Government had reckoned the term of the "three months men" to be from the day they were mustered into the United States service. Some of them now said it was three months since they left their homes, and they were going back. One officer, who was a lawyer, had rather defiantly announced to his colonel, that he was going to New York that day, and told those around him they had the same right. It happened, however, that the colonel was William T. Sherman, who, with prompt decision, informed him that if he attempted to leave without orders, he would be shot. When the carriage containing the President and Secretary of State entered the fort, and the men gathered round it to see and listen, the officer, pale and angry, forced his way through the crowd, and said: "Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me."

Mr. Lincoln, who was standing up, looked gravely down, first at him, and then at Sherman, who was sitting quietly in the carriage, and said: "Did he! did he threaten to shoot you?"

"Yes, sir; he threatened to shoot me like a dog!"

Lincoln leaned over, and in a loud whisper that all around could hear, said: "If I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I would not trust him, for I verily believe he would do it."

The burst of laughter that greeted the President's unexpected response showed that *that* mutiny was over. To Sherman's explanation of the facts of the case, the President replied:

"Of course, I didn't know any thing about it; but I thought you knew your own business best."

Seward's dispatches by the next outgoing mail said to Mr. Adams:

Our "Army of the Potomac," on Saturday last, met a reverse, equally severe and unexpected. For a day or two, the panic which had produced the result was followed by a panic which threatened to demoralize the country. But that evil has ceased. The result is already seen in a vigorous reconstruction, on a scale of greater magnitude. The exaggerations of the result have been as great as the public impatience, perhaps, which brought it about. The vigor of the Government will be increased. Do not be misled by reports of dangers apprehended for the capital.

To Mr. Marsh, at Turin, he wrote:

You will be pained by the intelligence of a reverse of our arms near Manassas Junction, and I fear it will, for a time, operate to excite apprehensions, and encourage the enemies of the Union in Europe; but the blow has already spent its force here, without producing other effect than renewed resolution and confidence in the success of the Government. The lesson, that war cannot be waged successfully without wisdom as well as patriotism, has been received, at a severe cost, but, perhaps, it was necessary. It is certain that we are improving upon it.

To Mr. Dayton, at Paris, he said:

For a week or two, that event will elate the friends of the insurgents in Europe, as it confounded and bewildered the friends of the Union here, for two or three days. The shock, however, has passed away, producing no other results than a resolution, stronger and deeper than ever, to maintain the Union, and a prompt and effective augmentation of the forces for that end, exceeding what would otherwise have been possible. The heart of the country is sound.

A week later, his letters to Mrs. Seward said:

July 28.

You can imagine the sadness, the labors, and the anxieties of the past week, if you can conceive how that terrible reverse of our arms demoralized the officers and soldiers of the Army, bewildered all the civilians, and disheartened the community around me. But you will need after—

(He is interrupted here, by visitors, who will not go before the mail does, so I send it as it is. F. W. S.)

July 29.

I tried last night to write you, but my letter was cut off at the beginning of a second paragraph.

Do not be discouraged or alarmed by the sad disaster of last week. We shall now have an opportunity, as well as a right, to be wise. Who could expect a war to be successful conducted without wisdom? There are a thousand rumors of attacks, in none of which I put any belief.

Fred has gone to New York to meet the Bonapartes.

(*Private.*)

July 31.

If there were vigor and resources enough in the disunion army to attack Washington at all, we should now be seeing an attempt to rise in Maryland, and to invade the city on all sides. This is not now contemplated. We shall probably have no new military operations right here. I do not foresee a better time for you to come to the capital. It is August, indeed, but our house is shaded and cool.

He now began sending each week a concise resumé of the progress made by the military and naval forces. Intended, at first, to give the American Ministers abroad such exact information of the state of affairs at home as they would need, and could not otherwise obtain, the "Circular on the Military Situation," as it was called, soon came to have still greater usefulness. It enabled the Ministers to authoritatively contradict the adverse rumors set afloat by the rebels. Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Cabinets and Courts soon found that the statements of the American Minister were the only ones that were always reliable. Their own agents in the United States had no such opportunities for ascertaining the precise facts: and the newspapers had a maze of conflicting reports. In cases of doubt the American Minister was referred to for the facts; and, during the progress of the war, the information he gave had its influence in determining their course.

The "Circulars on the Military Situation" were continued as long as the war lasted. In Mr. Baker's edition of "Seward's Works" he has gathered them together under the title of "Notes on the War."

One day, information was brought to General Scott of a legal proceeding, which, though trivial in itself, was fraught with grave consequences. A soldier in a regiment at the Point of Rocks, tired of service, had employed a lawyer, who made application to Judge Wayne of the United States Supreme Court for his discharge, on the ground that his enlistment was illegal, having been made under the President's call, which had no sanction of law, and its subsequent sanction by Congress was *ex post facto*, and, therefore, void. Thereupon the colonel, in obedience to the summons of the court, had brought the soldier to town.

"What, sir!" said the General, in his sternest tones, "do you tell me that a colonel of the Army leaves his post, in the face of the enemy, to go to town — to answer a writ in a lawsuit?"

His first impulse was to send them back again, but realizing that the question was an important one, he advised the Administration. The President sent for Seward, and the result of the conference was that the ex-Attorney-General, Mr. Stanton, was employed to argue the case in behalf of the Government. Judge Wayne was an eminent, upright jurist, loyal to the Union, but he was known to be a firm defender of constitutional rights and privileges. Furthermore, he was from Georgia, and had relatives in both armies. So the complainant hoped for a favorable decision from him. The argument was duly made.

Stanton came to Seward, saying he did not know what the decision would be, though it was very important that it should be right, for if one soldier's enlistment was illegal all were, and that doctrine would dissolve the Army.

Seward said, "Stanton, we must not have a wrong decision. A right one will strengthen the hands of the Government."

"But," said Stanton, "you can't 'coerce' a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States to make a right decision; nor even to tell you how he is going to decide."

"No," said Seward, "but we can prevent a wrong decision from being carried into execution. The nation's life is greater than the dignity of the nation's court."

The Judge took the papers, and reserved his decision. But the general tone of his remarks showed what kind of opinions he held upon the constitutional powers of the different branches of the Government.

"It is all right," said Stanton, when they next met, "with those opinions he could not make a wrong decision if he tried."

The decision was made; and it sustained the Government, and ended all similar controversies. Enlistments were binding, and the Army legally assembled. It was published, and scattered broadcast; and rendered its share of good service in maintaining the Union. It may be of interest to note here, that eight years later, on the death of Judge Wayne, Mr. Stanton was nominated as his successor on the Bench.

Dispatches from Mr. Adams foreshadowed trouble about the new law closing the ports of the insurrectionary States. The Ministry were saying they would respect an actual blockade; but they would not recognize the closing of the ports by law. They likened it to the

case of New Grenada, where British ships, under the protection of British cruisers, continued to trade, in defiance of such a prohibition. The cases were hardly parallel; New Grenada relying solely on her "paper blockade," and having no competent navy; while the United States had naval vessels already off the Southern harbors, and others hurrying forward as fast as equipped, to make the blockade effective. But the allusion showed the thought, not unnatural in the European mind, that the United States were following the example of their Spanish-American neighbors, becoming first a prey to internal discords, and then incapable of resisting foreign dictation.

Seward replied:

> The United States and Great Britain have assumed incompatible, and thus far irreconcilable positions, on the subject of the existing insurrection. The United States claim, and insist that the integrity of the Republic is unbroken.

On the other hand, the British Government, without waiting to hear from the United States, had, at the very outset, hastened to issue a proclamation implying that the disloyal citizens in the rebellion were regarded as on equal footing with the Federal Government itself, and that Great Britain was to stand in the attitude of "neutrality" between them as "belligerents." Giving then a history of the law under discussion, he said:

> Congress has employed itself less in directing how, and in what way the Union shall be maintained, than in confirming what the President has already done; and in putting into his hands more ample means and greater power. The law in question was passed in this generous and patriotic spirit. Whether it shall be put in execution to-day, or to-morrow, or at what time, will depend on the condition of affairs at home and abroad.

Then after showing that an active blockade existed, and was growing more effective, he remarked:

> He will put into execution, and maintain it with all the means at his command, at the hazard of whatever consequences, whenever it shall appear that the safety of the nation requires it.

The Army was now quietly but rapidly disintegrating and recombining. Nearly every day, one or more of the "three months" regiments were starting for home; while the trains from the North were bringing the new "three years" men. Many who had served during the brief term, immediately reënlisted, and returned either as privates, or officers for the longer one. So the "Army of the Potomac" gradually took on the character of a permanent force.

At first there was some expectation that its popular and capable young commander would, after a few weeks of preparation, lead it at

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GORTSCHAKOFF.

once to the field and by a new victory eclipse his West Virginia record and retrieve Bull Run. It was soon found that he was organizing and perfecting the Army with skill and success, but that another advance need not at present be looked for. "All quiet along the Potomac," was the telegraphic announcement of each morning's papers.

It was during this period of inaction, that Prince Napoleon (Jerome) visited the United States. Arrived off the Battery in his steam yacht, accompanied by the Princess Clotilde and his suite, he spent a day or two in New York harbor. The Assistant Secretary of State was sent to welcome him and invite him to visit Washington. Reaching there a few days later, Seward received him and presented him to the President, who gave a State dinner in his honor. Another at the French Legation was followed by one at the Secretary of State's, and that by an evening reception at which the Diplomatic Corps, Cabinet officers and military commanders were present. As he stood that evening by the mantel, wearing white vest, red ribbon and decoration, and with his hands behind his back, his features, air, and attitude showed a resemblance to the pictures of the first Napoleon that was startling.

During the dinner at the White House, the Marine Band was stationed in the vestibule. The band-master was desirous of giving something appropriately French, but was not versed in the mutations of Parisian politics. So, in one of the solemn pauses incident to every State dinner, he struck up "The Marseillaise." As that revolutionary lyric was tabooed in Paris during the Empire — a smile appeared on the faces of the guests. "*Mais oui*," the Prince was reported to say, "*ici je suis Republicain*."

Republican he certainly was as regarded the war. His outspoken belief in the Union, and his cheerful faith in its triumph, were in a strong contrast to the undertone of despondency in the talk of many around him. His friendly opinions, his easy manner, and perfect command of English made him very welcome in Washington. He was much interested in army matters and drove out with Seward to visit several of the camps and study the character of this novel organization of citizen soldiers. Subsequently, accompanied by the French Minister, he visited the Confederate head-quarters, both armies allowing him to pass through their lines. When he returned, he said he had been treated with much courtesy and hospitality. He, of course, refrained from speaking of any thing he had seen or heard within the rebel lines. But it was manifest, from his general conversation, that his opinions on the outcome of the war had undergone no change.

The Union defeat not only stimulated blockade runners, spies, and rebel agents to fresh activity, but inspired new and louder complaints

about "arbitrary arrests." Every one, it was claimed, was entitled to *habeas corpus* and jury trial as much in war time as in peace. As Seward had assumed this unpleasant duty he became the especial target of abuse. The story was circulated that he boasted of his power, saying that he had "but to ring his little bell" to consign any citizen to prison. He was a "tyrant," a "despot," a "subverter of Republican Government," and a perpetrator of "black crimes" and "outrageous villanies."

The local authorities at the North, and the military officers, however, lent all needed help; and in New York, where disloyalists congregated, the names of the Board of Police, Superintendent Kennedy, Marshal Murray, and Capt. Martin Burke of Fort Lafayette, soon became a terror to this class of evil-doers.

Yet no nation in history ever dealt with its spies and conspirators so leniently. Instead of being sent to galleys or chain-gang, hanged or shot, they were locked up in the forts to prevent their doing further mischief; and, meanwhile, they fared as well as the officers. It was not "trial" that they really wanted, but the immunity which the "law's delay" would give them to continue their treasonable practices.

A free people are naturally jealous of individual rights, and at first there was a popular inclination to listen with some patience to these complaints of injustice. But when it was found that the *habeas corpus* and jury trial were still open to all except those caught in flagrant treason, and when plot after plot came to light for sending arms and information to the enemy, for stopping enlistments, wrecking ships, destroying buildings and supplies, as well as for arson, robbery, and murder, a revulsion of feeling took place, and it came to be the popular belief that of "arbitrary arrests" there were not too many, but too few. The President's Message had stated the dilemma with clearness:

> Are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the Government itself to go to pieces, lest that one be violated?

In regard to some cases arising at Rochester, Seward wrote to his old friend, S. G. Andrews:

> Every civil magistrate who is anxious to see the Constitution and the Union rescued from imminent danger may wisely and patriotically refuse to favor discharges of volunteers from the Army on any ground whatsoever. Such discharges embarrass the efforts to effect a military organization, and also tend to demoralize the forces, and render them unfit for action.
>
> Let us save the country, and then cast ourselves upon the judgment of the people, if we have, in any case, acted without legal authority. The *habeas*

corpus will be suspended anywhere, on its being shown that it is necessary to prevent disorganization or demoralization of the national forces.

It was found necessary now to extend the suspension of the *habeas corpus* to other States besides those which were the field of military conflict, for agents and spies of the rebellion were at work throughout the North. He wrote:

To Lieutenant-General WINFIELD SCOTT:

The military line of the United States for the suppression of the insurrection having been extended as far as Bangor, in Maine, you and any officers acting under your authority are hereby authorized to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in any place between that place and the city of Washington.

Oct. 14, 1861.

An intimation had come through Mr. Sanford, the American Minister at Brussels, that General Garibaldi would probably be willing to come over to fight for the Union, if invited to do so. Seward, in reply, said:

Say to him that his services in the present contest for the unity and liberty of the American people would be exceedingly useful, and that, therefore, they are earnestly desired and invited. Tell him that the fall of the American Union would be a disastrous blow to the cause of human freedom, equally here, in Europe, and throughout the world. Tell him that he will receive a major-general's commission in the Army of the United States, with the hearty welcome of the American people. Tell him that we have abundant resources and numbers unlimited at our command, and a nation resolved to remain united and free. General Garibaldi will recognize in me not merely an organ of the Government, but an old and sincere personal friend.

Garibaldi found it impossible to come, however, his presence being required by enterprises at home incident to the struggle for national unity in Italy.

While quiet reigned along the Potomac, news was coming of battles at distant points, in which good and adverse fortune were mingled,— the expedition to Bird's Point, the battle of Wilson's Creek, and death of General Lyon, the march of Sigel and Sturgis, the capture of the camp at Fredrickton, the skirmish at Lexington, the burning of Hampton, the engagements at Carnifex Ferry and Grafton, and various minor reconnoissances and engagements.

The Potomac itself, below Mount Vernon, was nearly closed, at one time, by the various rebel batteries. The Navy succeeded in dislodging them; and as a final precaution, took possession of all the vessels on the river, for government use.

Captain Foote was sent out to take command of naval operations on

the Mississippi: and the blockading squadrons on the Atlantic coast were rapidly reinforced with new vessels.

Most gratifying news of all, was the intelligence of the success of the Hatteras expedition, under command of General Butler and Commodore Stringham, resulting in the capture of the Confederate forts and garrisons: and effecting a lodgment of the Union troops on the North Carolina coast.

Seward wrote home:

August 8.

Congress has adjourned. The fiery fever of political impatience has cooled off. Henceforth the struggle begins under the guidance of calmer counsels. A Government prepared for war, with ample means, may be allowed to conduct operations, with a view to ends, not the indulgence of passions.

August 10.

You will see that the disappointment with the result of the battle at Bull's Run has been increasing, until it has condensed into despondency; which is shared by some here, and is apparently by many elsewhere. The effect is to hinder the recruiting of volunteers, now very necessary. I do not share in any of these fears. I see only a reaction, as unreasonable as the blind confidence which preceded the great battle was unreasoning. But I am willing to let the despondency work out its cure, and bring about a more vigorous effort than before. Every day the enemy is pressed by the necessity for making a demonstration against this capital; while every day exhausts his strength and increases our own.

I have your kind and affectionate letter of Sunday last, but not at this moment the leisure to write at large. The truth is, that war is the business of the Government; I am necessarily occupied in war and in police. I look back, and see that there has not been a day since last January, that I could, safely for the Government, have been absent.

Soon after this, Mrs. Seward came down from Auburn, for a brief visit. In her letters to her sister, she gave a picture of Washington life at this period:

Saturday, 2 *o'clock*, *P. M.*

When we came into New York last night, the first thing we met was a recruiting company. When we crossed the river this morning, a company of regulars, and another of Garibaldi Guards, came with us. This side of Wilmington there was a large depository of army wagons and mules. At Havre-de-Grace, we found the first encampment, tents, soldiers and all their appendages. Henry says the remainder of the journey will be a continuation of encampments at every place which requires guarding. We are now crossing an arm of the Bay, and will be in Washington at six o'clock, when I will finish my letter.

7 *o'clock*, *P. M.*

Well, we are safe in Washington. I will send my notes by the way, trusting to your ingenuity to read them; though I doubt whether any one else

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THE HOUSE IN LAFAYETTE SQUARE.

IN THE GARDEN.

could. Our journey to-day in that luxurious car has not fatigued us at all. We have taken possession of the "Old Club House." * * * The first floor has a large hall, wide easy stairs, on one side of the hall a library and a retired office, which looks upon the pretty little garden, from which it is only separated by a piazza. This room is lighted from the east and particularly pleasant in the morning. A pretty climber and two pendant moss baskets of flowers grace the piazza. The walks in the little garden are covered with yellow gravel. The background is planted with evergreens to shut off the stable-yard. Through these evergreens I saw Nicholas showering a fine bay horse, with the water from the aqueduct. The horse seemed, from his perfect quietness, to enjoy the operation. I called to Nicholas, who met me in the passage-way which leads, I believe, to the kitchen. I have not explored it yet. On the other side of the hall is a large dining-room, back of which is a large pantry, and small closets.

Last evening dinner was served at seven o'clock. After dinner, Henry took Jennie and Fanny to see the President.

At the Treasury Department to-day, meeting a gentleman in one of the passages, I thought his face familiar. "Is it Mr. Chase?" said I. We then shook hands cordially. To my question: "Why did you pass me without recognition?" he made no answer. Taking off his large straw hat he looked quite natural. I said: "You look well!" He replied: "I have to work too hard."

Henry sleeps and eats well; I know *he* works too hard; yet I think his situation now is more congenial to his taste than his position in the Senate. I will give you the occupation of one day, which, with the addition of Cabinet meetings, will answer for others. He rises at seven, sometimes earlier, goes to the library or piazza, where he reads the morning papers, breakfast at eight. After breakfast a cigar, the papers or visitors until nine, when he and Fred go to the State Department, where they remain until five o'clock. When they come home some of the family go for a drive with Henry, and the President goes at the same time, with his carriage. This occupies the time until seven, the hour for dining. Always two or three or four gentlemen to dinner, which is always well-cooked and handsomely served. After dinner the time is occupied with visitors until he is allowed to go to bed.

When there are Cabinet meetings, other matters yield to them. I did not drive last evening. Henry went with the President to visit General King's Brigade. Preston King and two other gentlemen were at dinner.

Wednesday.

There were rumors of an engagement on the other side of the Potomac yesterday, but nothing serious resulted. The day was very warm. At five we all went to drive. I was not very well, and preferred our own carriage with Fred and Anna. The others went with the President in his. We visited five different encampments, but did not get out of the carriage. They were all in the direction of Silver Spring — some infantry, some cavalry. The grooms were just watering the horses at the brook, which you will remember at the foot of the hill. What a multitude there were, chiefly bay, and all well

in appearance. One or two regiments were drawn up for evening parade, one going through some evolutions, others were cooking their suppers; the odor of coffee was very perceptible in the vicinity of the French camp. Picket guards were stationed all along the road. Do you remember the brick church on the hill? A fortification has been raised in front of it. I presume the church will be occupied as a barrack. The white tents and the camp fires were very pretty to look upon; but war is terrible in its consequences.

There were guests at dinner, but I was too tired to go to the table. I went into the parlor, however, in the evening, to see General Scott, who complimented me with a visit. Anna says it is the first he has made since the war commenced. He looks considerably older, is a little lame, but his memory astonished me. He never hesitated in calling the name of the numberless officers he had occasion to mention. One of his aides was with him. We talked about every thing but the war. He said I was very brave to come at this time. It was rather ignorance than bravery, for I doubt whether I should have come, had I known how imminent an engagement was at an early day. The General said it was a month too soon for health, but so far the season here is not sickly. I came to my room, leaving the others in the parlor. I went to bed, but slept little; I was up many times, looking at the long line of army wagons going, going, going all day and all night, toward the Potomac.

Citizens were not allowed to cross the Long Bridge yesterday, and there was much firing across the river. It ceased before night. I could hear nothing of it during the night.

Henry has gone to Baltimore on a secret mission to General Dix.

Were you not pleased with Fremont's proclamation? I hope Mr. Bates may not think it unlawful, and reprimand him, as he did the Marshal in Kansas, who declined to execute the Fugitive Slave Law. N. B.—Take notice, this is my own opinion, for which no one is responsible.

Thursday Afternoon.

Henry and the others returned in safety from Baltimore, for which I am very thankful. Every thing seems unsafe in this latitude. They are much pleased with their visit to Fort McHenry.

The rumbling of army wagons continued all night. I occasionally heard a cannon from the other side of the Potomac. About eight, a regiment of cavalry passed, going across the river at the Chain Bridge, which is some three miles above Georgetown. Between ten and twelve, a whole brigade of infantry went in the same direction. They stopped in front of the house; their music was beautiful, and they in excellent spirits, though bound for a post of immediate danger. Henry went out to see them. I felt an indescribable oppression in the reflection that many of them might not see the light of another day.

Four picket guards were killed night before last. Still we hear of no battle.

On one of those nights, the residents of La Fayette Square first heard a refrain, destined afterward to grow familiar to their ears. While a regiment was passing, and after an interval of silence, broken

only by the monotonous tramp, tramp, tramp, a single, clear voice, chanted:

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the ground."

Answered by a deep chorus:

"But his soul goes marching on!"

One after another in the long line took up the words until it seemed as if the whole column were chanting the solemn measure, to which their steady tramp kept time. As they turned down the avenue, passing the Treasury building on their way to the Long Bridge, and the sound of their footsteps was gradually dying away, the words came echoing back through the darkness,

"But his soul goes marching on."

Seward's visit to General Dix was in regard to a measure that it was thought wise not to trust to paper or to subordinates. The Secessionists had by no means given up the hope of dragging Maryland into the Confederacy. The Legislature was to meet at Frederick city, on the 17th of September. There was a disloyal majority, and they expected and intended to pass an ordinance of secession. This would be regarded as a call to active revolt by many who were now submitting to Federal rule, and in Baltimore and throughout Maryland, the bloody experience of Virginia and Missouri would probably be repeated. The Administration, therefore, decided to prevent the assemblage of the Legislature. To forcibly prevent a legislative body from exercising its legitimate functions is a bold step. But when, departing from its legitimate functions, it invites the public enemy to plunge the State into anarchy, its dissolution becomes commendable. So, at least, the Administration reasoned and decided. Seward went over to see General Dix. A similar visit was made to General Banks, who had command in the western part of the State, the President, Secretary of State, and General McClellan driving out to his head-quarters at Rockville, where conference was held in a shady grove. The two Generals, thus authorized, put a quiet but effective estoppel on the rebel project. Disloyal members on the way to Frederick found themselves under military arrest. The Legislature did not assemble; the secession ordinance was not adopted: Baltimore remained quiet, and Maryland stayed in the Union.

Of course, the Administration were prepared for the storm of invective hurled at them through the press, for their "high-handed usurpation," that was said to be paralleled only by "that of Cromwell or Napoleon."

Mrs. Seward wrote from home:

We are safely home again. The telegraph brought nothing important last night. I was anxious to hear how Baltimore bore the arrests. As we came along the road between Washington and Baltimore, the soldiers at the camp were very importunate for newspapers, having, I presume, heard rumors of the transactions of the day previous. We gave them such as we had, and at Baltimore purchased more, for the purpose of distributing them as we went along, leaving the last at Havre-de-Grace. It was pleasant to hear the cheers which they gave, when one read aloud to the others.

CHAPTER LXV

1861.

Confederate Privateers. The "*Sumter*." Proposed Accession to the Congress of Paris. Prisoners of War. Slaves. "Contrabands" and "Freedmen." New Phases of the Slavery Question. Laws, Orders, and Proclamations. D. A. Hall. European Officers. The Orleans Princes. Prince de Joinville. The Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres. Active Operations at the West. A General Review. Visiting the Camps in Virginia. General Hancock. Ericsson's Iron Clad.

PRIVATEERS were now reported to be afloat. Coasting vessels had been captured at sea, by armed craft putting out from Southern ports. Two or three such craft, getting under the guns of the blockading squadron, had been themselves captured in turn. On the 15th of August, Seward wrote:

We learn, in a manner which obliges us to give unwilling credit, that the *Sumter*, an armed steamer well known to be a privateer, fitted out for, and actually engaged in depredations upon the commerce of the United States, under the command of an officer named Semmes, on, or about the 17th of July, entered the port of Curacoa; and communicated directly with the local authorities of that island.

He had instructed the Ministers in Europe, as early as April 24th to propose the accession of the United States to the agreement of the Paris Congress of 1856, one of whose provisions was that "Privateering is and remains abolished." If France and England should agree to receive the United States as a party to that agreement, the other maritime powers would doubtless concur, and that would end any danger from Confederate privateers. The combination between the French and English Cabinets rendered conferences necessary between Mr. Adams and Mr. Dayton. But finally it was settled that conventions, identical in language, should be signed on the same day, at

Paris and London, formally admitting the United States as a party to the international agreement.

Then came a note from the British Foreign Office, closing with the remark: "I need scarcely add that, on the part of Great Britain, the engagement will be prospective; and will not invalidate any thing already done." Of course this required explanation, and the explanation, when made, proved to be, that the agreement should not "have any bearing, direct or indirect, on the internal differences now prevailing in the United States." This, while it would bind the United States not to send out privateers, in any future war, would leave Confederate cruisers free to continue their depredations in this one. Of course, Seward promptly replied that such a proviso was "inadmissible, because it would be a substantial and radical departure from the declaration of the Congress at Paris," and "the United States must accede to the declaration of the Congress of Paris on the same terms with all the other parties to it, or they do not accede to it at all."

So, Great Britain rejected the proffer of the United States. It was a step, doubtless supposed, by those who took it, to be in the interests of peace and commerce. It promoted neither. It protracted the war, and inflicted damage that Great Britain herself subsequently admitted and regretted. It created a bitterness of feeling that lasted for years. In return, Great Britain got some Confederate customers for her ships and arms — customers, that, in the long run, proved very unprofitable ones.

At the outset of the war, there was a popular demand that privateers should be treated as pirates, and captured rebels as criminals. It was a logical assumption that "they should not be regarded as prisoners of war," if the rebellion was "not a war, but a crime." But when the Government came to act upon the assumption, practical difficulties presented themselves. There were many prisoners taken on both sides, and the number was increasing. Not only soldiers and officers, but civilians, among them a member of Congress, had been captured at Bull Run. Punishment, on the one side, would provoke retaliation on the other. It soon became apparent that an exchange of prisoners was natural and desirable for both sides. Various suggestions were made. One that was adopted led to this note:

To Major-General McClellan:

The President is disposed to try whether a discharge of prisoners of war on our side would be met by a corresponding course on the part of the insurgents.

He, therefore, requests you to take measures to release two hundred and fifty of such prisoners, including those who are most sickly and destitute — send-

ing them into the insurgents' lines. They will, of course, be discharged only on oath or parole.

Public opinion at the North was strongly adverse, at first, to any exchange; but as the number increased of those who had friends in captivity the feeling changed, and before the year was out exchange of prisoners was as loudly called for as it had been protested against.

On the day of the first call for troops, Seward had remarked, "We are in a war, and wars work out results not contemplated by either side. It is a war for and against the Union, but no man can foretell now how far it will go, or how far it will affect other interests, slavery among the rest." Before the first campaign was over, the slavery question began to loom up as an element in the contest. Prior to the war, the Republican party, while resisting the extension of slavery into the Territories, had announced their purpose not to interfere with it in the States. All anti-slavery men, however, were quick to perceive that the slave-holders, in making war against the Government, forfeited further claim for governmental help to hold their slaves. On the other hand, the Government was needing and relying upon soldiers of all parties to fight its battles. In the North it must have the help not only of "Anti-Slavery Republicans," but of all "Union men," "Compromise men," and "War Democrats;" even of "Pro-Slavery men," and in the "Border States" even of slave-holders themselves. As Wilson states it in his "History of Slavery:"

> The plain, historic truth is, that the pro-slavery or conservative sentiments of the country were by no means confined to the slave States. They, too largely pervaded not only the North, but the Republican party as well. The prejudices against the negro — the growth of two generations — could not be easily dispelled. The soldier who wished it to be understood that he enlisted for the Union, and "not to fight for the nigger;" the Union-loving but conservative lady, who was "willing" the slaves should be freed "if that was necessary," were representatives of large numbers in all the free States.

The President, anti-slavery man though he was, faithfully reflected the only universal sentiment in the Union ranks, when he said, "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery."

The debates at the extra session illustrated the varying opinions that prevailed. Their final outcome was a law confiscating any property and freeing any slaves "employed against the United States." Strictly construed, this would only free the slaves actually found at work in the rebel camps and fortifications. But the march of events soon brought other phases of the question to be dealt with. Slaves were found at work on plantations whose owners had gone into the rebel

Army. Were not they to be freed? Slaves, men, women, and children came into the Union lines as to a city of refuge. Were they to be given up? Zealous defenders of the "compromises of the Constitution" in military or civic positions were apt to think it their duty to return them. But how?

At Fortress Monroe, General Butler had said, "You are using negroes on your batteries. I shall detain them as contraband of war."

The novel application of the term, as well as the justice of the decision, pleased the public ear, and thenceforth, throughout the war, escaped fugitives were spoken of as "contrabands."

At St. Louis, General Fremont, now in command of the Western Army, had essayed to cut the Gordian knot by a proclamation freeing the slaves of rebels. This the President regarded as transcending his authority, and accordingly modified it by a special order. Other commanders at various frontier points adopted such lines of policy as suited their respective views; some forbidding fugitives to enter their camps, some welcoming them in, some promising to return them to their loyal owners if such appeared, etc., etc. Meanwhile, instinctively discerning the road to freedom, though ignorant of the intricacies of constitutional law, escaping negro families, by hundreds, gathered in "contraband camps" wherever the Federal guns seemed likely to afford probable protection.

For the guidance of the Army of the Potomac, the following Executive order was prepared:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 4, 1861.

To Major-General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Washington:

General — I am directed by the President to call your attention to the following subject:

Persons claimed to be held to service or labor under the laws of the State of Virginia, and actually employed in hostile service against the United States, frequently escape from the lines of the enemy's forces and are received within the lines of the Army of the Potomac. This department understands that such persons, afterward coming to the city of Washington, are liable to be arrested by the city police upon the presumption, arising from color, that they are fugitives from service or labor.

By the fourth section of the act of Congress, approved August 6, 1861, entitled "An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," such hostile employment is made a full and sufficient answer to any further claim to service or labor. Persons thus employed and escaping are received into the military protection of the United States, and their arrest as fugitives from service should be immediately followed by the military arrest of the parties making the seizure. Copies of this communication will be sent to the Mayor of the

city of Washington, and to the Marshal of the District of Columbia, that any collision between the civil and military authorities may be avoided.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

David A. Hall, one of Seward's earliest friends in Washington, had once, out of benevolence, become the bondsman in a fugitive slave case, about ten years before. The local courts had proved as merciless as the statute. His property was seized to satisfy their requirements; he was impoverished and nearly ruined. Seward now had especial satisfaction in getting him released from his long duress, the President and Attorney-General cheerfully exercising their power, under the act of 1812, authorizing the remission of forfeited recognizances within the District of Columbia.

To young European officers the American war offered an attractive field of adventure and ambition. Many came from the armies of the different German States, several from Italy and France, some from Austria and Hungary, two or three from the Papal Army of Rome, and several from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Their knowledge of drill and tactics and of the details of camp-life rendered them useful instructors for raw troops, during the first months of the struggle. Some who entered early, and remained in the Army, rose from subalterns to be colonels and brigadier-generals. They had much to learn as well as to teach, for a campaign in the United States presented conditions quite different from those of European strategy. Europe has been so thoroughly fought over and mapped out, that distances, heights, times of movement, and requirements of supply can be computed with a degree of mathematical accuracy. Here, great distances, untried routes, fields of operation neither mapped nor even explored by topographical engineers, confounded the Federal Army at every step. Personal familiarity with localities gave the Southerners much advantage. One day, some of the European officers were discussing military methods in the Old World and the New; when one inquired, "But a military frontier like this, between North and South; how far would it extend?" Various guesses were made, and then a map of Europe being at hand, actual measurement was made, when, to their astonishment, they found that it reached not only across Europe, but over into Asia!

These officers came usually with letters or credentials, addressed to the Secretary of State. At first, Governors Dennison, Morgan, Morton, Randall and Andrew were able to give to many of them positions in the new regiments; and Generals McClellan, McDowell, and Fremont found places for others on staff duty. Before long, however, their number so greatly increased, as to make this impossible.

In reference to these proffers, Seward wrote to Mr. Marsh:

In regard to tenders of military service, it accords with our views of public interest, to receive foreigners, friends of freedom and the American Republic, into our military service as officers and soldiers. We have thus far been able to assign satisfactory positions to all who have offered. I cannot of course foresee how long this state of things will last. The Army is rapidly filling up.

In September, three Princes of the Royal House of Orleans arrived in Washington — the Prince de Joinville, son of King Louis Philippe, and his two nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres— the Comte de Paris being lineal heir of the throne of France. Sharing in the traditional amity of their house for the American Republic, they had come to proffer their services, and peril their lives for the Union. They were welcomed by Seward. After arranging the preliminaries for the entrance of the young Princes into the Army, he received the following note:

WASHINGTON, *le 26 Septembre*, 1861.

Monsieur,

Mon frere et moi nous avons recu, hier soir, les lettres qui nous nomment aides-de-camp, avec le rang de capitaines, dans l'armée des Etats Unis; et d'apres ce que vous m' avez dit, je vous renvoie les formules de serment, qui les accompagnent; et que le President a bien voulu nous dispenser de remplir. Je me permets d'y joindre mes lettres d'acceptation, en vous priant de vouloir bien les transmettre a l'Adjutant-Général de l'armée. On nous a recommendé, au Quartier-Général, de nous addresser á vous, pour cela; parce que l'Adjutant-Général n'ayant pas connaissance de la position exceptionelle, qui nous est faite, n'aurait pu recevoir notre acceptation, sans la formule du serment, que l'on doit y joindre d'ordinaire.

Je ne veux pas terminer, Monsieur, sans vous dire combien nous sommes reconnaissants de ce que votre government vient de faire pour nous, et de la manière delicate dont il l'a fait. Je n'oublierai jamais que l'armée Americaine, en m'ouvrant ses rangs, m'a donné l'occasion de faire mes premières armes; et ce souvenir augmentera encore la sympathie que les traditions de ma famille, et de ma patrie, aussi bien que mes convictions libérales, m'ont toujours inspireé, pour votre grand pays.

Je vous prie, Monsieur, de croire toujours, aux sentiments bien sincéres de

Votre affectionné,

LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS,
Comte de Paris.

DUC DE CHARTRES.

LE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

How well, and how faithfully, their duties were performed, has been told by their military commander, General McClellan, who wrote that:

Far from evincing any desire to avoid irksome, fatiguing, or dangerous duty, they always sought it, and were never so happy as when some such work

devolved upon them; and never failed to display the high qualities of a race of soldiers.

While the Army remained at Washington, they occupied a house on I street. They were frequent visitors at the Secretary of State's. One day at lunch, Seward remarked, "I should think your names and titles might occasion some embarrassment. How do your brother officers call you?"

"Oh," said the Duc de Chartres, laughing, "that is all arranged. My brother is 'Captain Paris,' and I am 'Captain Charters,' and we are excellent friends with all our comrades."

Still another member of the family came over to enter the service, the Prince de Joinville's young son, the Duc de Penthièvre. He was placed at the Naval School, which, during the war, was moved to Newport. He subsequently entered the Navy, serving with credit and gaining promotion.

As the French Legation at Washington represented the Imperial Government, the members of the exiled royal family never entered it, and had no intercourse with its officials. At the Brazilian Legation, on the other hand, they were honored and welcomed guests, the Prince de Joinville having married a sister of the reigning Emperor of Brazil.

Of the military situation, Seward wrote in September:

> Steadily, for a period of four months, our forces have been coming into the field, at the rate of two thousand a day, and the same augmentation will go on, nearly at the same rate, until five hundred thousand men will be found in the service. Our supplies of arms are running low. The enemy is directly before us, invigorated, and inspirited by a victory, which it is not the part of wisdom for us to undervalue. But that victory has brought with it the necessity for renewed action. The demoralization of our forces has passed away. They are perfecting themselves in discipline.
>
> Commodore Stringham's and General Butler's success at Hatteras was not merely a brilliant affair. It brings nearly the whole coast of North Carolina under the surveillance of our blockade.

During the month came intelligence of active operations at the West, of skirmishes in Missouri, of Price's retreat and Fremont's pursuit, of Mulligan's surrender, of the rebel invasion of Kentucky, and the appeal of the Legislature for aid, of Bishop Polk's movements at Columbus, of Anderson in command at Louisville, and of Grant's taking possession of Paducah. Skirmishes on the upper Potomac, and shelling of rebel batteries on the lower portion of the river, were frequent incidents.

In the immediate vicinity of Washington, the camps of the Army of the Potomac were gradually spreading out, crowding the rebel out-

posts further back on the Virginia side, and completely environing the city with earthworks.

A grand review of seventy thousand troops was held on the Virginia side of the river in September, at which General McClellan's troops showed how thoroughly they were equipped, and how much they had improved in discipline and drill. The inhabitants of the city turned out, in great numbers, to witness it. The bridges were thronged, all day, with carriages and pedestrians. So large an army had never before been massed and manœuvred at one point in the United States. The President and several members of the Cabinet drove over to the field. Horses were brought forward for their use during the review. Seward mounted one, and accompanied the President in his round. It was the last time he was in the saddle at a military parade, though he did not entirely give up horseback exercise until some years later.

His interest in the troops, and his frequent visits to the camps and fortifications, made him familiar with their location and character. His letters contained many references to them:

September 2.

Of the camps that we have visited the last were of the brigade of General King; they were the Second and Fifth Wisconsin regiments. As we looked at the long line of the Second drawn up for evening parade, the General said: "This regiment is smaller than the rest; they lost one hundred and fifty at Bull Run, but they brought their colors back."

September 24.

I rejoice heartily with you in the news of Augustus' escape. Treachery is rife in all that South-western clime, and it seems as if our whole regular army were to fall victims to it. What evil next is in store for him, or me, or any of us, in these disastrous times, I know not, and try not to think upon. If I can only leave a country for those to come after us, I care for nothing else. I have lost nearly all other affections, lest I might lack the one that the occasion calls into exercise.

Maryland seems to repose with content on the deliverance she has had. It was, indeed, a great one. How singularly the Civil War, thus far, discriminates, and throws all its evils into the slave States, suffering not one to escape! Spite of all we can wish and fear and will and do, Missouri and Kentucky must be ravaged.

My fears of foreign intervention are subsiding. The prestige of secession is evidently wearing off in Europe. How the conduct of England and France will appear in history! I am delighted with these Orleanists. They are sagacious and noble-spirited. Their accession to our service will awaken reflection in Europe.

The enemy in front of us is supposed to be about one hundred thousand, all

told. I mean all who could be combined against us here. We are in larger force; and now we shall be active in more places than one.

Remarking upon the confident expectations in Europe as to the success of the "Confederacy," he used to say that it was a common mistake with historians and statesmen to imagine that insurrections were generally successful. On the contrary, the records of all nations show that few ever succeed, while many that are attempted fail.

His hours and habits of work had been somewhat changed since he entered the department. During his senatorial life he had been forced to snatch hours for study at random, amid the press of visitors, who felt privileged to occupy all his time when not actually in his seat at the Senate Chamber. Consequently he would often sit up late at night at his work. As the department had its fixed and regular hours for specific business, and provided trained clerks and messengers to assist in accomplishing it, he was enabled to work more systematically. He used to say that he found he could do more work in less time, and now usually had his evenings free for home or society. He remarked, too, that after the age of sixty, while advancing years curtailed his powers of physical endurance, they brought experience, enabling him to reach conclusions and accomplish labors with greater ease.

He still preferred to draft the more important letters and dispatches with his own hand. Many of less importance he would dispose of by a penciled direction on the margin, and leave details of execution to his subordinates. It was not until a later period that he began to dictate to a stenographer.

The crowd of visitors, too, although greater, was now more systematically dealt with. The diplomats had their hours for conference; the Congressmen and public officers their privileged entrée, and the general public, though chafing sometimes at the unwonted restraint of an ante-room, were yet more rapidly received and satisfactorily answered in due order, than they were when coming all at once and all the time.

"I am sure I am the senior of some of my colleagues," he used to say, "but they seem to think I am the youngest member of the Cabinet. When there is some one to be seen, some place to be visited, or some journey to be made, they seem to think it easier for me to go than for anybody else." "And," he added after a pause, "I am of the same opinion myself."

He was usually a sound sleeper when in health. He retired generally about half-past ten or eleven, and rose at six in summer, and seven in winter. It was his habit, as much as possible, to dismiss all cares and anxieties in the evening and divert his thoughts from them

by some book before bedtime. Even the war brought him few or no sleepless nights. Sometimes after a day of harassing work or disaster, he would be in the evening at the War Department studying the telegraphic details, but the morning would find him fresh and seldom jaded with watching.

For all minor ailments induced by cold, exposure, indigestion, and the like, he found "sleep and starvation" the most effective remedies. He adopted them, as a matter of course, and they usually cured him within a day or two.

He wrote to Mrs. Seward:

October 14.

I have been a day in the camps in Virginia, on our outmost line at Prospect Hill, in view of the enemy. Am quite refreshed and feeling well.

If the enemy continues to retire for a week or ten days, you can come here with safety for the winter. All well.

At this outpost he found one of the newly-appointed brigadier-generals in command — a tall, slender, fine-looking young man, busily engaged with reports and orders. His prompt dispatch of military business, and his courteous ease in receiving his guests, showed him to be equally at home in the camp and in the drawing-room. Greeting Major Seward as an old West Point acquaintance, the latter introduced him as General Winfield Scott Hancock, who had, a few weeks previously, been promoted from a captaincy.

One morning Seward's old friend, John F. Winslow, and with him John A. Griswold of Troy, another well-known iron manufacturer, presented themselves at his door. They had come upon a patriotic errand. They said that Captain Ericsson had devised a plan for an iron-clad vessel, but it was so daring in conception and novel in design that the Naval Board were reluctant even to give it a trial. So impressed were they with its importance, that they were ready to assume all risks, and, if need be, pay the cost of the experiment themselves. Seward introduced them to President Lincoln, and he, on the following day, went with them to the Navy Department. Ericsson's plans and arguments were listened to, and the experiment was authorized. So began the building of a queer-looking craft, at Greenpoint, destined, a few months later, to achieve world-wide fame as *The Monitor*.

CHAPTER LXVI.

1861.

Replies From Foreign Governments. Admission of Confederate Vessels into British Ports. A Friendly Italian Hint. A British one to the Confederacy. Differences of Opinion in England. Russia, Switzerland, and Italy. The Blockade. British Subjects and Vessels. Lord Lyons and Mr. Archibald. A Captured Bag of Letters. Consul Bunch. "A First Step toward Recognition." An *Exequatur* Revoked. Advice of Law-Officers of the Crown Respectfully Declined. Harbor Defenses.

THE dispatch bag, by each incoming mail steamer, now began to bring the answers of the European governments. As most of the governments had already adopted the Paris declaration, that "privateering is abolished," and as all of them professed friendship to the United States, compliance with Seward's request, not to permit the Confederate vessels to enter their ports, seemed natural and logical. Decrees were accordingly issued, but coupled with more or less of exceptions and conditions. Prussia announced that the equipment of privateers, in her ports, was forbidden by law, and that she would not "protect any of her subjects against losses incurred by mixing up in these conflicts." Belgium gave notice that privateers would not be allowed to enter her ports, "except in case of perils of the sea," and Belgian subjects taking part in such enterprises would be liable to prosecution. Spain prohibited the equipment or furnishing of any supplies to privateers, and forbade vessels of war or privateers to remain in port more than twenty-four hours, "except in case of stress of weather." Italy declared that no Confederate agent would be recognized, and that the laws against privateers would be enforced, adding the friendly hint that it "would be difficult to exercise a vigilant supervision over all the remote and unfrequented ports of the peninsula and islands," and advising the appointment of "American Consuls at points favorable for observation along the coasts, as a good means of detecting and preventing such movements," a hint that Seward at once acted on. Portugal prohibited the entrance of privateers or prizes, except "in case of overruling necessity." Venezuela prohibited the entrance of vessels under the Confederate flag, except in cases of distress. The Hawaiian Islands prohibited the entrance of privateers or their prizes, except under stress of weather. Holland said that no privateers or letters of marque, or their prizes, should be admitted, unless in case of marine disaster.

Seward wrote to Mr. Adams:

> The case in regard to pirates engaged by the insurgents practically stands

thus: Every naval power, and every commercial power, except one, practically excludes them from their ports, except in distress, or for a visit of any kind longer than twenty-four hours; and from supplies, except of coals for twenty-four hours' consumption. Great Britain, as we are given to understand by the answer of Earl Russell, allows these pirates to visit her ports, and stay at their own pleasure; receiving supplies without restriction.

Soon after, news came that the *Sumter* had been received with enthusiasm at Trinidad, the flag being hoisted on the government flag-staff, in her honor. She had remained six days, and obtained all needed supplies. When the case was brought by Mr. Adams to the attention of the Foreign Office, he was informed in reply that "the Law Officers of the Crown have reported that the conduct of the Governor was in accordance with Her Majesty's proclamation." When like complaint was made to the Dutch Government, that the *Sumter* had been hospitably received at Curacoa, the American Minister received for reply that the *Sumter* was not a privateer, but "a regular vessel of war, duly commissioned," belonging to a State possessing belligerent rights, with the remark that "not only has the British Government treated the *Sumter* exactly as was done at Curacoa, since that vessel sojourned six or seven days at the island of Trinidad, where she was received amicably, and considered as a vessel of war, but that the Crown lawyers of England, having been consulted on the matter, have unanimously declared that the conduct of the Governor of that colony of England had been, in all points, in conformity with the Queen's proclamation of neutrality."

Of course, having the way thus obligingly pointed out to them for the evasion of royal decrees, the Confederates at once adopted it. They discarded the title of "privateers" and "letters of marque," and thenceforward their cruisers were "regular vessels of war," to be treated as such by "neutral powers." Their treatment, after this period, depended much on the disposition of the authorities, or the nation, whose ports they entered. Those desiring to follow the English lead, did so; those who desired the success of the Union, enforced their decrees strictly, and excluded all vessels wearing the Confederate flag.

There was general disappointment at the North, and general exultation at the South, over the attitude of England. Opinions in Great Britain, however, varied almost as widely as in the United States. There were many shades of difference; but substantially there were three classes of Englishmen. There was one class, who wished for Union success; who were opposed to slavery, and earnestly desired that the experiment of popular government might not fail. To this class belonged many of the Liberals and Radicals, many of those having busi-

ness or family connections with the Northern States, many of the manufacturers, and such of the workingmen as comprehended the struggle. It was a class that grew continually stronger; but in the early months of the war, was unable to shape the governmental policy. Then there was another class, of pronounced Southern proclivities; who wanted the South to succeed; and aided it so far as lay in their power. To this class belonged many of the Tories or Conservatives. It comprised those who disliked republics, those who sympathized with the Southerners, as a people struggling for independence, and those who fancied that the division of the Union would relieve England from a troublesome rival. But the great mass of those engaged in commerce, manufactures, and government hardly fell within either category. They wanted peace, and, especially, they wanted trade. They had little faith that the American Republic could ever suppress the insurrection; and believing that a costly, expensive, bloody war could only end in separation, were for treating the separation as an accomplished fact, as soon as it could be done without danger of entanglement in the quarrel.

The Liberals and Whigs, whose political views were supposed to have affinity with American theories, had the Ministry and the Parliamentary control. But, of course, they were not desirous to risk their power. They could take no step, without considering whether it would receive the support of Parliament and the country. Had the Tories been in power, it is quite possible they might have inaugurated a policy of intervention. The Liberals did not deem themselves safe in going farther than a policy of neutrality.

Three nations, whose sympathy had been reckoned upon, did not disappoint the expectation. Prince Gortschakoff wrote to the Russian Minister at Washington:

> This Union is not simply, in our eyes, an element essential to the universal *political* equilibrium. It constitutes, besides, a nation to which our august master, and all Russia, have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other.

Up in the Swiss mountains a plain rural President saw further into the question than the learned diplomatists at London and Paris. He said:

> Switzerland, from the sincere sympathy which she has for the Union, looks with anxiety upon the issue of the events which now shake that country. Switzerland passed through a similar crisis fourteen years ago, which threat-

ened to tear asunder the then loose connection of the twenty-two cantons. But, renewed, rose the present confederation from that tempest; strengthened internally and abroad, she now stands there esteemed by the nations. May God grant that the United States of America may also emerge, renewed and strengthened, out of this crisis!

Nor was there any hesitation in the tone of Italy. Cavour, always the friend of America, had died in the early summer. But his successor expressed "his earnest hope that the present contest between the Government and the seceding States would end in the reëstablishment of the lawful authority of the Union, and be settled on terms which would secure the triumph of the principles of freedom and the extinction of human slavery."

From Missouri and Kentucky were now coming conflicting reports of skirmishes and retreats, and contradictory presages of success and disaster. Secretary Cameron, with Adjutant-General Thomas, went in person to visit General Fremont and General Sherman and their respective commands.

At Washington several reconnoissances and skirmishes on the Potomac had resulted favorably; when the disaster at Ball's Bluff, with its great loss of life, startled and rudely shocked the growing popular confidence. This, too, was used abroad to damage the Union cause. Seward wrote home:

October 31.

I have had two weeks of intense anxiety and severe labor. The pressure of interests and ambitions in Europe, which disunionists have procured to operate on the Cabinets of London and Paris, have made it doubtful whether we can escape the yet deeper and darker abyss of foreign war. The responsibility resting upon me is overwhelming. My associates, of course, can differ with me about what I ought to do and say, but not advise me what to do and say. I have worried through, and finished my dispatches. They must go for good or evil. I have done my best. I thought that my health would fail, but now I am well and cheerful, and hopeful as ever.

Great Britain had undertaken to be "neutral" between the two "belligerents." But neutrality is always easier to promise than to practice. It was difficult to be impartial. Just at this time the drift of the events of the war tended to encourage British sympathies with the South. The Southerners naturally hated the blockade, and wanted it broken up. The British as naturally shared in that feeling. The South encouraged communication in every possible way with England, while the North had, for its own safety, to establish a system of passports, police, blockading squadrons and frontier guards. When a British subject in the pursuit of lawful or unlawful trade got arrested, imprisoned, or even delayed or interfered with, he hastened to proclaim

his grievances to the press or the Foreign Office. Every such case tended to increase the bitterness of feeling toward the "Washington Government." And it was surprising to find how many British subjects were continually falling into the Federal toils — all declaring their purposes to be innocent and legitimate. Sir Edward M. Archibald, who was Her Majesty's Consul in New York, described, a few years later, some of his experiences at the principal seaport:

> It was, indeed, a time of great anxiety and labor by night and by day, involving incessant correspondence, occasionally sharp controversy, with the various functionaries of the Federal and State Governments; necessitating also frequent visits to Fort Lafayette, Ludlow street jail, the receiving ship at Brooklyn, and Hart's Island; the protection and defense, in the first instance, of captured ships and cargoes; vexed questions of allegiance and naturalization, and innumerable complaints of forcible or fraudulent enlistment with all their attendant grievances. Not the least difficult part of my duty, occasionally, was the irrepressible ardor of the "*Civis Romanus*" — the British subject — who could make no allowance for a state of war or martial law, and seemed to think, very naturally, that no one but an Englishman had a right to go to war. And here I desire to bear my grateful testimony to the patience, forbearance, and uniform courtesy which I met with from all the different functionaries with whom I then came in contact. In the performance of these harassing and responsible duties, I was sustained and guided by the judicious counsel of that most able and self-sacrificing public servant, Lord Lyons.

It was, indeed, fortunate for both countries, that Great Britain had such judicious and sensible representatives at Washington and at New York. They did what they could to avert threatened disputes.

One of the curious delusions assiduously fostered by the Confederate agents abroad and the press in their interest, was the notion which appeared to have gained lodgment in the British mind, that the Federal Government was seeking a quarrel with England as a means of extricating itself from its troubles. Absurd as was the idea that the sorely-pressed Union wanted any more enemies, it was, nevertheless, seriously believed.

Writing to Mr. Adams in October, Seward remarked:

> It would be unjust to Her Majesty's Minister residing here, as well as to Her Majesty's Government, to omit to say that that Minister has, in all his proceedings, carefully respected the sovereignty and the rights of the United States.

But there were some British officials less scrupulous in the discharge of their functions. Hence, one day in August, Seward had found occasion to send his old friend Captain Schultz to London, on a secret

mission. The Captain carried a mysterious package done up in brown paper, which was, in fact, an intercepted bag of letters. A dispatch, of which he was also the bearer, thus told the "story of the bag."

Alexander H. Schultz, a special messenger, will deliver to you this dispatch together with a bag containing letters addressed to Lord John Russell. On the 5th instant, I was advised by a telegram from Cincinnati, that Robert Mure of Charleston was on his way to New York to embark at that port for England, and that he was the bearer of dispatches from the usurping insurrectionary authorities. Information from various sources agreed in the fact, that he was traveling under a passport from the British Consul at Charleston. Upon this information, I directed the police at New York to detain Mr. Mure and any papers which might be found in his possession, until I should give further directions. He was so detained, and he is now in custody at Fort Lafayette, awaiting full disclosures. In his possession were found seventy letters. There was also found in his possession a sealed bag marked "Foreign Office, 3," with two labels, as follows: "On Her Brit. Maj. service. The Right Honorable the Lord John Russell, M. P., &c., &c., &c. Dispatches in charge of Robert Mure, Esq." Signed "Robert Bunch."

The bag bears two impressions of the seal of the office of the British Consul at Charleston, and seems to contain voluminous papers. There were also found upon Mr. Mure's person, in an open envelope, what pretends to be a passport; also a letter of introduction. There were also found several unsealed copies of a printed pamphlet. This pamphlet is manifestly an argument for the disunion of the United States. Several copies of it were found addressed to persons in England.

The marks and outward appearance of the bag indicate that its contents are exclusively legitimate communications from the British Consul at Charleston, to H. B. M.'s Government. Nevertheless, I have what seems to be good reason for supposing that they may be treasonable papers, designed and gotten up to aid parties engaged in arms for the overthrow of this Government. * * * Moreover, the bearer of the papers, Robert Mure, is a naturalized citizen of the United States, has resided here thirty years, and is a colonel in the insurgent military forces of South Carolina. If the papers contained in the bag were not illegal in their nature or purpose, it is not seen why their safe transmission was not secured, as it might have been, by exposing them in some way to Lord Lyons, British Minister residing at this capital; whose vouchers for their propriety, as Mr. Bunch must well know, would exempt them from all scrutiny or suspicion. Of course, I need hardly say that I disclaim any thought that Earl Russell has any knowledge of the papers, or of their being sent. It is important, however, to this Government, that whatever mischief, if any, may be lurking in the transaction be counteracted and prevented. I have, therefore, upon due consideration, concluded to send the bag by a special messenger, and to instruct you to see that it is delivered to its address, in exactly the condition in which you receive it.

Among the letters found on the person of Robert Mure, there are many, which more or less directly implicate Mr. Robert Bunch, the British Consul at

Charleston, as a conspirator against the United States. The following is an extract from one of them:

"Mr. B., on oath of secrecy, communicated to me also that the *first step* to recognition was taken. He and Mr. Belligny together sent Mr. Trescot to Richmond yesterday, to ask Jeff Davis, President, to ——— the treaty of ——— to the neutral flag covering neutral goods to be respected. This is the first step of direct treating with our Government; so prepare for active business by January 1st."

You will submit this information to the British Government, and request that Mr. Bunch may be removed from his office.

A few weeks later the answer came from London. Mr. Adams wrote:

I transmit copies of two notes received yesterday from Lord Russell, in answer to my notes of the 3d of September, transmitting to him the bag of Mr. Bunch. It appears, from one of them, that Mr. Bunch has been acting under secret instructions, which are only now acknowledged because they have come to light; and that his granting a safe conduct to an emissary of secession, charged with treasonable papers, is no objection to his neutral character, in the eyes of his employers.

This note from the Foreign Office of Great Britain said:

Mr. Bunch, in what he has done in this matter, has acted in obedience to the instructions of his Government, who accept the responsibility of his proceedings, so far as they are known to the Foreign Department, and who cannot remove him from his office for having obeyed his instructions.

Seward, however, thought differently; and so brought the proceedings of this representative of a neutral power to a summary conclusion. He wrote:

This Government finds no sufficient justification, or excuse, for the proceeding of Mr. Bunch, thus shown to be in violation of the law of the United States. You will inform Earl Russell that the *exequatur* of Mr. Bunch has been withdrawn, because his services as Consul are not agreeable to this Government; and that the consular privileges, thus taken from him, will be cheerfully allowed to any successor whom Her Majesty may appoint, against whom no grave personal objections shall exist.

In another case, two New York brokers, who were British subjects, had got into Fort Lafayette, through the discovery that their secessionist partner, at Mobile, was using their house as a channel for treasonable correspondence. This brought a sharp remonstrance from the Foreign Office, which said:

It does not appear that Congress has sanctioned, in this respect, any departure from the due course of law; and it is in these circumstances that the law officers of the Crown have advised Her Majesty's Government that the arbitrary arrests of British subjects are illegal.

So far as appears to Her Majesty's Government, the Secretary of the United States exercises, upon the reports of spies and informers, the power of depriving British subjects of their liberty, of retaining them in prison, or liberating them, by his own will and pleasure.

Her Majesty's Government cannot but regard this despotic and arbitrary power as inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, and as at variance with the treaties.

In his answer, Seward said:

Even in this country — so remarkable for so long an enjoyment, by its people, of the highest immunities of personal freedom — war, and especially civil war, cannot be conducted exclusively in the forms and with the dilatory remedies provided by municipal laws, which are adequate to the preservation of public order in a time of peace. Treason always operates, if possible, by surprise; and prudence and humanity, therefore, equally require that violence concocted in secret shall be prevented, if practicable, by unusual and vigorous precaution. I am fully aware of the inconveniences which result from the practice of such precaution, embarrassing social life, and affecting intercourse with foreign nations. But the American people, after having tried in every way to avert civil war, have accepted it, at last, as a stern necessity. Their chief interest, while it lasts, is not the enjoyment of society or the profit of trade, but the saving of the national life. That life saved, all the other blessings, which attach to it, will speedily return, with greater assurance of continuance than ever before. The safety of the whole people has become, in the present emergency, the supreme law; and so long as the danger shall exist, all classes of society—the denizens and the citizen—cheerfully acquiesce in the measures which that law prescribes.

This Government does not question the learning of the legal advisers of the British Crown, or the justice of the deference which Her Majesty's Government pays to them. Nevertheless, the British Government will hardly expect that the President will accept their explanations of the Constitution of the United States; especially when the Constitution, thus expounded, would leave upon him the sole executive responsibility of suppressing the existing insurrection, while it would transfer to Congress the most material and indispensable power to be employed for that purpose. Moreover, these explanations find no real support in the Constitution itself. He must be allowed, therefore, to prefer to be governed by the national view of our organic law, which receives the sanction of the highest authorities of our country.

The success of the rebels in fitting out privateers and vessels of war called attention to the very insignificant harbor defenses of the Northern cities. As Congress was no longer in session, the Administration decided to appeal to the Governors of the seaboard States. Seward, accordingly, communicated with them, and, in most cases, the suggestion was heartily responded to, and the works of defense begun. In his letters, he said:

It is necessary now to take every precaution that is possible to avert the evils of foreign war, to be superinduced upon those of civil commotion, which we are endeavoring to cure. One of the most obvious of such precautions is that our ports and harbors on the seas and lakes should be put in a condition of complete defense.

On the subject of European opinion, he wrote to Mr. Marsh:

Europe suffers by this anomaly of civil war in America hardly less than we do ourselves. The first manifestation there, as here, has been impatience under this suffering. The first policy of the European States, like our own, was to prevent it, and the next to bring it to a more sudden end than, in the nature of things, has been possible. We have corrected that error at home. There is no other way but for European States to correct it among themselves. When this impatience shall have ceased, they will be prepared to consider the matter in its real magnitude, and to decide whether disunion, civil war, and anarchy throughout the whole continent of America would immediately and forever bring greater benefits to other nations, and to mankind, than the preservation of the American Union, with its rightful powers and its benignant influences. In doing this, they will come to appreciate the resolution of the American people. In any case, the destinies of that people are dependent, not on European sympathies, but on their own actions.

CHAPTER LXVII.

1861.

Department Work. The Treasury and the Banks. Organization of the State Department. Gossip and Slander. Mr. Seaton. The Life of Man and of the Nation. The Port Royal Expedition. Military Success at the West. The Stade Dues. Spanish Occupation of San Domingo. France, Spain, and Great Britain Combining against Mexico. Instructions to Ministers. The *Sumter* in Brazil.

At the Treasury Department, during the summer and fall, there were frequent conferences between Secretary Chase and the leading bankers of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. How the Treasury could be strengthened, so that the "sinews of war" might be forthcoming, was a problem that engaged attention of financiers, from the very first days of the contest. Many projects were suggested, and theories advanced. Such of them as the Secretary deemed feasible and proper became the subject of discussion at Cabinet meetings. After one of these meetings, Seward remarked to Mr. Chase: "I expect to agree with you, and give you such help as I can, whatever plan you may finally decide upon. My own judgment is, that, in this

crisis, what the country needs, is some form of a National Bank. If the old United States Bank, and its branches, had survived till now, this would be their time of usefulness. But that 'bone of contention' between parties was long ago disposed of. It would not be wise, now, to revive the issue. Nevertheless, some form of National Banking we must have."

"Exactly so," replied Mr. Chase, "and we are trying whether we can renew, and subdivide its functions, without renewing the old party animosities."

Writing to Mr. Dayton, Seward said:

> This domestic commotion has ripened into a transaction so vast as to increase more than four-fold the labors of the Administration in every department. You can readily imagine how vast a machinery has been created in the War Department, in the Navy Department, and the Treasury Department, respectively. The head of each is a man of busy occupations, high responsibilities, and perplexing cares. You would hardly suppose that a similar change has come over the modest little State Department of other and peaceful days; but the exactions upon it are infinite, and out of all that offers itself to be done, I can only select and do that which cannot be wisely or safely left undone.

The Department of State was transacting work every day that exceeded its previous labors seven-fold. Fortunately its little corps of officers and clerks were nearly all trained and experienced. Its Chief Clerk, Mr. Hunter, had been over thirty years in the service. Every one of the bureau officers was discreet and capable. At the head of the diplomatic divisions were Mr. Chilton, Mr. Pratt, and Dr. Mackie. At the head of the consular divisions were Mr. Abbott and Mr. Jasper Smith. The financial officer and disbursing agent was Seward's old friend and biographer, Mr. George E. Baker. The librarian was his former townsman, Mr. J. C. Derby. A temporary bureau had been found necessary to take charge of the cases of political prisoners and rebel correspondence, which was under charge of Mr. E. D. Webster; and the two messengers, Messrs. Donaldson and Hansell, were men of proved efficiency and integrity.

When Congress was in session and making provision for the vast expansion of the departments under the pressure of the war, the committees asked Seward for suggestions in regard to suitable increase of the force of the Department of State. He told them that he found its functions so well arranged and apportioned that he would ask no change or increase of the regular force, but simply an appropriation enabling him to employ temporary clerks to be assigned to duty where required. It was cheerfully granted, and such clerks were from time to time appointed — their number varying from five to twenty-five,

and their period of service terminable at pleasure. It proved to be the method of selection best adapted to promote the efficiency of the department. No man's time was wasted, no man's tenure disturbed. The regular clerks continued in the old places. A temporary clerk who proved incompetent could be quietly dropped at the end of a week's or a month's service. A competent or deserving one could be continued. As vacancies occurred in the regular corps by death, resignation, or transfer, they were filled by promotion in due course, and the vacant place thus left at the foot of the regular force was filled by the transfer to it of the most deserving of the "temporaries." So the department was kept continually manned by capable and experienced men, each feeling assured of his tenure and looking to deserved promotion. The system was a simple one. That it was a good one is proved by the fact that it was never found necessary to change it. It was continued during Seward's incumbency. Five successive Secretaries of State who followed him have each taken the department as they found it, retaining the whole clerical force; continuing the system of promotion; appointing new-comers to the lowest grade to earn promotion in their turn. Under this system boys have now grown gray-headed. And this was the reason why the State Department, with its small force of men, has been able to accomplish so great an amount of work, and to accomplish it so well. During the whole period of Seward's stay, no duty of the department was ever neglected; no paper ever lost; no State secret ever betrayed.

At every seat of government, gossip and slander are common enough. But when, to the ordinary crop, are added also the "rumors of war," and the vindictive abuse engendered by them, the gross amount in circulation is appalling. Among the amenities of the press at this period were caricatures representing President Lincoln as an ape, or ourang-outang, with such epithets as "drunken buffoon," "incarnate fiend," and "bloodthirsty tyrant." Seward came in for an equal, if not a greater, share of abuse. He took no notice of it, and made no contradictions. Occasionally, however, some zealous friend, who was battling against the tide of misrepresentation, in his behalf, drew out a letter of thanks from him. He wrote to the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson of the *Independent*:

November 15, 1861.

Accustomed to leave misapprehensions of my motives, action, and character to find their correction in the course of events, I forebore from all notice of the statement in the late number of the *Independent*, which was calculated to bring my loyalty to the Union in question, although it excited my profound astonishment. But the rule of self-restraint, to which I have adverted, does

not forbid me from acknowledging good offices rendered to me, from motives of patriotism, or the love of truth. I give you, therefore, my sincere thanks for your magnanimous contradiction of that erroneous statement. This correction having been made, in the absence of any complaint on my part, it comes to me as an agreeable surprise.

Mr. Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, a loyal, courteous, and dignified "gentleman of the old school," would sometimes come in, with a newspaper scrap in his hand, saying: "Now, really, Governor, this is too outrageous. You must let me contradict this."

Then he would write a genial little paragraph, like the following:

We inquired at the State Department to-day, about the correctness of the statements of startling, hostile announcements to the Secretary of State, and about protracted and anxious meetings of the Cabinet, involving serious military and civil changes. The Secretary simply replied, to our inquiries, that the alleged consultations were imaginary; that the reported propositions were apocryphal, and the alleged Cabinet meetings fabulous.

But such "oil on the troubled waters" could not still a raging tempest. He wrote to his daughter, in October:

Things here go on very much as when you were here, only each day brings a small increase of business. I come to the office immediately after breakfast, and find no respite until five or six, sometimes seven o'clock. They seldom allow me a full hour for dinner.

We have at last acquired a feeling of entire confidence in the safety of the capital, and of the State of Maryland. But the faction that seeks to overthrow the Government finds sympathies and abettors in all the slave States; and these persons, betraying the communities in which they reside, to invaders from without, give us a very great deal of difficulty in the "Border States." We should feel sanguine of success, in a short time, if it were not that commanders, by sea and land, sometimes make mistakes, which encourage treason. A steamer has just entered Savannah, in violation of the blockade, with arms, powder, and military stores. The Army grows very rapidly. It has almost doubled since you left us here, and is vastly improved.

You have seen in the papers some of the correspondence which I am carrying on with great people, whom I love much less than I do you. What you see, however, is only a very small part, for I scarcely find time to see anybody or do any thing else. This war begins to produce intolerable suffering in Europe, and the European statesmen begin to complain. If they had been wise at the beginning, they would have frowned on the treason of slave-holders, which is aimed, not more at the American Union than at the interests of mankind. They, however, did not see it then. Hence they suffer with us, and, from mocking at us, they proceed to argue, and to reason with us, how to avert from them the suffering they heedlessly provoked for themselves.

I send you an autograph of the Count de Paris, heir to the throne of France in the Orleans regimé, now an exile, and so a captain in the United States Army.

To Cephas Brainard, of the Young Men's Republican Union, in New York, he wrote:

I rejoice to see the demonstrations which the young men of New York are making. They are in the right spirit, for individual life and fortunes are of comparatively little importance, while the life and destiny of the Union are of inestimable value. Let each one of us, in this great emergency, so act as to make sure that though we perish, our country shall be immortal.

Naval expeditions to obtain possession of points on the Southern coast had been the subject of Cabinet conferences, as soon as the increase of force seemed to warrant them. The success of the Hatteras expedition stimulated the preparations for another of larger proportions, aimed at South Carolina. Commodore Dupont was sent for and was found to be the man for the emergency. So was General T. W. Sherman, who had command of the land force. The expedition sailed at the close of October, and a few days later came the news of its successful capture of Port Royal and Hilton Head. This intelligence, together with the news that General Grant had made a spirited attack on Belmont, Missouri; that Nelson had defeated the Confederates at Pikeville, Kentucky; that Rosecrans had attacked, and Benham was in pursuit of Floyd in West Virginia; and finally, that the Union men in East Tennessee were destroying the bridges between them and the Confederacy, looked as if there were Union successes all along the line, and popular hope and confidence rose accordingly.

In a dispatch to Mr. Judd, Seward remarked:

Disunion, by surprise and impetuous passions, took the first successes and profited by them, to make public opinions in Europe.

Union comes forward more slowly, but with greater and more enduring vigor. This nation, like every other, stands by its own strength. Other powers will respect it so long as it exhibits its ability to defend and save itself.

One of the minor diplomatic questions which was brought to a successful conclusion this fall was that of the "Stade dues," as the tolls were called, which, until this time, had been exacted of all American merchantmen entering the Elbe. A treaty formally abolishing the "dues," was made with the King of Hanover, and signed in November.

Two questions of grave consequence to the United States, though not directly connected with the war, were the subject of earnest and protracted correspondence. One was the Spanish occupation of San Domingo, and the other the combinations entered into by France, Spain, and Great Britain, in regard to Mexico.

Spain, tempted by the internal discords of San Domingo and invited by one of the parties thereto, had again "unfurled the banner of Castile" on the Island of Hispaniola, and sent an army and a squadron to maintain it.

Seward's remonstrances, based on the principles of the "Monroe doctrine," were made in a friendly spirit, and so received by the Spanish Cabinet. Subsequently events there and in Mexico convinced the Spanish Government that attempts by European powers to subvert republics in the Western Hemisphere are enterprises rarely attended with either success or profit.

In regard to the Mexican question, he wrote to Mr. Schurz:

> The United States desire it to be distinctly understood, that by reason of their position as a neighbor of Mexico, they deem it important to their own safety and welfare, that no European power shall subjugate that country and hold it.

He informed him, also, that the United States had already made overtures to Mexico, as well as to France and Great Britain, to relieve the controversy by assuming the payment of interest on the bonds held by them for a term of years. "Thus far we have no answer from either party to that proposition."

Instructing him to assure Mr. Calderon Collantes of the willingness of the American Government to use its good offices, and "even to assume some responsibility and incur some sacrifice" in behalf of Mexico to avert war between her and Spain, he added, "in any case, whether Spain shall proceed alone, or in conjunction with other powers, we shall expect that the utmost care be taken on her part that no rights of American citizens in Mexico, nor any rights of this Government shall be disturbed or affected. With that view, we shall always have a naval force near the scene of possible conflict."

A few weeks later, he said:

> You have correctly interpreted to Mr. Calderon Collantes the public sentiment of this country in regard to Spain. We not only seek no controversy with her, but we desire to stand in the most friendly relations toward her.
>
> We are watchful, as we must be, of every fact or circumstance that seems to indicate a disposition on her part to favor or encourage the insurrection with which we are contending. We know our ability to maintain the integrity of the Republic, and we intend to maintain it. We desire that when it shall have been completely reëstablished, it shall be found that nothing has been done, in the mean time, by Spain, or any foreign nation, to serve as causes for alienation. We are a peaceful State. Indeed, we think that the American Union is the guaranty of peace to the whole world. But, like any other State, we are jealous of our rights, and must maintain them. This Government seeks

to extend its influence throughout this hemisphere and the world; not by the sword, but by commerce and by peaceful communication. It has practically guaranteed Cuba to Spain heretofore for many years, and it has no design against that possession, or any other possession of Spain now. But it will not look with favor upon any policy that shall make that island the fulcrum of a lever for overthrowing either this Union or the institutions of human freedom and self-government.

We have said, concerning the annexation of San Domingo, what it seems to us was required by a consideration of our rights, and by our responsibilities to mankind.

News that the Confederate privateer *Sumter* had been permitted to enter a Brazilian port called out an earnest protest from him. He wrote to General Webb:

You will lose no time in calling the attention of the Emperor's Government to the affair. You will ask explanation thereof, and unless satisfactory explanations are rendered, you will then inform his Majesty's Government that the shelter and supplying of pirates, as the *Sumter* is, in the ports of Brazil is deemed an unfriendly act by this Government.

We have supposed that Brazil, and every other State on the American Continent, have an interest second only to our own in the stability of the American Union, the downfall of which would inevitably be followed by the decline and fall of every independent nation on this continent, which must, in that case, become once more a theater for the ambition of European powers.

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